

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR.

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IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

NINON.

"BAH!" said Rose Nichol, shrugging her shoulders, "he is besotted—mad; the winds would pause to hearken better than he. And all," she added, bitterly, "for a foolish, patter-brained, waxen white doll!"

"Nevertheless, it is a fine thing to be made of wax," said Martha, "if it gives you the handsomest man, the best cottage, and the longest purse in the village!"

Rose did not reply. She was thinking that not the best house, the largest heap of silver, aroused her envy, but the man who owned them, and who would have been beautiful in her eyes though he were a friendless, houseless beggar.

"That going away of his spoilt him," said Martha, wisely; "he went away a fisherman, just one of ourselves, and he came back grave and with his head full of learning and thoughts—though they did not prevent his going down before Ninon, like a foolish lad of twenty."

"Ye see," said Enoch, taking a pipe out of his mouth and speaking for the first time, "he'd niver been in love before, an' so—"

He did not finish the sentence, but resumed his regard of the sea stretched out before them, that seemed in the peace of the still June evening to be but a reflection of the faint blue-green sky overhead. A boat was putting off from the shore, a lugger was coming leisurely in; a snatch of children's laughter floated up from the beach below, from the fields that lay away to the right came wafted the clear, subtle fragrance of new-mown hay; over all was the nameless peace and repose of the evening hours when work is accomplished and laid aside, and the interval that lies between the cessation of one labor or duty and the resumption of another—and that may alone be termed rest, not idleness, and be reckoned worth the taking—begins.

"'Twill be a fine day for the weddin' to-morrow," he said, as Martha disappeared into the cottage, and looking up at the sky, not at Rose, or he must have seen the angry light that his remark about Michael had brought into her eyes. "Eh! but 'tis you an' I that should be climbin' the steps to the church-door, for we've been courtin', my dear, a matter o'—"

"Two years," broke in Rose, abruptly, "and we have not enough to be married as yet; while that Ninon girl, who only came here six months ago and has had more lovers than one, is to be married in a real silk gown—to-morrow!"

"Tut!" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "our turn will come in good time, an' 'tisen't always the married sweethearts as is the happiest after all, my dear!"

The girl's frowning face softened; although this man's love could not content her, it was nevertheless sweet, and his unflinching, trustful tenderness always came to her like a solace, hiding for a little while from her own eyes the restless, passionate, bitter-hearted self that she knew so well, and bringing forward the one, not beautiful, perhaps, or in any way noble, but honest and attractive, that Enoch knew and wooed.

"Thou wast never giddy, dear heart," he said, drawing her nearer to him. "I shall never have cause to fear for thee as Michael may for yon pretty heedless Ninon, an' when I go away from thee I shall know right well that thou wilt niver shame me in my absence, an' I shall come home with a sure heart of findin' thee gay and luvin' in the old house-place at home."

The girl looked down for a moment ashamed; then suddenly exclaimed, and as though the words escaped her lips unconsciously:

"And will not Michael have that same faith in Ninon? Do you think so badly of her as *that*, Enoch?"

"I don't think ill of the lass," he said, slowly; "maybe her faults are more of ways than heart. You mind, dear, she is not one o' us, an' she lived most o' her life in a heathenish place—p'r'aps they weren't so particular over things there."

"But the strangest part of it all is," said Rose, who spoke very differently from her companion—for, though a fisherman's daughter, she had received with her sister a good education at the town-school up yonder—"that Michael, so strict and stern as he always was, so keen to find fault with a woman for even a word or a look, should be so blind about *her*, seeming to see not a fault in her, and thinking her (I do believe) too good to be moving to and fro among us!"

"P'r'aps he understands her better'n we do," said

Enoch, simply; "he loves her, ye see, and love gives a wonderfu' knowledge of the heart. Maybe she was but a bit foolish after all, an' I don't think Michael 'u'd have gone on luvin' her if he hadn't found a wurd o' good in her."

"He is not a man to doubt without good reason," said Rose, looking down, "and she has given him no reason—all the other was before he came. You forget he was with the young master abroad when she was carrying on with Martin Strange, and when he came back and fell straight in love with her not one of the lads dared to warn him—they all knew what Michael is if any man crosses him."

"Peter tried to speak," said Enoch, slowly, "but before he'd got ten words out o' his mouth Michael bade him look to't that he niver tried such a thing again, an' nobody ever did—they was all afeard."

"Ah!" said Rose, drawing a deep breath, "if Martin only chose to open his mouth—do you think he *will* choose?" she added, abruptly.

"No, he lu'd her too well for that. 'Tis a pale face the lad carries always now, an' have you heeded it, my dear, a kind of desprit look sometimes?—I'm thinkin' the morrow 'ull be a black day for him."

"And she!" said Rose, "don't you see how ill and anxious she looks? As if she expected something bad to rush out upon her at any moment; and when she meets Martin—listen, Enoch—she trembles and turns aside. Yester-even I was comin' along the sands with father, and we met Ninon alone. While we were greeting her Martin passed. For once she did not move aside, but looked full in his face—oh! such a look, as though she were begging hard for something he would not give—I don't know which went the palest. And then we parted and all passed different ways."

"Was it growing dark?" asked Enoch; and something in his voice arrested the girl's attention. "Was you anywhere near the old chapel-stairs, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered, quickly; "at least *he* went toward them. Father and I turned homeward—"

"Then 'twas Ninon!" exclaimed Enoch, in a half-startled, wholly perturbed tone.

"You saw them together? She followed him?" cried Rose, swift as lightning. "They met, Ninon and Martin, all alone up there?"

"I don't know," he said, quietly; "maybe I wrong the lass; so I won't say anythin' about it, not even to you, my dear."

It was all in vain that Rose besought and cajoled and scolded; Enoch would say no more. He was a man—and rare indeed is it to meet with such a one in these days—who might be prevailed on to divulge a secret that concerned himself, possibly to his own disadvantage, but who was silent as the grave when a secret in which another had a share was consulted.

"Good-evening to you, Rose Nichol and Enoch,"

said a familiar voice; and, turning, Rose saw old Peter, the most inveterate gossip and scandal-monger in Lynaway, standing behind them.

"Good-even," she said, frowning and wishing him at the bottom of the sea yonder, for in another minute would she not have coaxed the secret from Enoch had not this meddling old busybody arrived?

"'Twill be a gran' day for the weddin' to-morrow," he said, almost in Enoch's words. But was not the coming marriage and the state of the weather on the tip of every tongue, as it was in every heart, this evening?

"Bah!" said Rose, shortly, "I am sick of the very name of it—one would think no one was ever married in Lynaway before! What is there so very uncommon about it, I should like to know?" Peter, turning his head a little to one side, deliberately winked; at nothing more particular than the sea, apparently—presumably, therefore, for the relief of his own private feelings. No one knew better than he the state of Rose's mind toward Michael Winter, and, in his feeble, inconsequential way, he thought Enoch a fool for not having found the matter out—which opinion hurt nobody, least of all Enoch; for, can it be said in truth of any man, though wisest living, that he has not, at some period or other of his existence, been dubbed fool? It is a safe, pleasant, but opprobrious epithet that recommends itself favorably to human nature, that loves, above all things, to assert its own good sense while announcing the folly of its neighbors, and, while delighting in calling names, prefers the use of such ones as will not recoil dangerously on its own head.

"Folks don't get married every day in Lynaway," said Peter, aloud; "an' Michael an' the girl bein' so handsome an' all makes it a bit uncommon—not but what," he added, in a discontented tone, "but 'twill be all show, an' no joy for the lad, or I'm wrongin' that Ninon sadly."

What could there have been in this poor Ninon to set even the men, those sworn friends to beauty in distress, against her? Was it that here, as in many other places advanced by civilization to a position infinitely beyond this primitive fishing-place, men must either condemn utterly the mere suspicion of lightness in one of their women, or, by accepting it, and making excuses for it, place her and themselves on a lower moral platform altogether? To the honor of these Lynaway men be it said that they were free of one of the worst vices of our great cities, and that consists in the ignoble pleasure taken by men in amusing themselves at the expense of women, in drawing out their frivolity, their lightness, their vanity, beckoning them onward step by step to the abyss that, once overleaped, no woman ever recrosses. And this, too, when a few words of warning, an attitude of steady scorn and reprobation, might warn the poor, heedless butterfly from the path along which she flutters. . . . They know nothing, these homely, simple fellows, of the zest bestowed by a look or a word, because it had delighted

another man yesterday and might delight another to-morrow; they could no more have condoned the levity of one of their women for the sake of what the future might possess for either than they could have set themselves to slay a comrade in cold blood. Out yonder, in the great town of Marmot, many a gay young blood would have taken up the cudgels gladly enough for beautiful Ninon; here, where hearts were true and minds had not been obscured and defaced by the world's casuistry, there were found but two men who had any belief in her.

"He is content," said Rose; "what would you have more? He will open his eyes wide some day, though, and then—"

She paused abruptly.

Two people were coming along the path that lay between the shingle and the irregular line of cottages and houses that formed the village of Lynaway—a girl and a man.

"Ninon," said Rose, below her breath, lifting her hand to ward off the rays of the setting sun, and marking, with jealous, unwilling admiration, the peach-blossom face of Michael's sweetheart, the gracious curves of the youthful, lovely figure, the very poise of the pretty, slender feet, and the love, sincere and warm, that lit the blue eyes turned full upon the dark ones of her lover.

"It is no wonder," said Rose, half-aloud, and hating her own dark face passionately, almost as swarthy, every whit as handsome in its way, as Michael's.

"There is Rose," exclaimed Ninon, stopping short, her hand still thrust through her lover's arm, his left hand keeping it there as though it were a bird that he feared to see flutter away out of his reach.

The two girls had been no ill friends in the early days of Ninon's coming among the fisher-folk, and before the man Rose vainly loved had grown to covet the sunny-haired, half-French, half-English girl. They were friends after a fashion still, if a friendly feeling on one side and none on the other can constitute friendship.

Enoch removed his pipe, Peter made his greeting, Martha came out and joined the party, Ninon crossed over to Rose with some woman's question about needle-work. . . . It was a pretty enough group, since all the women were young and handsome, and Peter alone, of the men, was old and withered.

All at once Michael, grown impatient, caught Ninon's hand under his arm, and, with a gay "Good-night" to them all, hurried her away. "Good-by," she said, looking back; then, moved by some unaccountable impulse, escaped from his side and fled back to the group that looked after them.

"Won't you wish me a good-luck?" she said, her broken-English sounding quaint and charming with its French accent; "you will see me never any more as Ninon Levesgne, for to-morrow I will be Ninon Winter!" and that young and winsome face, so imploring, so sweet, so tender, touched every heart there save one, and they wished her all "good-by

and God-speed"—all save Rose, whose lips moved with the rest, though there issued from them not one syllable.

CHAPTER II.

MICHAEL.

"WHY did you do that, Ninon?" said Michael, as the girl came back to his side. "Why should it matter to you whether Rose, or Enoch, or Peter, wish you good-luck? You need care for no one's words or wishes now but mine."

The jealousy of his voice—nay, the very impatience of it—announced him emphatically to be under the delirious influence of that folly-clept love. Probably no healthily-constituted man ever dreams of love, or speculates as to its probable effect upon him, until he is brought under the direct influence of woman, and thereby is made to experience emotion, strong in proportion to the power of the attraction she holds for him; and of Michael it might truly be said that upon the subject of love he had never bestowed a thought, much less a dream, until Destiny brought him face to face with Ninon. When one who is always more or less troubled by ill-health takes a fever, or any other violent and dangerous disease, he oftener than not recovers; but when one who has never had an illness in his life, and does not know what pain means, being strong and sound throughout, is attacked, it is more than probable that he will die. The disease but takes the firmer hold upon him from the very strength of the resistance it meets, and the old fable of the oak and the ash recurs to the memory, where the comparatively worthless and weakly tree saves itself by bending and swaying to the mischievous blast, while the sturdy oak, refusing to yield, is uprooted and hurled broken to the earth.

"I know that it is not for me to care," said Ninon; "and yet I will not help it; they have all been so good to me, and Rose—I did always like Rose."

Michael took her hand—such a fragile, fair little hand, so unlike his brown, weather-beaten one—and kissed it. That was as it should be, for had she not gentle blood in her veins, while he had none? It was twenty years ago that Ninon's mother had stolen away one winter's morning with the fair-spoken, gentle-faced Frenchman, whose greatest injury to her had consisted in marrying and leaving her in a distant land without one sou to support either mother or child.

The sea and sky were melting into each other in that indescribable gray tint that in Devonshire heralds the advent of twilight when Michael and Ninon paused before a cottage that had little beauty save the honeysuckle that covered it as with a luscious golden mantle, and the great bushes of roses, white and red, that stood one on either side of the lintel. Like all common things, they were prodigal in their abundance, and in the failing light the snowy clusters seemed countless. . . . It recurred to Michael

many times in the days that came after how the white-rose bush had been on her side as she entered, the red one on his; and that it had passed through his mind how like, in her purity, she was to one of those blossoms. Would he ever again compare her to anything unsullied and stainless through all the years of his life?

No faith or love, however great, can ever be the same after the shadow of doubt has once fallen upon it.

As she stepped over the threshold on this her first visit to his home, he gave her sweetest welcome with word and lip, and, all unwedded though she was, this, I think, was her real home-coming, at this moment and no other; and she entered into her kingdom, and to-night, and not to-morrow, she felt the vague joys and delights of her maiden days falling away from her, and a new and exquisite promise of secure and wifely happiness stirring at her heart. They went hand-in-hand, like two happy children, into the sitting-room, cool and orderly, and gay with the favorite flowers that Michael's darling loved; trod on tiptoe as they passed the high-backed chair on which his old mother sat, fast asleep and bolt upright, spectacles on nose, and her knitting-needles pointed toward each other, ready to take up (when she should awake) the stitch where it had been dropped . . . peeped into every room, even the kitchen, that was beautiful in their eyes, since it was to belong to them together, and sat down at last to rest in the arbor that Michael had built at the end of the queer little old garden behind the house. And, as the dusk crept closer and closer till they could scarcely see each other's face, the man took his sweetheart in those strong and faithful arms that had never wearied for the burden of any other woman, and bade her tell him from her heart if she were content—if she would have aught undone or refashioned—if she had one doubt of the new future, alone with him, that she would begin on the morrow—if there trembled in her soul one fear of his devotion, one pang of regret for the happy, innocent days of her maidenhood, that she was so soon to cast behind her forever—and she put those soft, tender white arms, that were ever as great a matter of wonder to him as of love, about his neck, and kissed him of her own will, and bade him love her always—always . . . cried to him, as one in fear, to tell her that it was all real and no dream, whether she could be his wife—*safely* his wife—by the morrow at that hour . . . whispered to him that he must never leave off loving her, because she was his foolish, unworthy little wife, not his sweetheart, whose faults he could never see . . . and there came not even the night-cry of a wandering, homeless bird to break those soft, passionate love-words; and they two, hovering, as they believed, on the brink of a new and more perfect existence than either had ever yet experienced, knew not that the promise had, in its sweetness, outsped the fulfilment, the dream outstripped the reality—that never again, in spring or summer, autumn or winter, should come back to them the unalloyed, unbroken trust and happiness of this one hour out of the silent, dusky, passionate midsummer night.

CHAPTER III.

"MARRIAGE-BELLS."

THE bride came stepping through the dark and frowning door of the old village-church, and at her side came the bridegroom, while a dozen rosy lasses, dressed in whatsoever seemed most good in their own eyes, followed after, each with a sweetheart as blooming and rosy as herself. Until the moment of Ninon's appearance at the door, it had been a matter of doubt whether the assembled crowd would give forth the ringing cheer that so fine a fellow as the bridegroom, so lovely a maiden as the bride, assuredly deserved on this their wedding-day; but no sooner was that dainty little apparition in white visible than a hearty and simultaneous shout burst from the throat of every man present, bringing a blush to the bride's cheek, and a smile to the lips of the bridegroom. Such a beautiful little bride as she made, with such shiny, twinkling little feet, and such a happy light on the blushing, delicate little face, as could not surely fail to warm all hearts toward her, whether they would or not! And yet in two breasts lay stones, not hearts—but a little way apart, too, in the eager, excited crowd; and two faces alone were pale, and cold, and set—the faces of Rose Nichol and Martin Strange. *His* looks might surely have drawn those of Michael's wife, *his* eyes might surely have compelled some answering glance to his intense and steady gaze; but, as though some talisman in her heart turned aside the evil that had until now been potent to molest her, she did not once look toward him, did not even notice that her gown, nay, her very hand, on which the plain gold ring shone, brushed against his garments as she passed him slowly by. They took their way down the hill and along the familiar path above the shingle, and the homely procession followed after, man and matron, youth and maid, coming anon to Ninon's late home, where dwelt the cold, proud, faded mother, whose youth had passed so quickly into middle age, and who found nothing, not even her daughter's marriage, a matter of interest or rejoicing.

Of how the wedding-feast was spread and held in the open air, abundant, simple, and hearty—of how all Lynaway was there, save one man and one woman—of the number of times the bride's and bridegroom's healths were drunk, while all forgot their suspicions of the former, now that she was an honest man's wedded wife, with an honest wedding-ring on her finger, I need not pause to tell; only relate how the poor little wife, who had grown paler and paler through the hot hours of the interminable afternoon and evening, slipped away with her mother, and, being despoiled of all her fine and bridal garments, set out with her husband on the homeward walk. They met not a soul by the way. The very house was empty when they reached it, for the maid was up yonder with the rest, and the mother had gone to a dwelling of her own; and so they entered once again their home, and on the threshold Michael

kissed and welcomed her with the new and sacred name of wife.

All too soon he left her there alone to dispatch and bid the many guests up yonder good-night, leaving her with a willingness that he had never shown had not the knowledge lain burning at his heart that he was returning to her immediately. Oh, that we could call him back as he goes away, away to the cottage up yonder! Oh, that the twelve-hours-old wife, who leans out of the upper window just to catch an uncertain glimpse of him as he goes, to hear the echo of his steps on the footpath, could cry to him, with that voice that he had never learned to disobey, to remain with her, and let the revelers linger as long as they list . . . but she does not call his name—she only turns back to the lamp-lit room, thanks God aloud for making her so blessed a woman, so happy a wife . . . Blessed! . . . Happy! . . . Poor, hapless wife, thank God while you may!

Below her window, half hidden, half revealed, stands a man whose face, livid, frightful even, by reason of the intense emotion that convulses it, gleams out from the partial screen of leaves formed by the young beech-tree planted in the centre of the square bit of garden laid out between the cottage and the shingle. Though her eyes fell upon it, she would scarcely know it for the face of Martin Strange, the man who might have worked such deadly mischief between her and Michael, and who had forborne, as she had once with sick fear believed he could not forbear. She guesses not how out yonder one watches her shadow pass and repass the blind as she lays aside the silken kerchief, and chain and cross, Michael's gifts all . . . who can even see the deft movement of her fingers as she loosens the dark-blue bodice from the snowy, beautiful neck . . . marks her uplifted arms as they unbind the rippling, heavy masses of her bright hair, for one lock of which, he thinks, he would barter ten years of his life . . . all this, I say, he sees and notes, neither stirring one hair's breadth nor moving one step toward the house, though she is there absolutely alone and at his mercy. So he can have no thought of harming her, and after all it may be but the uncertain and fitful light that makes his face appear so ghastly, his air so wild.

So he stands, immovable, his face uplifted, his hands clinched, and sees not how a woman flits behind him and vanishes, nor hears later a man's rapid footsteps approach him, slacken, and pause at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIN STRANGE'S ANSWER.

"It is you—Martin Strange?" said a voice beside the watcher, that made him to turn, starting violently. He had taken up his position here after Michael left the house, and believed him at that moment to be with his wife in yonder room. Albeit no coward, he was incapable of speech, thoroughly thrown

off his centre by Michael's sudden appearance, and looked the very image of detected shame and guilt.

"I would have speech with you," said Michael, in the voice of a man who is divided between a mad desire to slay the thing before him, and an equally violent and imperative need that compels him to trample the longing for the time being under foot.

Unconsciously, and in the throes of that paroxysm of desire and urgency of inaction, he tore off a bough of the tree by which they stood, his right hand closing convulsively over it, as though thus, and thus only, could he stay that hand from clutching in murderous gripe the throat of the man who stood opposite.

"I have a question to ask of you," said Michael, very slowly, and his voice was strangled and as that of a stranger. "A quarter of an hour ago I discovered for the first time that you are a former lover of my—wife's. I charge you as before your God that you tell me if you know of any reason why I should not have made Ninon Levesgne my wife to-day!"

No reply, only the sound of what might be a far-away footfall, or the patter of a leaf falling to the ground, or the stirring of a sleepy bird in his warm brown nest.

"A quarter of an hour ago," said Michael, still in that slow, painful way, as though he had learned a lesson by rote and feared to forget some important words of it, "as I was coming toward my—home, I overheard certain words between Stephen Prentice and William Warly, honest men both as I have known them, therefore to be believed even in their cups beyond the belief that I should have given to Peter the gossip or Seth the scandal-monger. They spoke of my wife—of me, lastly of you. Enough that I listened—far more that I understood. I said to myself, 'There is Rose Nichol passing by, she was always my wife's friend—my wife loved her'—(it was strange to hear how he said "my wife" at every opportunity, as though the very name hurt him)—"and I said to her, 'They have been speaking ill of her. . . . You know my dear's spotless heart and mind and ways; you know that this thing is impossible, that it cannot be; tell me of it, assure me of it, that I may go back to her without one doubt of her in my mind, without my being forced to insult her purity with one question, or look, or word.' . . . But she only fell away from me like water, saying over and over again, 'I know nothing—nothing; go to Enoch, *he* knows.' . . . I left her there, and, finding her lover, said, 'Rose has sent me to you that you may tell me that my Ninon is the pure, innocent maiden that I loved, and Stephen and Seth are liars.' . . . And I told him, as I could not tell his girl, the words they had used."

He paused and looked upward at the lamp that shone like a beacon in Ninon's room.

"The man I honor most on earth," he went on, still in that unnaturally stony way, "the truest, the most upright, the best, looking downward and with bent head, gave me for reply, 'God grant she may be all ye think, my lad!' That was all. 'There is only one man on earth,' I said to myself, as I left

him, 'whose words can heal or poison me now;' and while I sought you in vain, Rose Nichol crossed my path once more, and, as if she read my need on my face, bade me come hither, where I should find you, she said. And now," he cried, his voice (monotonous and slow no longer) leaping forth like a sword from the scabbard, "answer me this—are these words that I have heard to-night but tippy rumors, false as the hearts and tongues that bred them, or, before your God, is there any reason why she should have been your wife this day, not mine?"

He leaned forward, his hand still clutching the bough, his very pulses and heart standing still, the very life in him seeming to be suspended until the answer was spoken.

Martin's eyes, straying upward, rested on the window-blind, across which was flung at that moment the grotesque and exaggerated shadow of Ninon's exquisite neck and arms; then scarcely above his breath he uttered one damning syllable—

"Yes!"

Ninon now came to the window, and, lifting one corner of the blind, looked out toward the path by which her husband should by this time be coming to her. "He is long away," they heard her soft voice say; then, and without one glance toward the two men whose faces glared upon each other below, she dropped the blind and vanished. With a terrible sound that in its intensity reached not so high as a cry, Michael hurled himself upon Martin Strange, and, lifting him from the earth, dashed him downward, as a man may take some noisome, hurtful thing whose loathsomeness of existence is to some extent expiated by the violence of its end.

"It is a lie!" he cried—and his voice was scarcely above a whisper—"a lie!" he repeated, although he knew he was speaking to deaf ears, that his words were idle as the winds; and then, though his very soul thirsted for the life of this man, he found himself stooping down and looking anxiously for breath or movement—nay, discovered that a thrill passed through his frozen veins and heart as Martin presently stirred, sat up, and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Come with me," said Michael; "come into her very presence and there repeat this lie if you dare." He suddenly broke off. Remembering the straightforward, honest traditions of the Lynaway men, it flashed through his brain that Martin Strange dared not so belie his name and calling any more than he possessed the wit to conceive so frightful a falsehood as the one of which he now stood accused.

"It is true?" said Michael, and in those three words was an appeal to the honor, good faith, and to that nameless *esprit de corps* that subsisted between every Lynaway man, and that would outlive injury, treachery, and even the foulest wrong, that the man addressed understood to the inmost fibre of his nature, and, gathering up the whole forces of his nature to meet the tax imposed upon them, answered for the second time to-night, the one word, "Yes."

A peal of awful laughter broke from Michael's lips as he lifted his hand and pointed upward to Ninon's room.

"Why do you not go to her?" he said. "She was your light o' love once, let her be your light o' love again. A marriage ceremony can count for little between such as you and she. Do you hear me?" he cried, with the echo of that unnatural laughter still in his voice. "Go to her and tell her that I sent you, hark you—that I *sent* you—and tell her that I have found out before it is yet too late that she stood at the altar with the wrong man to-day. Tell her that, if but now I could have killed you and gloried in the deed, I now thank God that I have not stained my soul with murder for such as she—that what you were to her once you can now be again; that I thank you for being the instrument by means of which I have discovered her villainess *now* instead of hereafter—for if she could come to me at the altar what she is, she would have betrayed me afterward, and it is better now than then. Who was it said that I loved her? A lie, a lie!—the woman I loved was pure as Heaven . . . she is dead; that which remains, Martin Strange, is yours, and yours alone."

Then he turned on his heel and went away without another word through the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT SALLY.

THE bride, listening in vain for the sound of Michael's foot on the stair, passed from surprise to doubt, from doubt to fear, and from fear to a chill and deadly foreboding of evil, that swept like a dimming, destroying mist between her heart and the restful, perfect happiness she had known since Michael placed the wedding-ring upon her finger.

"Martin could not have the heart to do it," she said aloud, her hands clasped in agony, her eyes wild and tinted with a more than common fear, the glorious tangle of her bright hair half veiling, half revealing the fairest neck, the most exquisitely-shaped shoulders in all Devon. "Michael would not believe him—he would be sure to come straight away to me and say, 'Ninon, is it true?'"

"Perhaps they are together now, and Martin is telling him." An idea seemed to flash across her brain, as, turning to the looking-glass, she began to fasten up her hair with rapid fingers, put on bodice and petticoat, herchief and shoes, then crept softly down-stairs to the house-door, that stood wide open against the return of the master. As she stood there, doubting for a moment whether or not she should take the path along which Michael so strangely tarried, she heard voices on the beach below, and, straining her eyes, made out the indistinct outlines of figures moving about; could even catch the occasional gleam of the weapons they carried as they busied themselves with the boat in their midst. One voice, rising above the rest with startling clearness, made her heart bound in her bosom, for even at this distance could not the ear of love distinguish it as that of Michael Winter, Ninon's bridegroom?

"What can he be doing there?" she thought, her cheek blanched with fear and horror, for did she not know that yonder were the custom-house officers, bent on one of those dangerous, almost desperate errands that had brought death to so many Lynaway men, that at last it had come to be understood that no man with others dependent on him, or who was not reckless or over-bold, should take his life in his hand in such fashion as this?—and as to the bold and stubborn smugglers, if they chose to follow a lawless existence at the sword's point, why, they might be left safely enough to the officers who had put salt on a good many tails, and meant to pickle a good many more.

Ninon, passing almost as quickly as a shadow chased from the hillside by the sun, crossed the garden and the shingle, but as she drew nearer saw, to her dismay, that the boat was already on the water, the last man in the very act of leaping in, and that as she approached it receded rapidly, although yet so near that she could make out among the custom-house men the face, strangely pale—or so it appeared to her—of Michael.

"Michael!" she cried, stretching out her arms, and never heeding how the sea was flowing over her feet and ankles. "Are you going away? Will you not speak to me?"

She saw that the rowers shipped their oars for a moment, and in the momentary silence that followed her sudden and unexpected appearance she heard one man say to another:

"He must be mad—has he forgotten that yon is his wife, and that this is his marriage-night?"

But Michael sat there like a stone, and said never a word.

"Come, come," said the one in authority among them, "there is no time for parley—we are late as it is—will you go back to your wife, Michael Winter, or do you remain with us?"

"I have no wife," said Michael Winter.

The master shrugged his shoulders, gave the word of command, and in another moment the long, swift strokes of the rowers had carried the boat out of ear-shot.

Ninon stood immovable, listening to the faint splash of the muffled oars that were even now dying away in the distance, gazing upon the receding shadow that stood to her for Michael, while her poor, pale lips kept repeating over and over again without sound her husband's words—"I have no wife." What did it all mean? Why was he leaving her in this violent, unnatural manner? A different parting from this, I wis, had been the parting of little more than an hour ago . . . had her weary fears borne the bitter fruit of reality at last—had he spoken to her husband? Looking down at the waves murmuring and creeping about her feet, a sudden and complete consciousness of the terrible thing that had befallen her came to her childish, tender heart, and for one delirious moment her brain seemed to turn. And since the one overmastering thought of which she was alone conscious was that she must get to Michael somehow that very instant, and tell him the

whole truth, it would have been no matter for wonder if she had there and then cast herself into the water, finding death while the poor, half-crazed brain believed itself to be compassing rest and safety. . . . Gossiping, ugly old Peter, who had, from the distance, espied the unusual commotion on the beach, and naturally set off thither as fast as his legs would carry him to ascertain the meaning of it, rubbed his amazed eyes on discovering the bride of the morning standing like a frozen nymph in the sea all by herself, and not a sign of Michael the bridegroom anywhere about.

"Mistress Winter, Mistress Winter," he said, "have you taken your shoes and stockings off just for the pleasure of staring at the sea and the sky? or have you forgotten that you were married at eleven o'clock this morning? . . . O fie! What will Michael say at your running away from him like this?"

"Michael is gone," she said, in a whisper, "with the custom-house officers, and before he went, while he was just yonder, he said that I was not his wife."

"Hey!" said Peter, scenting a scandal, and opening his eyes and ears greedily for the same, "are you joking? Did he tell ye to your face that you were not married to him?"

"Yes," said Ninon, "he said that—just that."

Peter, misled by the calmness of a manner that might well have deluded wiser men than he, cried in high glee: "Is the lad mad? Did we not all see him place the wedding-ring on your finger to-day? He is teasing you, Mistress Winter; he couldn't resist the notion of goin' with the men to-night, so he pretended to be a bit angry with you afore he went, just to prevent you scoldin' him when he came back!" But to himself he said: "A pretty story this for the lads to-morrow—goin' off like this on his marriage-night!"

"I think it is I who am mad," said poor Ninon, pale and cold. "Did I dream it all, Peter, or was not I married to Michael this morning? And did not he leave me at home, saying he would be back in five minutes?"

"O' coorse he did," said Peter, deeply interested and overjoyed at getting the story in its integrity instead of having to pick up a bit here and a bit there, and all the trouble afterward of dovetailing it into a respectable whole. "An' so he did not come back, my dear?" he said, pressing a little nearer to her, and looking into her widely-opened, fixed blue eyes that seemed to be looking far, far beyond him.

"No," she said, still in that slow, monotonous voice, and as though she were a sleep-walker under some mesmeric influence that compelled her to utter her thoughts and secrets aloud. "Do you not know—can you not tell me," she said, laying her slender hand upon the old man's, "why he went? Did he meet and have speech with either of the men—with Martin Strange—after he had taken me home?"

Peter, looking down upon that lovely, imploring young face, felt that out of her own lips was she condemned, and sighed, for his heart was not a bad one, and he thought he would even forego the repetition

of this highly-spiced story to know that Michael had no just cause to leave her in this fashion, to know that, flighty as she might have been, there was no real harm or disgrace in her past history.

"I bid him good-night at your mother's cottage," he said, drawing his arm away from her touch, and his voice carried a weight of reprobation (all worthless and disreputable though he was) that would have fallen heavily upon any woman who had a better knowledge of the practices and penalties of evil than Ninon had.

And so it had ever been that, with her mind possessed by one great fear, she had never noticed the questioning glances, and even words, that had been cast upon her by the Lynaway folks for the past three months.

"Ye had better go home, Mistress Winter," said Peter, not unkindly. "That boat'll not be back till break o' day, an' when 'tis in your good-man'll go up to ye yonder, an' if aught's amiss between ye mebbe 'twill all come right the morn." But in his heart, and knowing Michael, he thought nothing of the kind.

"At break of day," said Ninon, repeating his words to herself, "and maybe 'twill all come right between you. He is quite sure to come back, is he not, Peter?"

"Ay," he said; adding, aside, "if he's not killed, as poor Jack Spiller and Tom Masters were last fall."

"Three hours to the break of day," she said, looking upward; then went a few steps back over the shingle and sat down to keep her watch. Paying no heed to Peter's remonstrances, for he was one of those (there are nineteen such out of every twenty people living) who could give pity to the discomforts of the body, while the infinitely greater suffering of the mind he considered worthy of but little or no consideration, Ninon sat with straining eyes looking out to sea, to all intents and purposes blind until the black speck upon the waters that meant life and salvation to her should appear.

She could have had but little pride, this poor Ninon, to wait here so humbly, so faithfully for one who had treated her with such bitter scorn, and in truth with her perfect love had cast out pride, as it does in all purely faithful gentlewomen. . . . The love that can suspend itself or wax cooler by reason of the neglect or cruelty of the thing it loves is not worthy of the name of love at all, but may be called a bastard imitation of the divine passion, compounded of love of admiration, satisfaction at being adored, and a cold and practical adjustment of the scales on the give-and-take principle that accords but ill with the whole-heartedness, the lavish abundance of the gift of perfect love.

Peter withdrew himself to the shadow of a neighboring boat (for it was against the traditions of his existence to march off in the very midst of this exciting little story, and leave Providence to put the *finale* into his hands) and fell fast asleep. And Ninon—who shall succeed in portraying the state of a human soul (that feels, yet has no power to utter those feelings aloud) immediately after it has been smitten with the greatest earthly calamity that can befall it?

To say that in the first few moments or even hours after the blow has fallen intense agony and conscious suffering ensue would be false, these come afterward, and are the result of a certain and absolute recognition of the thing it has at first steadily refused to accept; rather is the soul in this its early stage of misery in a state of confusion and excitement, fearing all things while accepting none, and therefore not yet within the iron and remorseless grasp of certainty before which fear, doubt, and surmise, will flee away like shadows.

Thus Ninon could scarcely be said to have yet entered into her heritage of woe. She was as yet borne up by an intensity of forward lookout that at any other time, and if colored by happier anticipation, might have stood for hope. "At break of day," so her lips murmured over and over again, while Peter snored heavily, and the receding tide moaned and whispered itself farther and farther away from her.

The coolness of the midsummer night deepened for the space of an hour or so into cold. About the same time the lamps faded out of the sky, the uncertain moonlight died away, out yonder in the east the red-colored sky took on a clearer, lighter hue, as though the sun while yet a long, long way off sent forth some pale and chilly message of his coming.

It was in this hour, gray and unbeautiful in sky, and land, and sea, that there came over the water six or seven or eight echoes, very faint and indistinct, yet Ninon knew them in an instant for what they really were, the firing of shots. These sounds, with their suggestion of violence and danger, gave a new turn to the girls thoughts, if such they might be termed; and, strangely enough, for the first time the image of Michael in danger, Michael wounded, passed like a flash of lightning before her eyes. Here she had been dreaming of Michael estranged, remorseless, full of hatred and loathing for her; and now in the space of one instant she was fearing nothing from his words and looks, only desiring with the whole force of her heart that he might come back to her, angry and cruel as he would, but *alive*. O God, alive! It was the old triumph of reality over imagination, the old healthy victory of things actual over things unreal, the inevitable supremacy of circumstance and event over the intangible diseases of the mind. . . . Do we not all and every day fret ourselves over some imaginary evil, some mental trouble, occupying ourselves with the splitting of straws, the arraignment of Fate and Fortune; and when in our midst falls a thunder-bolt of real disaster or accomplished ruin, do we not fling our mental worryings aside and, bowing to the prosaic catastrophe, acknowledge that we, being for the most part creatures more of flesh and blood than brains, are capable of being far more heavily punished by what may be said to pertain to the former, not the latter—viz., sickness, death, starvation, and

"The thousand ills that flesh is heir to"—

than by any purely mental sufferings, howsoever acute or bitter they may be?

How long Ninon stood by the edge of the freshening waves she never knew—time was not for her, nor had she any actual existence until in the distance, and by the light of the now struggling day-break, she discerned a black and distant speck that her leaping heart told her was the home-returning boat. . . . Footsteps came across the shingle, but she heeded them not ; a voice sounded in her ears—the voice of Martin Strange—but it went past her like the foolish cry of a bird at even ; she saw not his haggard, shamed face, shamed through all the new-found honor of a strong and good resolve written upon it ; her life, her soul, her eyes, were concentrated on one object—the advancing boat, and the feat of ascertaining whether among the men who filled it was her husband, alive and unhurt.

The boat, seemingly heavily overladen, came but slowly ; the rowers, pulling hard and well, were getting plainly distressed ; there certainly was not one man less yonder than started three hours ago—nay, there seemed to be more !

They are near enough now for Peter, who has awakened, to exclaim that the men are splashed with blood, and that no less than half a dozen of the smugglers lie secured in the bottom of the boat ; but Ninon looks not at them, only gazes first on one face, then on another, seeking but finding not ; and now, as the keel of the boat grates against the shore, and Peter and Martin catch the ropes flung to them, she steps forward and utters two words—

“ Michael Winter ? ”

There is a moment's silence, for all of these present know that this is Michael Winter's wife ; but one of the captured men, his face gashed and bleeding, his right arm broken and hanging by his side, cries out with a terrible oath from the place where he lies :

“ Shot through the breast, woman, an hour ago, fell overboard, and was lost—served him right ” (an oath), “ for meddling in other people's affairs instead of minding his own business.”

[END OF PART I.]

OUT OF LONDON.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.

SETTING.

I.

A HOUSE foreordained to be our home for an indefinite number of years ought, in strict poetry, mystically to obtain our recognition at the first glance. “ This is the place ! ” we should exclaim, pausing as our eyes rest upon it, and knowing by intuition that it contains the right number of rooms, and that rent, soil, neighborhood, and associations, are precisely what we must approve. Furthermore, the discovery ought to be made by a seeming accident—by a fatality vanquishing ostensible improbabilities. We should have taken a wrong train, or alighted at a wrong station, and thus have come upon our goal involuntarily ; or, having ended our day's search, we should be impelled by a subtle perversity to dodge round an unpromising corner, or to walk yet another hopeless quarter of a mile, when lo ! the predestined spot.

Is the fault in ourselves, or in the nature of things, that this poetical consummation is so seldom realized ? There must always, unquestionably, be a predestined spot, as well as a moment when we first catch sight of it ; but, so far as my experience goes, there is no instantaneous recognition. The house did not seem at all suitable ; the fact that the landlord lived within a stone's-throw of it was an additional argument, if any were needed, against its occupation ; and when I returned that first evening of my discovery to St. John's Wood, it was with the conviction that, wherever my lot might ultimately be cast, it would not be in Byemoor. Yet a few days afterward I repaired thither once more, and tried to

think that, if the place had been a little different, it might have answered ; subsequent visits revealed the existence, in the immediate neighborhood, of an American gentleman who was said to be, like myself, addicted to literature ; in process of time I began to think that among many unsatisfactory localities Byemoor was perhaps not the worst ; and, finally, rather through weariness than choice, I yielded to my landlord's blandishments and signed my name to the lease. There was no symptom of romantic intuition about all this, and up to the day of occupation I entertained a secret expectation that some incalculable occurrence or other would upset my plans. No such matter happened, and I settled down in due course. Am I therefore callous and impenetrable by the finer influences of things ? or is there no such influence ? Or is the poetical idea never to be realized in this world, but only meant to serve as an encouragement toward another ?

The suburban village on the outskirts of which destiny had established me does not really bear the name of Byemoor—not, at least, to the apprehension of any one save myself. England is so small and so old as to make it seem impossible that everybody in it has not visited and become familiar with its every acre ; and hence an indisposition on my part, in the ensuing descriptions of my chosen abode and its environs, to adopt the nomenclature authorized by the present ordnance-survey, and current among the population. And, after all, the oldest names are arbitrary and transient ; time has been when they were not, and time to come shall see them forgotten. Byemoor, to all critical or literary intents and purposes, is as servicable an appellation as Blackheath, Hampton, Isleworth, Hampstead, or St. Albans, would

be; and in some aspects it is even better. For, whereas the latter places could not be intimately and impartially treated of without risk of giving offense, whether by flattery or disparagement, to their worthy inhabitants, Byemoor, which may or may not be either one of them, can be enlarged upon to the fullest extent with no danger of the kind. It is pleasanter for all parties to be typical than to be photographic, and very likely there is more essential truth in the former way of looking at a thing than in the latter. No detached specimen is complete; it needs to be rounded out with the lights and shadows of the entire species, if not of the genus and family, before it stands forth in full and recognizable relief. Epigrammatically, we must look through the lens of the whole world in order truly to see a pebble or a flower. I shall not attempt quite so much as this in describing Byemoor, nor shall I engage invariably to adhere to the typical method at all. The reader, therefore, if he finds anything to agree with in the following chapters, will be at liberty to generalize its application; while objectionable passages will kindly be ascribed to the writer's temporary relapse into particulars as exceptional as disagreeable.

The reader has the best of it, for, unfortunately, the typifying process cannot be applied to real life; it is not easy to idealize a brick-and-plaster house, or to generalize a butcher's bill, except from the vantage-ground of pen and paper. There is an irritating awkwardness and rigidity about material objects which contrasts unfavorably with what may be termed their literary plasticity. By a stroke of my pen I can annihilate that square, ugly building across the way, and open up a charming view of brook and meadow and clustering trees, with perhaps a church-tower in the middle distance and a blue hill in the background. Such an arrangement might have existed without in the least violating the modesty of Nature or the local proprieties of Byemoor; yet to bring it about would be a job not lightly to be attempted by any giant less brawny than he of the imagination; and even his exploits, immeasurable though they are, are prone to dwindle into nothing beneath so seemingly harmless a test as ocular inspection. It is the writer's lot to endure things as they are; but he may take a sort of revenge upon them by representing them as he would have wished them to be—guarding himself only against overstepping the limits of a reasonable might-have-been.

II.

I HAVE incidentally alluded to a certain American gentleman of a literary turn, who was settled in a house nearly adjoining my own, and who, unknown to himself, had to some extent influenced me in selecting Byemoor as a residence. From such little information as I was able to pick up concerning him during the first week or two of my arrival, I should have judged him to be a person of more than English reserve and somewhat unconventional habits, who had tucked himself away in this secluded and yet suburban retreat for the sake of enjoying that choicest privacy which nestles upon the brink of pub-

licity. The churches, whether orthodox or dissenting, knew him not; he gave no entertainments, he made no calls, he visited London not more than once a month, and even then he was as likely to go afoot as by the train. There were living with him a library, a wife, and a couple of servants. He received a good many letters, and in return was in the habit of dropping an occasional large blue envelope into the post-office box on the corner, which was believed to contain his contributions to literature. He kept a revolver, a cat, and a monkey. He was said to keep in-doors during the greater part of the day, but after sundown, in rainy or fair weather, he was often to be seen striding rapidly out into the country, clad in a roundabout pea-jacket and brandishing a short, thick cane. Although not a subscriber to Mudie's, he took in most of the leading weekly reviews, and, when anything of especial interest in the political or social world turned up, he generally sent down an order for a daily paper. He was of a grave and rather forbidding cast of countenance, yet when spoken to he answered pleasantly enough, and in pretty tolerable English. He was an inveterate smoker, but drank less than a man of his apparent means and good health ought to do in a climate like that of England; he sat up terribly late o' nights, and was suspected of taking a cup of coffee and a cigar before arising in the morning. Although understood to have lived for many years in England, he did not appear to have profited as he might have done by his opportunities; for he was still a heretic in religion, a republican in politics, and the harshness of a Yankee accent was perceptible in his speech. His build, however, was rather English than American. He was somewhat under forty years of age, yet his hair and beard were already streaked here and there with gray. He was very fond of flowers, and his name was Jabez Hedgley.

I have been thus particular in describing Mr. Hedgley because we by-and-by became acquainted; and his conversation, being that of a typical Anglo-American, interested me by its representative quite as much as by its intrinsic qualities; and it is my purpose in these essays largely to temper my own views and criticisms by exhibiting them side by side with his. I may stoop for the raw Yankee, as yet unacclimated to the mother-country, and full of undigested prejudices, obnoxious or favorable, as to every novelty that I encounter. Mr. Hedgley, on the other hand, must answer for the resident whose opinions have had time to mature, who has been able to consider the insular manners and customs from a conservative as well as from a republican standpoint, and who has learned to be extreme neither in his likes nor dislikes. Probably his judgments may obtain more general acceptance than mine; nevertheless I am by no means sure that there is not sometimes a certain virtue in a first glance which is apt to be absent from a longer and more deliberate inspection. The mind becomes so quickly accustomed to new conditions as ere long to forget their novelty; and, though the insight may grow more penetrating, it abates something of its discrimination. I have

now myself been for some years upon English soil, and opportunity has been afforded me to reconsider my first hasty prepossessions; yet I doubt whether ignorance, provided it be of a curious and receptive kind, may not have a useful mission in the world. It is a motor to put productive machinery agoing. I must not, however, seem to recommend my lucubrations to an intelligent public solely on the score of the ignorance displayed in them. My trust is in Hedgley; it shall go hard but he shall ever and anon strike out a judicious and respectable sentiment. But let it not be forgotten that my own levity may sometimes have been the provocation of his wisdom. It is by dint of such opposing yet mutually stimulating elements that the fire of life is made to burn. But for him my crudities might have lacked correction; and but for me the extent of his knowledge might have remained hidden even from himself.

III.

I HAVE little or nothing in palliation of the indiscretion—if such it be considered—of dragging my friendly interlocutor into print. I may observe, however, that my purpose so to do was known to him, and that he was indifferently acquiescent. "Nine people out of ten, he used to say, 'will take me to be a fictitious character—an artistic foil for your own personality; and, as for the tenth fellow, who cares for him? Most likely he won't read the book at all! Moreover, there is a certain side to every man which is public property; no one has exclusive right to his own opinions; nay, if they be honestly formed, he himself will generally desire their publication. In the case of a woman it would be different; she does her thinking in her heart, and a woman's heart is a delicate matter to meddle with. But use me as much as you like, provided you can invent a decent anagram to cover my nakedness without.' I could scarcely have contrived a veil more impenetrable than that smoky one wherewith my friend would envelop himself the while he spoke.

Jabez Hedgley is no longer, unless in the spiritual sense, my neighbor. It is not very many weeks since he gathered together his household-gods, and emigrated—of all places in the world—to Florida! He has built a lodge in the wilderness there, and writes me that he is cultivating oranges and bananas, and puffing cigarettes in a hammock swung beneath the shade of palm-trees. Meanwhile, his English dwelling stands deserted; but so soon as the lease of my own premises has expired I intend moving into it. It is a much more attractive place than mine; and besides, when I sit at nightfall in the study, before the candles are lighted, I shall sometimes peer doubtfully through the cloudy incense of my own tobacco-pipe, half fancying that I can discern the dark outlines of his figure sitting with one knee thrown across the other in yonder roomy easy-chair. What is Florida, and six thousand miles? I tell you he still sits there occasionally, and we converse together in our old strain.

The house, as I first remember it, wore an aspect of quiet and cultured picturesqueness which distin-

guished it from most of the surrounding edifices. The latter were uniformly square, hip-roofed structures, with a clustered chimney rising from the centre of the ridge-pole, and a street-face washed with white or buff-colored plaster. They could not have been uglier without becoming grotesque, and therefore perversely agreeable. The bricks of which they were built were of the yellowish-brown hue which prevails in England, and which it seems impossible that a healthy mind should not detest. The houses, nearly a dozen in number, were ranged on opposite sides of a little private road, each one provided with a small rectangle of front-yard, a flight of steps up to the door, and a plaster fence on the street, made to misrepresent stone. They stood two and two, in a condition of so-called semi-detachment—a kind of relationship which, though common in England, is a device of petty economy unworthy of Englishmen. Seems to me I would rather openly live in the same house with a man, avowing my position, than cheat myself into a delusion of privacy by interposing a flimsy partition between his set of rooms and mine. The same roof still covers us both, and the smoke of the fires that warm us issue from the self-same chimney. "For the matter of that, however," as Hedgley once replied to me, "the same sky roofs all mankind, and they are shone upon by the same nebulous star we call the sun. It's nonsense attempting to be entirely independent of one another, and we might as well begin to draw our line at the semi-detached house as anywhere else." Nevertheless, the greater part of these particular semi-detached dwellings were unoccupied, and staid so in spite of the "To Let's" posted in every window, and the big sign-board at the head of the street which obtruded its weather-stained announcements upon the notice of all who walked upon the highway. The "Fairmount Estate" would have been more popular, I contended, had the builder been wise enough to keep his houses at a decent distance from one another. To be cheap is commonly to be extravagant.

Fairmount, however, was thickly planted with trees, most of them of comparatively recent growth, but many-leaved and shady nevertheless. The little front-yards often contained hedges of laurel, which kept their greenness through the year; and in one or two instances the plaster fence was overshadowed by an embowering canopy of flowering ivy. Poplars flourished in this locality with especial luxuriance; I have not seen elsewhere specimens of this tree which would have formed a graceful and picturesque feature in a landscape. They grew, besides, with surprising rapidity; my landlord, Captain Sleasby, late of the Byemoor militia, still points out to me, at least once in the course of every conversation we have together, a certain well-grown poplar in the centre of his garden, which, he assures me, was brought thither on his son's shoulder only ten years ago. "Ha! I tell him," says the captain, taking snuff with a peculiarly knowing and humorous expression—"I tell him—don't believe he could carry it out again to-morrow—or yesterday—ha, ha!" And the gal-

lant officer blows his nose and chuckles. And the joke grows better and better every day; the tree is sixty feet high already, and by the time it reaches a hundred the captain should pose as a second Joe Miller.

This abundance of verdure, at least during the summer, goes far to conceal the architectural deficiencies of Fairmount even from itself. Houses in England are generally leasable at Michaelmas, which seems to me an ill-judged custom. In the early days of June any person of sensibility would be willing to pay double the rent that could be extorted from him in the leafless fall or winter months: for English foliage bears a charm which not all the practical and matter-of-fact spirit of the English people, operating during a thousand years, has been able to dispel or scarcely to modify. "Do you imagine," demanded Hedgley, "that the English people wish to get rid of their foliage? On the contrary, they are particularly proud of it, and are at considerable pains and expense to make it as effective as possible."

"Nevertheless," I replied, "the worker in brick-and-mortar, or he who employs him, holds the first place; and afterward the landscape-gardener is at liberty to assist Nature as much as he may in the often successful attempt to hide the hideousness which he of the trowel has perpetrated."

I wonder, by-the-way, why it is that the utilitarians always have precedence of the disciples of natural beauty? If beauty is divine and ugliness only human, one would expect the supremacy to incline the other way.

IV.

HEDGLEY'S house—to return to the spot we started from—is neither semi-detached nor otherwise offensive. It stands in an inclosure by itself, and is screened from all observers (except those who look from the upper windows of the neighboring edifices) by high and compact hedges. It is situated at the very end of the short *cul-de-sac* of a street which bears the name of Fairmount, and its northern bedroom-windows overlook a meadow two or three acres in extent, sloping downward to a murmuring brook. The house is four-square, but its angularity is relieved by a wide, two-columned porch over the front-door; while a bow-window on one side lends a pleasing unevenness to the façade. A small conservatory is wedged in between the southern side of the house and the garden-wall; there are four chimneys, two of them much higher than the others; and they, as well as the rest of the structure, are built of sound, old-fashioned red bricks.

"Captain Sleasby thought the red a disqualification," my friend once observed to me, "and I made him deduct ten pounds from the rent for the very feature of the house that most pleased me. I guess he added it on again, though, for the ivy, which he values quite as highly as I do. Englishmen like their homes to be ivy-covered, not so much because ivy makes them beautiful as on account of the assurance of antiquity it gives, and the presumption that the family of the occupant is antique, too. Another thing, it takes the damp out of the walls, instead of

putting it in, as you might suppose it would do. I like ivy; I sometimes think I would be willing to exchange our autumnal tints for it!"

The whole front of the house, in fact—it is but two stories high—is draped in perennial green from base to eaves. The columns of the porch are bound about with hairy stems and shaggy with leaves. The windows show like dark, glistening pools embosomed in sedate verdure, and somehow prevailed upon to disregard the laws of gravitation. The bow-window is the only exception; it is a comparatively recent addition of Hedgley's, and is not yet entirely overgrown. On its northern end the house is bare; but the ruddy nakedness of time-worn brick is more picturesque than any dress it can put on, save one. The building is at least ten times as old as any other in Fairmount, which accounts for its not being yellow-brown and plaster-faced like the rest. On the southern side the outlines of the bricks are marked by green lines of moss; and an adventurous ivy-stem has climbed above the conservatory, and so on up the projection of the chimney, spreading fan-like, and seeming to hang its weight upon that which it helps to uphold. The sills of all the windows are fitted with trough-like boxes, in which grow dense little embankments of scarlet and white geraniums.

The front lawn is perhaps half an acre in area, green and mossy and deep of turf. Along the borders of the path which skirts two sides of it grow a succession of crimson, standard roses, each in a little circular bed by itself. The other two sides are inclosed by a crumbling brick-wall, about seven feet in height, held together, as it were, by knotted bands of ivy, which, however, are nearly bare of leaves except along the top. Just inside of this wall is planted an impenetrable holly-hedge, rising about three feet above the outer barrier, and certainly offering a much more formidable defense against intrusion. It is kept carefully trimmed, and looks smooth, solid, and glistening all over. I am not sure that holly makes the handsomest hedge imaginable; but it seems to be more prized in England than any other; probably because it takes so many years to grow, and when grown it is so practically efficacious. In the angle of the wall is a little summer-house—a segment of roofing, merely, supported by a single column at the outer edge, and climbed over by a white and a pink rose-vine. The northern side of the garden—that toward the meadow already mentioned—is without a hedge; and the wall has loopholes cut in it, through which you obtain glimpses of the prospect outside as you walk down the path. A flower-bed, narrow but rich in bloom, runs along the base of this wall; and a couple of broader ones extend beneath the windows on either side of the porch.

Such, to the outward view, is Ivyside, a very favorable specimen of a certain class of English houses. Its only fault—and that, to a man like Hedgley, is one of its main attractions—consists in its comparative remoteness. Fairmount is more than a mile beyond the village of Byemoor, which is itself about fifteen miles out of London, and Ivyside is at the last

extremity of Fairmount. The only callers there are the tradesmen—the butcher, the grocer, and the fishmonger, in the morning, and the baker in the afternoon. On Saturday evenings, also, a haggard woman, attired in dingy black, comes up the path, accompanied by a small, dingy boy; they lug between them, with short steps and outstretched arm, a huge basket piled high with some snow-white substance, whose spotlessness presents a remarkable contrast to their own impurity. On Monday afternoon, the same sombre pair again make their appearance, this time to bear away a nameless, shapeless something in a capacious black bag. Who are these mysterious persons, and what is the nature of the burden which they bear? They are the laundress and her little boy, and the basket and the bag contain the incoming and the outgoing wash.

V.

If you alight at Byemoor station and ask for Fairmount, the porter (if he happens to know anything about the matter, and to be in a communicative mood besides) will tell you it is opposite "The Foive Oawks." If you ask where they are, he will look upon you as too ignorant for information to be of any use to you, and will saunter away.

"The Foive Oawks" is, in fact, a public-house, and public-houses are a sort of guide-posts all over England. All distances, all localities are referred to them, and whoever shapes his course by them may be sure of arriving, sooner or later, at his destination. If an epidemic were to occur among them, blotting them out from the face of the country, the greater part of the British populace would have great difficulty in finding their way home, or, being there, would hardly think it safe or worth while to venture abroad again. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the other advocates of abstinence, do not seem to have given any heed to this aspect of the question, but it really deserves serious consideration. It would be of no avail to multiply milestones, guide-posts, and maps; such helps appeal only to the eye and the intellect; but the public-house is connected by vital ties with the British heart; and all moralists agree that it is by the heart, and not by the brain, that mankind is led.

The number of these institutions throughout Britain is astounding; I have not counted up how many lie within a mile radius from Byemoor centre,

but I am tolerably safe in saying that there are more than a hundred. Any man who should start from "The Foive Oawks," and take his half-pint of beer at every tavern between that and Byemoor church, would never know how he finished his journey. It seems incredible that all of them should be able to command custom enough to pay their way, yet, as a matter of fact, the business is almost always profitable, and no one of these numberless beer-taps could run dry without making a great many people thirsty.

It is not my present intention, however, to enter upon the great public-house question, but only to direct the reader the nearest and surest way to Fairmount, should he ever desire to verify my description of it for himself. As he comes along the asphalt sidewalk from the railway-station, he will observe that the land gradually trends upward, so that, by the time he reaches "The Foive Oawks," and stops in there for further directions, he will have ascended nearly to a level with Thompson's Hill, whence is obtained the finest prospect in the neighborhood. The country, nevertheless, has a somewhat wearisome appearance of flatness, which the multitude of trees and the minor irregularities of surface can do little to relieve. We must make up our minds to be satisfied with the beauties close around us, and not attempt to impress ourselves with the grander enchantments lent by distance. There are half a dozen quietly agreeable little walks within a few miles of Fairmount, but I cannot promise anything imposing in the way of scenery. As is inevitable in England, there are twenty spots near at hand which possess an artificial interest due to historic associations; but I shall not lay especial stress upon these, because that phase of England has been treated of too often and too exhaustively by other people.

In short, I wish to conduct myself here very much as a native Englishman might, who had nothing particular to do, and concerned himself more with small affairs and homely interests than with what a stranger would consider more important things. Important things are so interesting that the sap very soon gets sucked out of them, and then they are no better than husks; whereas petty things are always cropping out in fresh, humorous, and piquant lights, and when we study them we feel as if we were at any rate learning something which not everybody knows.

CHIARO-OSCURO.

THE garden, with its throngs of drowsy roses,
Below the suave midsummer night reposes,
And here kneel I, whom Fate supremely blesses,
In the dim room, where lamplit dusk discloses
Your two dark stars of eyes, your rippled tresses,
Whose fragrant folds the fragrant breeze caresses!

White flower of womanhood, ah, how completely,
How strongly, with invisible bonds, yet sweetly,
You bind, as my allegiant love confesses,

You bind, you bend, immutably yet meely,
This soul of mine, that all its pride represses,
A willing falcon in love's golden jesses!

To me such hours as these I breathe are holy!
I kneel, I tremble, I am very lowly,
While this dear consecrated night progresses,
And faint winds through the lattice-vines float slowly
From all high starriest reaches and recesses—
Night's heavenly though unseen embassadresses!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A DAY AT DUTCH FLAT.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

WHILE searching for places of interest to visit in California, the curiosity-hunter is sure to hear, sooner or later, of Dutch Flat. The uncouthness of the name brings to mind at once the rough days of the State's history; and, with the hope of seeing at least a remnant of the original life and manners, one is easily induced to journey that way.

The town is spoken of familiarly as a mining-camp, hydraulic mining being almost the sole industrial interest, and "camp" the old-time designation, though the early canvas has long since changed to timber.

If one approaches the place in the evening, as he will in all likelihood if he starts from Sacramento, he will be deeply impressed, in spite of the surprising descriptions he has received, at the havoc that this peculiar method of mining has made with the face of the country. It is torn up everywhere. Pits and jagged holes appear on every hand, and where the fierce water has once been used not a spear of grass nor a trunk of a tree remains. Nothing but dreary acres of whitish gravel and ugly boulders are left to show where fair regions once were; and these viewed in the twilight seem inexpressibly desolate.

The town is situated upon the edge of one of these dismantled and deflowered regions, and the traveler dreads lest the settlement participate in the unhappy scene, and that a sojourn in it may be a day of discomfort.

The wagon from the railway-station turns into a road behind the building, and goes rapidly and with fearful jolts down a long hill to the westward. You do not see the town at first; nothing but shorn hill-sides of very red earth near by, and, in the distance, a broad, washed-out valley, with dark hills at the edge of the horizon. The air is cool and revivifying, and the general outlook has that ample breadth which permits the beholder to seem twice himself from sympathy.

Some hundreds of feet lower down you come upon the Chinese quarter of the town, showing numberless lights at the windows, and a few lanterns tied upon poles at the corners of the alleys. Upon the porches and upon the door-steps are seated the shaven, blue-clad inhabitants, chattering like black-birds. High up upon a hill to the right you just catch by the failing light of the western sky a glimpse of a lofty roof supported by slender pillars, beneath which are two or three platforms decorated with inscriptions in gilt, and with long, sweeping banners of reddish cloth. It is the Chinese church. A little farther on and still down the hill you reach the outskirts of the town. Several gardens with low fences, a few white cottages surrounded with trees, a number of young men and young girls, clad mostly in white, strolling and laughing along the sidewalks, meet your gaze, and you afterward recall that it was

just at this point that you unknowingly laid your ideal of a mining-camp aside.

A little farther still you see in the gathering dusk the square tower of a church whose long windows are aglow with yellow light. At the open door are a few lounging figures, those irresolute who doubt whether appearing at the door of a sanctuary is not quite enough to ask of a man. Across the way is a schoolhouse three stories high, with some gold letters on the front which glisten upon their undersides with the light below.

Beyond are a few more cottages; then the street narrows, and after a sudden plunge it ascends a steep incline amid a few trees whose overhanging branches make it dark. All at once you pass into a lighted thoroughfare filled with people, and stop at the porch of a two-storied public-house, whose chattels, to judge from the noise and hubbub that are going on within its offices, are in process of sale by auction.

It is not until morning that it becomes at all clear how the land lies, for, no matter how far you wander after tea, a certain confusion that exists among the streets is not to be simplified; the ascents and descents are numerous and precipitous, and the ways are often blind alleys that lead you face to face with banks of earth.

You breakfast with forty or fifty miners at six o'clock. Most of the men are exceedingly powerful—both physically and in the use of language. That one of these giants should in the name of all the terrors ask that his meat be well done, or that he call upon the devil and the Lord to witness the truth of his statement that last night was the hottest that he had experienced since he had been born, is not altogether surprising. And if among them is a man of tame demeanor, you determine that he is fictitious—not a gold-hunter at heart. Upon a side-table is a large number of dinner-pails already packed with food. As each man goes out he grasps his own, seizes his shabby hat from a peg, and passes out-of-doors with a noisy tread, as if giving notice that he is bent upon a fair day's work.

At an early hour the little town is almost deserted. After seven o'clock few people are to be seen, and the dogs go out and play together unmolested in the street. This is the time to make your first excursion, for the heat of the sun is not yet oppressive, and there is a fresh, earthy odor in the air. The main street, you find, runs up and down a steep hill. It is lined with the ordinary village-shops on either hand, each abutter having a descending flight of steps at the end of his sidewalk to connect him with the premises below. Thus, going down-town is equivalent to a descent from the attic to the front-door. At the bottom of the street a road runs off to the right and left, and beyond is one of those torn and hapless expanses already spoken of.

Near the middle of the descent—that is, close to the corner where you alighted last evening—is a tall liberty-pole a little storm-eaten and half dismantled, like the liberty-poles of old country-places in the East; a town-pump which yields the very sweetest of water; a gilded public-house sign swung in the old-fashioned way at the corner, so that it may be read from four approaches; and a number of fresh, green locust-trees whose thrifty leaves spread a grateful shade all over the narrow way. So neighborly is the place that, when the butcher has occasion to know the time, he hails the watch-maker across the street, who, putting his head over his glass screen, says, half-past eight and be hanged to him; at this pleasantry half the street bursts into a loud laughter, which is increased to a roar when the butcher is heard to reply that if he hung he didn't know what would become of the watch-maker, giving the town to understand thereby that the artificer was a steady debtor to him, and would die of starvation if he (the butcher) were extinct. A trial of strength between two dogs is sure to bring every shopkeeper out, and, if a half-drunken tippler sings a rollicking song or a hasty mother scolds her youth in the privacy of her back-yard, the chances are excellent that Dutch Flat hears every word.

The town has no fire-engine. For defense against conflagration a heavy head of water is laid on from the mountains, and is brought into the streets by means of small iron hydrants, similar to those used in the cities. At about noon on each hot day, "Ike," a lean, self-contained man, who always has a portion of a cigar in his mouth, brings a short length of hose into the main street, and adjusting it to all the hydrants he can find, one after the other, beginning at the bottom of the street, he sprinkles everything that he can reach with the stream, producing a grateful change in the heated air, and creating something of a breeze. If a saloon-keeper is desirous of a little more water than common, he simply guesses out loud that "that piazzar up there 'u'd stan' a duckin';" and if a good lady has a favorite tree that needs reviving, she presents her smiling face above the top of her gate, and charmingly wonders if Ike could "jest play a stream onto that pore sufferin' thing to git it out of misery." No one presumes to give him orders. He is on a level with the best, and shares the great politeness that is characteristic of the place.

As you ascend to the upper part of the town, you are likely to be pleased and a little surprised at the neatness and prettiness of the cottages you find there. Built mostly in the midst of little lawns, shaded with trees and running vines, they are models of what they assume to be—houses of people in moderate circumstances. It is not likely that any one of them cost more than three thousand dollars, yet a little good taste having been employed, and Nature having been invited, they fill their measure thoroughly. From their trellised porches roses of all hues hang in the utmost profusion; the windows are screened with lace; garden-chairs are placed in the grass beneath the locusts, and the

doors are open through and through, permitting the breezes to sweep everywhere. You are sure to hear the voices of children and the songs of hidden birds at any hour, and the air is always fragrant with the odor of flowers. Were one to descend upon this spot from the clouds, he would never guess that he was in Dutch Flat, in California.

It is natural to dwell upon the graceful feature of the town after one has caught a glimpse of its surroundings, for it may be fairly doubted if there is in the country another place with features in close juxtaposition so utterly dissimilar, so startlingly in contrast, and yet belonging so intimately to each other.

Keeping on up the hill, you soon emerge from among the houses and the grateful shade-trees, and suddenly find yourself in a hot and glaring desert. All about you are stones, heaps of whitish gravel, boulders of immense size, and high cliffs of bare earth full of seams and gullies. Here, for the first time, you find yourself upon mining-ground.

The method of hydraulic mining is briefly this: From some lofty point a head of water is let on through iron pipes of varying diameter, and is projected in a thin stream against the bottom of a hill of gravel known to contain gold. The earth falls in loosened masses, and is washed into channels which lead to sluice-boxes. A sluice-box is a narrow trough made of planks and provided with a false bottom. Over the upper surface the current of earth and water passes, the finer portions of the gravel, together with what gold there may be, falling through apertures upon the real bottom below. Here at intervals are cross-pieces a few inches high, in whose angles quicksilver is placed. The particles of gold, great and small, draw to this, while the worthless earth is washed on and out of the way. These sluice-boxes are watched night and day, and are "cleared up," that is, the amalgam is taken out, at intervals which vary from ten days to three months or more, just as the earth is more or less rich in metal.

The pipes which convey the water are made of thin iron hardly thicker than box cardboard, and vary from some forty inches to fifteen in diameter. They are smooth, round, and black as jet. They are led across depressions in the ground upon trestles, and, where the surface is favorable, they are laid upon sleepers like the tracks of a railway. They are often miles in length, and, though their general tendency is downward, yet they make many rises and turns. The pipe near by you disappears a short distance off, behind a low hillock; it comes into view again two or three rods farther on; then it is lost for a quarter of a mile, and you see it climbing a hill like a serpent, bending itself over the crest, and vanishing once more; then, perhaps, you may see it in the faint distance curving like a hair-line, still doing its tremendous duty, yet with so little suggestion of the great power contained within it.

You bend down and apply your ear to a little orifice you find upon the upper side of one of these

pipes, and you hear the furious rush of the water; at the same time your hat is blown from your head by a back-handed current of air that bursts from its imprisonment within the tube. A mile farther on you may be startled to hear a loud continuous roaring and hissing. You look about and discover another of these pipes surcharged with water, which seeks to escape from every joint and pin-hole in the entire length. The ground is wet beneath it, little pools forming here and there, while jets of spray shoot in all directions, catching the rays of the sun most delicately.

The water issues from the pipes at the place where the mining is carried on, with astonishing force. Lofty hills, broad plains, and long cliffs are washed away, and their ruin completed by nothing else than a shaft of water a few inches in diameter, thrown violently and persistently against them. Nothing can withstand it: trees, gnarled stumps, rocks of prodigious size, are whirled hither and thither like bubbles in the wind, and the softer earth is melted like frost before a fire. A stream having a fall of two hundred feet, and being forced through a two-inch pipe at its head, is a weapon of appalling force. It will cut into banks of packed clay that a pick-axe cannot penetrate, and tear out of their fastnesses rocks half as large as a railway-car, and whirl them about as easily as a garden-jet does its silver globe. Were it to strike a man it would literally tear him in pieces; not stun him, or simply kill him with the shock and the suffocation, but it would rend him limb from limb, as an explosion would.

Having arrived upon the mining-ground, you look about you for a point of interest. Five miles off there is a scanty fringe of dead pines upon the edge of a cliff, that a few years ago was clearly the centre of a great hill. In another direction is naught but a great rolling desert, similar to the one you stand in the midst of. In still another is a range of lofty mountains. Perhaps at the moment you are there a faint rumbling will be heard far above; you look up at an angle of sixty degrees and see sweeping along the edge of a precipice, two-thirds up the rocky height, a train of red-and-yellow railway-cars, drawn by two wood-burning engines, the sound of whose bells and whistles seems like the small diversions of very little children, so diminished are they by the distance. Upon a closer inspection of what lies before you, there appears a square red flag erected upon a pole a mile away. Comprehending that it is the danger-signal of a quarrying-party, and that mining must be going on, you look for a path that may take you in that direction.

One begins at your very feet, and, with an invocation against sunstroke, you step into it and travel as it leads. After an hour of as fine exercise as you ever took, you reach the first sign of the presence of human beings in the region. It is a little shed, beneath which are a number of empty boxes marked "Hercules Powder," and a few coils of fuse, together with a lot of ropes and drills. A quarter of a mile farther, and the land sinks. You descend

with caution, following a huge black pipe all the way, and you suddenly come upon the verge of an enormous pit five hundred feet in width and two hundred in depth. Its torn and jagged sides converge and meet where a gloomy shaft sinks into the earth. The upper portions of the banks are of the same whitish earth that forms most of the land thereabout, but the lowest portions are of blue gravel—an earth famous among all miners for its richness in gold. It may be that just as you reach the edge of the pit you hear from below a cry of warning, and catch sight of a dozen men or so moving carelessly to a place of safety. You secrete yourself behind a boulder and await the blast which you fancy is impending. It comes in a moment—a dull, lazy roar, which climbs by echoes up from out the pit; and then the miners lounge back again to their tasks. Some sit down, and, holding huge drills in their hands, turn them slowly round and round, while others beat upon them with sledges, making a noise that is not altogether untuneful. There is no more spirit in the work than there is in the work of a granite-quarry. The same weary lifting of the feet, the same languid blows, the same non-communication, mark the gold-hunter as mark the simple hewer of stone. Moreover, you see no gold; not an atom of it meets your eyes anywhere. Were you other than a scientific man or a very practical miner, you could find more wealth in your vegetable garden at home than in the whole mining country hereabout from one edge of the horizon to the other. The main color of the earth is white, as I have hinted too many times already, but to the south and west there are many places where it is of a dark, heavy, Venetian red. Even many of the white banks are tinged with this at the top, and some contain pale veins of it inclining in all directions. These are the prevailing hues, but in many places the stroller finds patches containing sand of some fifteen or twenty more colors and shades of color. If you examine some of your footprints you will find in them little stripes and dots of color that are truly astonishing for their number and variety.

Yet, remembering that you are upon a gold-field that is exceedingly rich, and that fortunes upon fortunes have been extracted from it, also that millions of money are now invested in appliances to work it, you feel a sense of injury that, after having come so far, the gist of the whole thing is beyond your reach—that not a straw's worth is to be found even if you go upon your knees all day long. You pick up handful after handful of earth that appears to you to be "pay-dirt," only to sift it away again out of your palms without a shadow of satisfaction for your pains.

You abandon this dull, hot, unseemly place with willing feet, and, knowing that they are washing some banks away two miles farther to the south, you turn your face thither and begin a tremendous journey over rocks and sand, with the unblinking sun pouring down upon you with consuming fury. Your eyes half close themselves, your face burns, your shoes crack, and you breathe something very like a flame.

When you arrive, you hasten to one of the pipes and thrust your wrists into an escaping jet of bitter-cold water and look around. There are six or seven men present. Two or three shovel, one or two pick, and the others apparently await an event. Twenty yards off is a slender nose-piece, eight feet long, attached to the end of a fifteen-inch pipe. This nose-piece is governed by a set of pulleys, by which it may be raised or depressed or swung from side to side as occasion may demand. From its end there is now shooting, with a series of sharp, cracking explosions, a narrow shaft of water, which is hurled some forty feet straight upon the sides of a wall of earth thirty yards high. The base of the cliff is bored with holes ten or twelve feet in depth, and the earth all around is a bed of mud. The men look up at the sides of the bank and watch for fissures. At last one or two appear. A few large stones, loosened by the gradual shifting of the surrounding earth, fall suddenly and make a terrible stir in the mire. Finally, an artist in mining, impatient at the delay, goes to the pulleys and drags the nose-piece a little upward and a little to the right of the mass that is expected to fall. The water strikes like a cannon-ball; the gravel flies in every direction, and the whole face of the cliff is seized with a tremor. The fissures widen, the top is seen to totter

and the bottom to sink. The men cry out and run back a few paces. Then the great mass comes careering downward, roaring and grinding, leaving an awful gap behind and filling you with a sensation compounded of awe and terror.

After a brief period of silence, such as always follows occurrences of this kind, the men begin to talk and to shovel again, the stream of water is turned upon a new spot, and the demolition of the hill goes on. That portion that has fallen will find its way into the sluice-boxes before to-morrow night, and the quicksilver will take away all that is valuable in it. Then the remains will be thrown out and an acre more will be added to the already vast waste.

You wait until you are sure that nothing novel is to be done, and that what you have seen is repeated with little variation day in and day out for months and years; then you turn your face in the direction of the little hotel in the shady village street with immense satisfaction.

You arrive after an hour's tramp, with parched face and hands, burning eyes and aching limbs, and, after ordering a bath and a small jug of iced claret-cup, you take out your pocket-book and write down that you are glad you have no thirst for gold, and that you are content with the even and modest life your gracious stars have allotted you.

A MODERN LAMIA.

I.

"WHY, Ulric Brandon! what in the name of wonder brings you to Biarritz?"

"A truant disposition, good my lord, is, I suppose, the appropriate answer—a desire to study the flora of these regions, and to verify certain facts connected with their geological formation, is the real state of the case."

"And what about your patients? How many poor nervous creatures have you left to worry themselves to death for want of the 'great specialist in nervous diseases, Dr. Brandon,' as the *American Register* styled you the other day?"

"I have given up practice for the present; I mean to devote the next five years of my life to study. My present journey has been undertaken for purely scientific reasons, and I mean to remain at this place merely long enough to take breath. My means, as you know, are quite ample enough to permit a confirmed old bachelor like myself to fashion my life at will. And you—where are you going, and what brought you hither?"

"To the first question I will make answer, I don't know; to the second I will reply, caprice and a love of change."

The friendship between Ulric Brandon and Horace Temple had always been a matter of wonderment to their mutual acquaintances, so dissimilar were the two men in tastes, pursuits, habits, in all

save years, for Dr. Brandon was but a few years older than his gay and brilliant companion. At the age of twenty-five the young physician had already conquered, by his devotion to study, the clearness of his arguments, the force and solidity of his mind, the esteem and respect of the leading members of his profession; and a few years later some remarkable cures in the difficult and perplexing specialty to which he had chosen to devote his studies—namely, that of nervous diseases—had already gained for him a certain celebrity. Devoted no less to the scientific than to the practical part of his profession, he had resolved, on inheriting a fortune sufficiently large to enable him to carry out his own views, to devote several years to the study of Nature in all her varied forms, in the hope of winning from her inexhaustible storehouse certain remedial agents of which he felt in need, and which were still lacking to the pharmacopœia. He was a man of noble and untiring *physique*, tall and powerfully formed, with a striking though not regularly handsome countenance. His dark, deep eyes flashed from beneath the shadow of a massive, dome-like brow, from which the heavy masses of his dark hair, already streaked with gray, were pushed back in careless fashion. A thick, dark mustache veiled closely-set lips with strength of will and firmness of character in their every line; and the same characteristics were visible in the square, sturdy outline of the closely-shaven chin and jaw.

Entirely and altogether his opposite in appearance was his young companion. Horace Temple's fortune, handsome person, and gentle and graceful manners, had made him from his earliest youth the petted favorite of society. That he had passed unspoiled through so trying an ordeal spoke volumes for the natural strength of his character and sweetness of his disposition; he had been a little inclined, it is true, to flirtation, but that was because no woman had ever seriously touched his heart.

"And what are your present plans?" asked the doctor, at length.

"I have none. I am a mere waif and stray, borne hither by one breath of caprice, and liable to be whirled away again by another."

"Then come with me. I am going to make a tour of the Pyrenees on foot, and should like nothing better than to have you for a companion. We will start to-morrow morning early. Is it agreed?"

"I like the idea, of all things. I will go with you gladly."

"Come, there is much of the right stuff in you yet, Horace. We will explore the whole chain of the Pyrenees, and, if we like, we can push our investigations as far as the mountains of Galicia and Aragon."

"Agreed! And now let us go take a walk somewhere. This horrid rain has kept me in-doors for some days, and I think if I had not met you I should have started off to-morrow, somewhere or anywhere, out of sheer ennui."

"Is there anything specially interesting to be seen hereabouts?"

"Nothing except the scenery, I believe."

"Well, there are minerals and flowers everywhere, so now that the rain has ceased, and the sunset promises a fine day for to-morrow, let us go in search of adventures."

The evening promised to be magnificent. Everybody quitted the hotel and started off for a stroll. A cool breeze, whose breath chased far away the last vestiges of the flying clouds, soon dried the rocks and the paths. The waves shone in the setting sun, and their foam-crowned crests were tinged with rosy fire.

The two friends paused at last, after a lengthy ramble, beneath a cluster of oaks which grew upon the side of a little hill. Thence the eye could follow the sinuities of the coast as far as the frontiers of Spain, where the chain of the Pyrenees inclined toward the sea. On the summit of the hill a circle of low walls of stone, which were broken in many places, and hung with creeping plants, marked out the space occupied by a small and almost deserted village-cemetery, whose low and scattered tombs, half hidden in the luxuriant grass, were shaded by dusky cypresses and graceful weeping-willows. Here Horace halted and sat down, and, scarcely glancing at the charming landscape spread before him, he began idly to throw pebbles down the hill. Dr. Brandon, meantime, amused himself by culling sundry blossoms which grew among the rocks and herbage, and by examining their structure.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, at last, in a tone of great

satisfaction, "here is a *Hieracium mobile*. I shall put that in my herbarium."

Opening the cover of a tin box which he carried slung over his shoulder, he added the plant he had just discovered to several others which already garnished its interior. Then drawing a small steel hammer from his pocket he commenced to break in pieces some fragments of rock which were strewed around.

"Quartz—silice," he murmured.

While Ulric was thus absorbed in his pursuits and Horace in his thoughts, a young girl approached the cemetery from the other side of the hills. She came lightly and swiftly through the high grass, and she laughed when the branches which she pushed aside sent showers of water-drops over her cheeks and forehead. The breeze toyed with her white dress, whose simple folds betrayed the graceful outlines of her slender figure. A smile curved her rosy lips and displayed two charming dimples in the fair young face, bright with gayety and animation. Her long, fair tresses escaped from beneath a light knitted scarf which covered her head. An elderly gentleman who followed her seemed scarcely able to keep up with her animated movements.

"Not so quick, Alice—a little slower, pray," he called to her. But the young girl ran on and bounded lightly over the low rampart of stones and bushes. When she reached the rock which marked the very summit of the hill, she paused and gazed abroad upon the prospect with delight.

"How beautiful—how beautiful!" she cried, clasping her hands.

Her sweet face glowed with admiration, and became suddenly serious. The old gentleman joined her on the height, where her white figure stood out against the luminous depth of the horizon. She passed her arm in his, and leaned toward him.

"Is it not beautiful, father?" she asked.

He looked, not at the vast and beautiful panorama spread before him, but at the face of his daughter. All trace of animation had fled, to give place to an expression of pensive thoughtfulness. But the wind freshened, and, submissive to the impulse given by the arm she still held, Alice quitted the summit of the rock.

They passed together into the cemetery by one of the breaches in the wall. Beneath their steps rose low mounds, hidden in grass and shrubs.

"Graves—these are graves," murmured the young girl.

Her features no longer wore an expression of thoughtfulness, but one of sadness—the lustre faded from her eyes, the smile vanished from her lips. Her eyes wandered over the turf at her feet as if she would have interrogated that grassy plain beneath which slept so many human beings already forgotten. Passing near one flat, half-sunken stone, she drew aside the trailing branches of a wild-rose bush which half concealed the moss-grown surface, and slowly deciphered the characters traced thereon. It was the tomb of a young girl of eighteen. A shudder passed over Alice's frame.

"At eighteen," she murmured; "only eighteen."

"Come, daughter, come; the sun is setting, and the wind is growing chill," said her father, in a slightly imperious tone.

She followed him slowly and in silence.

Half hidden beneath the clump of oaks, Horace had been a witness to this little scene. The father and daughter crossed the cemetery to take the opposite road, and passed near the dreamer, but without perceiving him in the gathering shadows.

"Eighteen—dead at eighteen," murmured Alice again.

As she descended the path, a fold of her white dress swept across the face of Horace Temple. Scarcely knowing what he did, he caught it in his hand and pressed it to his lips. A last ray of the setting sun shone through a cleft in the clouds and illuminated the delicate form and thoughtful brow of the young girl for an instant. It was but for a moment; the sunbeam disappeared, and her white dress alone was visible for a minute as she passed away into the gathering darkness of the night. When she had disappeared, Horace rose to his feet, amazed at the indefinable sensation which thrilled him. He felt that, now that Alice was gone, he was alone.

A voice aroused him from his reverie; it was that of his friend.

"Well, Horace," he said, "I do not know if you are aware that it is growing late, but certainly you have forgotten that we are to start early to-morrow, and that nothing is ready."

"To-morrow!" cried Horace, with an air of surprise.

"Why, certainly—did we not agree to set out on our pedestrian tour to-morrow?"

"There is no hurry—let us wait."

"Wait!—and what for? I have traced out my route, packed up my books and instruments, and engaged my guide. I only wait to learn your final decision. Will you come with me?"

"I—I cannot decide. To-morrow—"

"I will wait, then, till the day after, but not an hour longer. Changeable, capricious being that you are, no wonder that you are eternally getting into scrapes. I believe I am the only person in the world who has any patience with you."

"Have you any belief in fatality—in irresistible impulse—in fate?"

"Not a particle. Every man who merits the name of man is master, not only of his actions, but of his sentiments, which he submits to the inflexible logic of reason, and to which he imparts the direction indicated by his will. Beyond that, there is nothing. But why do you ask?"

"For no particular reason, but— Did you see the young girl who passed us just now?"

"I did, and noticed her particularly."

"What did you think of her?"

"A curious case which I should like to study. —But come, it is growing dark, let us return to the hotel."

The following day Dr. Brandon busied himself

with his final preparations, while Horace, disquieted, uneasy, undecided, seemed unable to make up his mind whether to go or stay. A second glimpse of the unknown, whom he met the next morning promenading with her father, decided him. He imparted this sudden change of resolution to his friend. Dr. Brandon bent his brows as he listened.

"Is this decision the effect of one of those irresistible impulses—that fate—of which you spoke last evening?" he asked, fixing his keen, dark eyes on the face of Horace.

"Perhaps," answered the latter, coloring deeply as he spoke.

Ulric shrugged his shoulders.

"Fatality in a white muslin dress! Ah, Horace, Horace! Well, I will give you one last chance. I will relinquish my pedestrian tour for the present, and will make some excursions in the neighborhood. Perhaps in a week or so destiny or fate, or whatever you call it, will permit you to accompany me."

The following day he left; and Horace, who felt an involuntary sense of relief at his departure, at once commenced a series of investigations relative to the young girl whose beauty had produced upon him so strong and singular an effect. He learned that her father was called the Baron de Mera, that he had arrived at Biarritz some six weeks before with his wife and his daughter, and that he had taken a charming country-house situated at a certain distance from the town, and near to the sea, and known by the name of Cedar Villa, from the magnificent evergreens which surrounded and protected it from the too sharp visitations of the sea-breezes. M. and Madame de Mera received but few visitors, paid visits but rarely, and seldom accepted invitations, on account, it was said, of the health of Madame de Mera, who was not strong enough to endure the fatigue of society. As to Mademoiselle de Mera, she went nowhere without her mother.

At a watering-place it is easy for persons to meet, even if they do not lead a very gay life. Horace, therefore, had the pleasure of seeing Alice de Mera almost every day. A sort of attraction, of fascinating charm, led him to place himself incessantly in her way. Sometimes they met on the narrow mountain-paths, and he would then turn aside, hat in hand, to let the young lady and her unfailing companion, her father, pass, a civility which Alice would acknowledge by a slight bow, and the baron by a more formal salutation. As yet no word had been exchanged between them, but it was impossible that Mademoiselle de Mera, no matter how little of a coquette she might be, should not have remarked the young man whom chance or intention placed daily in her path during her morning promenades.

It was not till the occasion of a ball, given for the profit of some poor persons ruined by a conflagration, that Horace was able to obtain the desired introduction. Contrary to all expectation, the De Mera family were present at the ball, and Horace beheld Alice, sparkling and charming in her delicate ball-dress. Her mouth, curved with the radiant smiles of youth, had the fresh scarlet of a newly-

opened pomegranate-flower, and all the sunshine of youth sparkled in her azure eyes. She was no longer the pale and pensive maiden whom he had beheld in the cemetery, and whose image had left so deep an impression on his heart, but a brighter and more beautiful, though scarcely more fascinating, being.

Alice did not dance, and the guarded rules of French etiquette did not permit of much conversation, but Horace's point was gained—he had made her acquaintance, and the rest seemed comparatively easy. There was so much mental charm about Alice, so much freshness and originality of thought, revealed even in this first brief interview, that he left her presence more fascinated, more deeply in love, than ever. For he had been forced at last to acknowledge the truth to himself—he was in love—madly in love, with a fervor and intensity compared with which all his previous *penchants*, nay, even the most serious of them all, had been but as the glow of a taper by the side of the flames of Vesuvius. And this all-absorbing passion he experienced for a young girl whom he had conversed with but once in his life. Truly he had been right when he spoke to Ulric Brandon of destiny, which is only another name, too often, for the irresistible impulses of an undisciplined heart.

Some days passed before he ventured to join M. de Mera and his daughter in their daily promenades, but, this point once gained, it was comparatively easy for him to obtain admission to the villa. Madame de Mera seemed to form a particular friendship for him, and it soon chanced that he was an almost daily visitor there, and apparently a welcome one. But the restraints which French etiquette throw around the intercourse between young men and unmarried girls chafed his spirit sorely, and, while becoming more and more enamored of Alice with every passing day, he felt that his position was almost intolerable.

It was, therefore, after a comparatively brief acquaintance that, in accordance with the rules of French society, he sought a private interview with M. de Mera, and, after a brief peroration, setting forth his fortune, his prospects, and his family connections, he ended by formally offering his hand to Mademoiselle Alice de Mera. The father listened with an anxious and disquieted air.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, at length, when the young lover had concluded his little speech, "that the difference in character, in customs, and in nationality, might have preserved you from this unfortunate attachment. I was wrong to permit your visits. I see it now too late. Alice can never be yours."

"Never?" cried the young man, in a tone of anguish.

"Never. I thank you for the frankness and loyalty of your conduct, and I believe in the sincerity of your words, but you must relinquish this vain and hopeless suit. My daughter will never marry."

Horace was about to speak, but M. de Mera checked him with a gesture.

"I will detain you no longer," said the old man,

rising. Horace was forced to bow and to withdraw, feeling as though the whole edifice of his future existence was crumbling around him. The authoritative gesture, the expression, the accent of M. de Mera, had forced him to comprehend that this determination was irrevocable.

What, then, was he to do? Should he return home, thus placing the ocean between Alice and himself? Should he hasten to rejoin Ulric, and to undertake with him interminable journeys with Science for a guide? He could not bear to go, feeling that perchance he might never see Alice more. He lingered, therefore, and spent his days in watching for a glimpse of her form, passing afar off along the paths, and his evenings in lingering outside the villa, and in listening to the music of her voice, or to the melodies which her fingers called forth from the ivory keys of the piano. He waited, not knowing for what. He had neither the strength to quit Biarritz, nor the courage to relinquish all thoughts of Mademoiselle de Mera. He avoided all society, and scarcely even interested himself in the letters and newspapers which came to him from his native land.

II.

LATE one evening Horace, who had wandered out oppressed by a vague sense of *ennui*, found himself in the garden of the villa. The moon was at its full, and all objects, the trees, the turf, the flowers, appeared bathed in a flood of silvery light. The heat was oppressive, and from time to time a sudden gust of wind shook the branches of the trees, and drew from them vague moanings, and then as suddenly was still again. A band of dark and heavy clouds, traversed from time to time by flickering gleams of lightning, hung low upon the horizon. Scarcely knowing what he did, he directed his steps toward the house, from the open window of which streamed a brilliant light. He reached the piazza and stepped upon it, and as he did so a strange sight burst upon his gaze.

In a corner of the large drawing-room where his last interview with M. de Mera had taken place stood the aged gentleman, his arms hanging inert by his sides, his countenance contracted with agony, a living image of terrible and powerful grief. His wife, crouching rather than seated in an arm-chair at a little distance, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaken by the violence of the sobs she was vainly trying to suppress, seemed the prey to unutterable anguish. Before them, extended on the ground, her form enveloped in a long white dressing-gown, her breast pressing against the carpet, her disheveled head erect, her limbs writhing with the graceful undulations of a serpent, crawled the daughter Alice. A singular fire sparkled in her eyes, her dilated nostrils, her mobile eyebrows, and the threatening expression of her mouth, gave to her features a strange aspect of ferocity. From time to time a hiss escaped from her parted lips, and the tip of her tongue appeared between her pearly teeth. She went thus two or three times around the room, tracing amid the flowers of the carpet a track un-

dulating like that of a snake, coiling and twisting her delicate form, which seemed to yield itself entirely to the impulses of her will, and which appeared to have thrown aside its human attributes to perfectly assume those of a serpent.

A prey to a fascination which did not even permit him to reflect, and filled with a blended sentiment of terror and pity, Horace, still scarcely conscious of what he did, crossed the piazza and entered the drawing-room by one of the wide-open windows. On beholding him, M. de Mera drew himself up, and indignantly cried :

"Sir! by what right do you intrude—"

Horace stopped him with a firm yet decided gesture. A thought, rapid as an arrow's flight, had shot across his brain.

"Chance only led me hither," he said ; "but will you not pardon my intrusion if I come to save your daughter?"

As he uttered these words the wandering glance of Alice fell upon him, and a wicked smile curved her lips ; she drew up her feet under the flowing folds of her dress, raised her head, around which floated the scattered masses of her hair, and assumed the attitude of a serpent which is about to strike ; but at the moment she was going to spring forward she sank back upon the carpet, her outstretched arm fell languidly at her side, her whole form became relaxed, her eyes closed, and in a moment she was asleep. Two servant-women, their eyes filled with tears, then entered and bore away the slumbering girl in their arms.

M. de Mera approached Horace, who remained as though stupefied by what he had just witnessed, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion :

"You know our secret now ; dare you speak to me again of saving her ? I hope no longer ; my child has suffered for over four years with this horrible and mysterious malady, and during that time I have exhausted all the resources of science. Wisdom is powerless in the presence of this strange affliction ; and we, her parents—what have we not suffered ? Heaven remains to us, but that is all !"

As he spoke, Madame de Mera rose softly from her chair and glided from the room. In a few moments she returned.

"She sleeps," murmured the poor mother. Then she regained her place in silence, and, clasping her hands, she closed her eyes and seemed absorbed in prayer.

"M. de Mera," began Horace, after a moment's pause, "I trust that you are convinced of the depth and ardor of the affection with which your daughter has inspired me. I have a friend profoundly versed in medical science, and in whose wisdom I have implicit confidence—a confidence founded upon actual facts and upon the opinion of the most competent judges. A word which he let fall one day while observing Mademoiselle de Mera causes me to believe that he penetrated with one glance the secret of her malady. His studies have been specially directed toward that branch of medicine which treats of disorders produced by a lack of equilibrium in the ner-

vous system. In several important cases he has, by means of a new treatment, been able to overcome certain of those incomprehensible phenomena which, without ever imperilling life, seem by a perversion of intelligence to yield up body and intellect to what our forefathers called 'possession.' Will you permit me to bring hither my friend, Ulric Brandon ; and have you sufficient confidence in my opinion to be willing to place Mademoiselle de Mera's case in his hands ? I answer for his secrecy as for my own."

Madame de Mera rose from her chair, and, lifting to the face of Horace her eyes swollen with tears yet radiant with hope and gratitude, she waved her husband aside before he could answer.

"It shall be done," she said. "Go!"

The next morning at daybreak Horace started for the Pyrenees. He found his friend in a miserable hut surrounded with piles of minerals and sheets of paper, whereon were spread plants prepared for drying in the sun.

"Here you are at last!" cried Dr. Brandon, whom the sound of the horse's feet had attracted to the door of his abode. "Have you come to share my free and happy life?"

"I have come to take you back to Biarritz," cried Horace, springing from his saddle.

Ulric started back laughing.

"Where are your gendarmes to arrest me?"

"One word will be enough. I need your aid."

"The deuce! and for what? I was so happy here. No women, scarcely any men, and abundance of stones and plants. Are you serious?"

"The happiness of my life is at stake."

"That is serious; but explain yourself."

"The affair is very simple. I want you to cure a poor young girl deserted by all the most famous physicians, and who is suffering from a terrible malady."

"You know I have given up practice. Besides, I am meditating a journey to Madagascar, whose flora is almost entirely unknown; thence I shall probably pass from island to island to the Philippine Archipelago."

"You shall not go. I ask of you to undertake one of the noblest duties of humanity; besides which, for my sake, Ulric, in the name of our long friendship, come."

"I understand. Your life is wrecked if hers is in danger. Always extravagant and excitable. And you say she has been given up by the most learned physicians. But what are her symptoms?"

Horace described in as few words as possible the fearful attack which he had witnessed, and Dr. Brandon listened attentively.

"Very good; I understand," he said; "it is an acute form of nervous disease or hysteria."

"And you think you can cure her?"

"I would not undertake the case were I not certain of doing so. Come, let us be off at once."

III.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later they arrived at Biarritz. Ulric went to the hotel, resisting all his friend's

entreaties that he would go at once to see Mademoiselle de Mera.

"Go yourself, and then come to tell me how she is. I have a few notes to write out which will take me some time, but tell her father to summon me as soon as an attack declares itself."

As soon as possible Horace hastened to Cedar Villa. He found Alice seated at the piano, while her father, book in hand, was pacing up and down the piazza. The old man greeted him cordially, and Alice received him with a timid yet joyful smile. Her countenance bore no trace of the terrible agitation that had contorted her delicate features when he had last beheld her. M. de Mera drew Horace aside, to question him as to the result of his journey.

"Ulric Brandon has consented to return with me. And how is Mademoiselle de Mera? Does she suffer from exhaustion?"

"Not at all. She remembers nothing of her attacks, and she knows nothing about them. We never question her when she awakes, and the fearful scenes which so terrify us do not even leave the impression of a dream upon her mind. You saw how sleep seized upon her. She slept like a child and awoke to salute the morning sun with a smile and with a song. And where is the doctor? Is he with you?"

"No; he judged it best not to approach her till the moment of an attack."

"Alas! perhaps he will not have long to wait."

Horace shuddered and turned toward Alice, who, seeing her father engaged in conversation with him, had quitted the piano and descended to the garden, where she busied herself in culling a bouquet. She moved among the flowers with all the grace and the vivacity of a bird. Vague recollections of a song hovered upon her lips in sweet but uncertain notes, that rose and sank alternately as she glided to and fro. Her lover could scarcely believe that this bright, gentle being could be the crawling, disheveled creature he had so lately beheld, and, as he gazed fascinated upon her, she came lightly up the steps and offered him a rose.

"Take it," she said, "in remembrance of our last meeting."

Horace started.

"Our last?" he said—"where?—I do not remember—"

"By the stream when I was walking with my father the other day. Have you forgotten the wild-roses you gathered for me?"

He took the rose and pressed it to his lips. M. de Mera threw his arm around his daughter, and his eyes met those of the young man with a sort of vague promise in their depths. Horace quitted the villa more in love than ever, and more intoxicated with hope and happiness than he had formerly been maddened with grief and despair.

The attack which M. de Mera had foreseen was not long in taking place. A few days later a messenger from him brought to Mr. Temple a letter containing merely these words:

"Come at once, and bring your friend."

In a few minutes Ulric and Horace reached the villa. It was a dark and gloomy night. Heavy clouds traversed the heavens, chased by the savage breath of a coming storm, and a dull, suffocating heat weighed upon the atmosphere.

"A bad night for nervous sufferers," said Dr. Brandon. Horace made no answer, and quickened his pace.

They found Alice prostrate upon the floor in an apartment next her bedroom, which communicated with her mother's bedroom by a door constantly kept open. She was clad in a long white dressing-gown, closed at the throat and at the wrists. She had assumed the same serpent-like attitude which rendered her so strange and so formidable, her tongue darted from time to time between her red and hissing lips, and her limbs had strange, serpentine contortions beneath her garments. A single lamp illumined the vast apartment with its feeble rays, and left its remotest depths plunged in obscurity. Into these shadows passed Alice from time to time, and then emerged, a white form, into the light.

Dr. Brandon observed her for some moments in silence. Then, laying his hand on the arm of M. de Mera, who was anxiously watching him, he asked, in a low tone:

"Is she always thus?"

"Oh, you can speak without fear. When she is under the influence of one of these attacks, my poor child hears nothing and recognizes no one."

"Well, then," said Ulric, "has this phenomenon, which is not entirely new to me, always the same manifestation?"

"Always."

"Good!" said Dr. Brandon. He stepped forward to meet Alice face to face. Their eyes met, and an expression of irritation passed suddenly over the young girl's face. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, and a sharp and malignant hiss escaped from her lips, while to her fiery glances he responded by a fixed and implacable gaze. There seemed to be a sort of silent combat between those two natures, the struggle of two wills. Alice crept slowly toward her adversary, she writhed backward like a snake about to spring, but at the moment she was about to throw herself upon him, Dr. Brandon sprang toward her, and, seizing her by the wrists, he forced her to fall upon her knees. She struggled, but she was vanquished. Thus master of her movements, Ulric permitted her to arise as if for a new combat, but, seizing her wrists again with invincible force and quick as lightning, he threw her backward upon the sofa. She fell, uttering a cry of pain.

"You hurt her!" exclaimed her father.

"I know it," said the doctor, coolly.

And, profiting by the state of temporary prostration into which Alice had fallen, he quietly and rapidly surrounded the arms of the invalid with a strong cord which he drew from his pocket.

"See," he said, when she was reduced to a condition of immobility.

"Ah, doctor, this is horrible!" cried M. de Mera, with a shudder.

"It is the battle between two energies, the one exasperated by the fever of disease, the other armed to cure. I use my strength to break her will." Then, looking at the young girl with a profound and impassable glance, he added, "It is thus that pain conquers."

A few plaintive moans escaped from the lips of Alice. Then increasing gentleness proved that the attack was nearly over. She shuddered slightly from time to time. She felt confusedly that she was conquered, and her struggles to escape grew weaker every moment. When she was perfectly calm, or rather inert, the doctor untied the cord and released her arms, reddened and marked by the pressure. He then laid his hands upon her brow. A sudden tremor shook her entire frame; she half arose, but Ulric never turned his eyes from hers, and she sank slowly back upon the sofa like a child overcome with sleep. Her eyelids soon commenced to quiver like the wings of a bird, a smile flitted over her countenance, and a long sigh heaved her breast. The doctor passed his hands once or twice over her languid form; when he ceased, Alice was asleep.

Madame de Mera, whom her husband had just summoned, leaned over her daughter to embrace her.

"Do not touch her!" cried Ulric. "A single kiss might throw her into a convulsion. She knows me only, and I alone dare touch her hand or her brow. When she wakes from this sleep she will be restored to you."

A sudden pang shot through the heart of Horace Temple, who had been a mute spectator of the scene. He was her master, then, already. What would he not be later—what terrible influence might he not exercise over her destiny!

The whole party remained silent for some time, watching the tranquil slumber of the invalid. Suddenly she started and extended her arm, like a person disturbed by a dream who seeks for some one. Dr. Brandon hurried forward and took her hand. A smile beamed upon her countenance, and Horace beheld its sweetness with a sigh. In an instant Ulric had awakened her, and, as she gazed around with vague, unseeing glance, he drew from his pocket a phial, from which he poured a few drops into a glass of water, which he then presented to his patient. She drank the potion with the unquestioning docility of a child.

"What have you given her?" asked M. de Mera.

"Morphine," answered Ulric.

When Alice had once more fallen asleep, Dr. Brandon drew M. de Mera into the garden.

"You understand, sir," he said, "that it is necessary for me to know all before undertaking this case, the cure of which will demand much time and attention. It is too grave to be treated lightly."

"Ask what you will, and I will answer," said the baron, with a sigh.

"How did this malady, from which Mademoiselle de Mera is suffering, begin? Was she attacked with it in her infancy, or was it caused by an accident, and, if the latter, how or when were its manifestations first produced?"

"You have recalled one of the most fearful recollections of my life," answered M. de Mera, with a sigh. "No; my daughter's health in infancy and early childhood was perfect. She was sixteen years old when her terrible affliction first seized upon her. We were spending the summer at Vevay, and were accompanied by a young girl a few years older than Alice, who was her dear and chosen friend, and whom she loved as a sister. One evening Mina and Alice were walking on the shores of the lake, when Mina—how or why no one knows, nor why Alice did not accompany her—got into a fisherman's boat to accompany him some little distance from the shore. Suddenly there arose one of those furious squalls of wind which make navigation on those lakes so dangerous. The boat was overturned, the fisherman saved himself by clinging to it, but poor Mina sank beneath the waters. My daughter, from the bank, had witnessed the whole scene, and you can imagine her agony. She resolutely refused to quit the spot till her friend's body was found and brought to land, and she remained in that state of suspense and anguish for some hours. When at last the form of her beloved companion lay extended before her, cold, pallid, and streaming with water, she could no longer restrain her feelings; she threw herself upon the body and passionately kissed the icy brow. As she did so, a water-snake crept from Mina's streaming garments, and glided swiftly away in the direction of the lake. At this sight, Alice sprang to her feet with a piercing shriek, and then fell insensible to the ground."

"That was the beginning, was it not?"

"Alas, yes! For twenty-four hours she remained in an alarming state of nervous prostration. A few days elapsed, and we were beginning to hope that the effects of the shock were parting away, when one night her mother, who was sleeping beside her, was awakened by a strange noise. She looked around: Alice's place was vacant, and by the light of the night-lamp she beheld, for the first time, the horrible spectacle that you have just witnessed. Since then all remedies have been powerless to check the progress of her singular and terrible malady."

"Good!" said the doctor, who had not lost a word of the baron's story; "then it was not an organic malady, but was caused by a moral shock. Our chances, therefore, of overcoming the evil are all the greater."

"May Heaven assist you!" sighed the unhappy father.

From that evening Ulric became a daily guest at Cedar Villa. There soon seemed to be a sort of magnetic current established between Alice and himself. She felt his approach, and could indicate, without ever being mistaken, the distance at which he was when she spoke; she counted his steps and described his actions, saying: "He is coming, he halts; he is not alone, he is smoking a cigar, he crosses the lawn, he is here!" She never pronounced his name, it was always "he." In their daily intercourse there was always something of a contest. In speaking to him, Alice's voice took a peculiar ac-

cent, and her manner often revealed resistance and sudden rebellion. She was surprised at herself, and wondered what could be the cause of these singular impulses. She knew that the doctor had been summoned to attend her, and she accepted his visits without understanding what could possibly be the malady he sought to cure, but she disliked his attentions even though she submitted to them. She felt vaguely that he was striving in some way to conquer her. This latent animosity took form, and became violent at the moment of her attacks. Though she had never seemed to notice or recognize any person around her before, at such a time she knew Ulric and would single him out and pursue him with all the malignity of the serpent nature which seemed to possess her. He, on his part, would await her approach with imperturbable calmness, and would then make use of his vast strength to repress and overcome the manifestations of her fury.

In a few weeks Dr. Brandon, at the solicitation of Baron de Mera, took up his residence at the villa, so as to give all his time and attention to the case. Being thus constantly at hand, he could be summoned at the first symptoms of an attack, and he often succeeded in repressing the evil in its germ. In a short time a sensible improvement was visible in the condition of the patient. The attacks became lighter and less frequent. There was less tension and absorption in her expression, more clearness and decision in her glance. A new life animated her, and her existence became regular and natural. Music still impressed her strongly, but she listened to it like a person who loves it, and not like a somnambulist. When she sang, her song was a study, a recreation, a pastime, not the explosion of morbid and unhealthy excitement. Alice was becoming herself once more.

And Horace Temple—what of him during that period of anxiety and of hope? He suffered, yet strove with a noble unselfishness to forget his own aspirations of happiness in his rejoicings at the approaching recovery of Alice. Yet he could not forbear to ask of himself what was to be the destiny of this newly-restored existence. What was to become of this soul which had returned to its true life? Was she about to escape from him, to bestow herself upon him who had saved her? Ulric maintained toward him impenetrable silence, and he dared not question him, fearing thus to compromise the health of Alice by a single word which could irritate the susceptibility of her physician.

IV.

ONE evening Horace, depressed, troubled, anxious, set out for Cedar Villa. He arrived there just as the setting sun threw a veil of soft and roseate lustre over earth, and sky, and sea. He paused upon the piazza. Alice was seated at the piano; her beautiful uplifted countenance was bathed in the rosy sunset light, and her voice arose in a sweet and thrilling song, that seemed like a dirge for the departing day. Outside one of the large windows stood Dr. Brandon, leaning against the framework, his dark,

deep eyes fixed upon the singer in mute and passionate absorption. The fiery intensity of that gaze revealed to Horace the truth. It was as he feared—Ulric loved Alice. Scarcely knowing what he did, he seized him by the arm.

"Come," said Horace, in a deep, low tone—"come with me. I have something to say to you."

Dr. Brandon frowned at this sudden interruption of his ecstasy, but he followed Horace to the garden without opposition. When they were far enough from the house, and without waiting for his friend to speak, he began at once in a harsh, decided tone:

"Well—and what have you to tell me? Did you fancy that I did not know what you were going to ask me? You want to know if I love Alice. Yes, I love her—madly—passionately. Are you satisfied?"

"You love her—you?"

"Yes, I—Ulric Brandon! Oh, I know what you are about to say to me. What has become, you will say, of all my fine theories about woman, my devotion to science, my scorn of all softer emotions? Well, I am changed. What then?"

Horace did not reply, so amazed was he at the doctor's speech and manner, and after a brief pause Ulric continued, with increasing violence:

"Nor is this all. There is something more. Where, you will ask me, is our ancient friendship, my sworn faith, your betrayed confidence, and the frank and loyal appeal which you made to my skill? I see the words upon your lips. Words—words—and nothing more. You alone are the guilty one."

"I?"

"Yes, you. Why did you bring me in contact with Alice? Why did you not leave me in my solitude, with my plants, and my minerals, and my happiness, having no other love than that of science in its varied forms? You brought me here, you placed me in the presence of the fairest and most bewitching of women, one in whom was united the double fascination of youth and of suffering. You held the taper to the flame, and then you are amazed because it ignites."

"Brandon!"

"Yes, I am Brandon—Ulric Brandon—once your devoted friend, and now your rival. For ten days past I have wished to have this explanation with you, and I know not what strange influence withheld me. It is over now. Are you satisfied?"

Horace seemed as though thunderstricken. In the very violence of Ulric's manner he read the strength of will, the energy of the passion against which he was forced to contend.

"And what next?" he said at length. "So much for the past—what about the present and the future?"

Ulric shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you not understand," he answered, "that I love Mademoiselle de Mera, and that nothing on earth will induce me to give her up?"

"And I—I love her more than life itself."

Dr. Brandon passed his hand over his brow.

"Listen," he said; "the question is a serious one, and merits a serious explanation. I do not act

thus without reflection, and my decision is irrevocable. Think of me what you will—I care not—I care only for the love of Alice. You say that you love her more than life itself. How do you imagine that I love her—I, whose heart has not been, like yours, worn out in a hundred passing *penchants* and flirtations? I struggled against this passion, but in vain. It seized upon me with the suddenness of the lightning-flash, which scorches and consumes almost before it is seen. I loved before I knew that I loved. That would be my excuse did I seek for one, but the very violence of my passion is its own absolution."

He paused and drew a long breath. From afar the song of Alice reached the ear in waves of sound. The sun had set, a bluish pallor replaced the rosy flush that had shone upon the landscape, and the trees gave forth aromatic odors at the approach of night. Brandon laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of Horace.

"You said just now that you loved Alice better than life. It is not your life but hers which is at stake."

"What do you mean?" cried Horace.

"I mean the truth. If I desert her now, she is lost!"

"Alice?"

"Yes, Alice. Although on the high-road to health, she is not yet cured. Were I to disappear for a few weeks or a month, the slightest accident, the smallest shock, would throw her back into the condition from which I have just rescued her."

"Would you dare—?"

"I would and I will. I would rather see her dead than the wife of any man but myself. I can render her life free, healthful, and strong, but only on the condition that you will give her up. Choose."

Their eyes met in a glance of mingled hate and defiance.

"You are a villain!" cried Horace.

"I am a *man*! The physician, the philosopher, the friend, that you once knew, is dead! If you had wished to keep him safe and secure, you should have left me to my mountains. You have cast me into hell, and its flames and its furies possess me. Did you think that I meant to save Alice to give her to you? She shall belong to suffering and to death, or she shall be mine!"

"What if I were to kill you?"

"It would be the same as if you killed Alice herself."

"You are a fiend!"

"And you a child. Reason a little, if you please. I have saved Alice from an abyss; did you think it was to throw her into your arms? I have given to her my science, my brain, my devotion, all the noblest gifts of my nature. I have snatched her from the shadows by the strength of my will absorbed in a single thought, and now shall I give her up, solely because you love her and she loves you? Nonsense!"

Great drops of perspiration stood out upon the brow of Horace Temple. Dr. Brandon paced hurriedly to and fro, passing his hands through his disheveled hair. Suddenly he paused.

"Have you decided?" he said, in a sharp, curt tone. "I think that is all there remains to say."

The heart of Horace Temple seemed to pause in its hurried throbbings. The voice of Alice was heard no longer. To his excited fancy it appeared that the cessation of the far-off melody that had accompanied the wordy war wherein all the advantages had been with his adversary was like an omen. A thrill of mysterious fear shot through his veins.

"I am waiting," said Dr. Brandon, in a cold, hard tone.

"If I give her up, you will save her?"

"Yes. If not, I will leave her to her fate."

A livid pallor overspread Horace's features, and he closed his eyes for a moment. Then, with an effort, he said:

"So be it. I give her up."

"You promise?"

"I swear it!"

"Then farewell!"

And Dr. Brandon turned from him and directed his steps toward the villa, while Horace, with all the bitterness of despair in his soul, returned slowly to his hotel.

V.

DURING the days that followed the health of Mademoiselle de Mera improved rapidly. She seemed to hasten the progress of her cure by an effort of her will. She perceived quickly that Horace came no more to the villa, and she had a vague idea that there was some connection, some mysterious link, between her recovery and his return, and she drew new strength from that thought wherewith to aid the skill of her physician. Her newly-awakened moral energy opposed, so to speak, a sort of barrier against the attacks, which she was at last enabled to overcome without any external assistance. Dr. Brandon himself was astonished at the progress of her recovery. Her eyes had the transparent beauty of an untroubled spring, her smile the brightness of a summer morning, and a new strength animated her graceful form.

One beautiful morning Ulric perceived Alice wandering among the flowers in the garden. She had the light and free step of a young fawn in its native forests. She was the very picture of youth and health and beauty. Her father, seated on the piazza, was watching her every movement with anxious yet smiling attention, and, turning toward Dr. Brandon, he threw on him a glance wherein could be read all the impatience and all the trembling hopefulness that filled his heart. Ulric understood him, and crossing the lawn he took the astonished girl by the hand and led her to her father.

"M. de Mera," he said, solemnly, "embrace your daughter, and give thanks to Heaven." Then, while M. de Mera folded Alice to his heart, he leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "The serpent is dead!"

For a few days Alice, in the full radiance of health and youth, appeared to forget herself in the

enjoyment of a serene tranquillity. But one evening, as she sat working in the *salon*, she turned, as if with a sudden effort, to Dr. Brandon, and said to him:

"What has become of your friend Mr. Temple?"

"I do not know."

"Does he intend to return to Biarritz?"

"I cannot tell."

The embroidered canvas fell from the trembling hand of the worker; she stooped to raise it, and asked, in a low tone:

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No."

And, as she remained motionless, her eyes bent upon her work, and her fingers toying mechanically with her needle, Dr. Brandon added:

"I believe it was his intention to go to Spain and to Portugal, and then to return home."

"Ah!" she said, in an indifferent tone, but the sound passed into a sigh, and, rising, she quitted the room.

Ulric did not dare to detain her.

"And this is love!" he muttered. "Could I act otherwise if I hated her?"

The next day Alice appeared to be as calm and cheerful as usual, but an unwonted pallor overspread her features. M. de Mera, who could not help being uneasy about her, consulted Dr. Brandon, who assured him that this change was caused by the sufferings of the past, and that it would soon pass away. But it did not pass away. Alice became sad and thoughtful, and melancholy seemed to have replaced the nervous agitation of her days of sickness.

One day Ulric, who had left the villa and again taken up his residence in Biarritz, met her at the extremity of the avenue which led from the garden to the road.

"I was waiting for you, doctor," she said.

His heart gave a sudden bound, but the tranquil glance and friendly manner of the young girl repressed the sudden hope that had sprung into being at her words. She took his arm with the gentle familiarity of a child.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have a great favor to ask of you—something which I want you to do for me, and which you alone can do."

"What is it?"

She directed her steps toward a shaded alley, and a sigh heaved her breast.

"I want you to accustom my father to the idea of losing me."

"Losing you?"

"Yes; but not in the ordinary sense of the word, my kind friend—I may call you that, may I not?—you have been so good to me and so devoted."

She spoke with effort, and her breathing seemed oppressed.

"Listen to me," she continued, while Brandon gazed mutely upon her. "I am happier now than I was some months ago; I am freed from an indescribable suffering which distressed me, and yet something is wanting to my life."

"Are you ill?"

"No," she answered, "but I have taken a great resolution. I have thought it over for several days, and now my mind is made up. I want you to obtain from my father permission for me to enter a convent."

"A convent—you—so young!" cried Ulric, in a choking tone.

"What matters it how few the years of one's life may have been when its happiness is over? The only thought that shakes my resolution is that of my parents. You have great influence with them, and you will prepare them, will you not, for our approaching separation?"

"Have you never thought of marriage?"

"Yes," she answered, turning her eyes toward the glowing horizon—"yes, I have dreamed of it, but the dream merely crossed my life, and then faded away, like that golden cloud which you see yonder, and which is melting into vapor in the light. Now all is over—quite over."

This gentleness, as of a lamb led to the slaughter, smote Ulric to the heart. A terrible struggle took place in his soul.

"Wait but one week longer," he cried, "and I will then undertake all you ask."

"As you will," said Alice, with a sigh; "but what difference will one week more or less make?"

VI.

AND what had become of Horace Temple while these events were taking place at Cedar Villa? Faithful to his promise, he had appeared there no more, but he still lingered in the neighborhood, and at night he might have been seen wandering around the villa, his eyes fixed upon the windows of Alice's room. Once or twice he had seen her pass by on horseback with Ulric beside her. The gossip of the neighborhood revealed to him the fact that she was entirely freed from the malady whose nature and intensity were but vaguely guessed at, and it was also reported that she was about to bestow her hand on him to whom she owed her salvation. These reports were torture to Horace's soul. He hoped no longer, and still he lingered and waited, for what he did not know.

Meanwhile, Ulric passed the days in inexpressible agitation and torment of mind. The last day of the week's delay which he had requested of Alice had arrived, and its dawn found him promenading his room with unequal and restless steps.

"So be it," he muttered to himself—"so be it. If she takes the veil she will be the wife of no man, since she will never be mine. And yet, when she first told me of her project, some remnant of humanity in my nature protested against it. She is about to enter a grave—living, she will close upon herself the gate of a sepulchre. And it is I—I, whom she called her friend—I, who pretend to love her—that have slain her happiness."

He flung open the window, and the cool breath of morning came to caress his burning brow.

"Nature—Heaven!" he cried, "have you both

deserted me? Those who suffered from the malady of which I have just cured Alice used in olden times to be called possessed—possessed by a demon. And am I not also possessed? The serpent that I chased from out her life—has it not taken refuge in my soul? A demon has taken possession of me, the demon of love, and what strength will drag me from his grasp? what power can break my chain? Would I not rather let her perish than yield her to another? I would—I would—and yet—"

He paused before a table covered with books and papers, with scattered minerals, and with portfolios filled with dried plants.

"These were my world once; with these I was happy. My notes, my studies, my books, my profession, filled up my life."

A sudden gust of wind from the window blew an unopened newspaper from the table and whirled it to his feet. He took it up and opened it mechanically. His eyes fell upon an article, and he glanced over it, at first listlessly, and then with eager and interested eyes. It was an appeal made by the Geographical Society of London for men of science to join a new expedition fitting out to explore the western provinces of Africa.

"There," he cried, throwing down the paper—"there indeed would salvation be found were I what I once was. What precious observations, what invaluable discoveries, might not be mine! And Alice once plunged in her living tomb, what then will life have to offer me? Friendship—I have betrayed it. Love—it has betrayed me. Nature—science—study—I have deserted them. I have driven forth the serpent that was poisoning the life of Alice; who, in turn, will release me from the demon that possesses me?"

The door slowly opened, and Horace Temple appeared on the threshold. Ulric rushed toward him.

"You come to reproach, to threaten, to curse me!" cried Ulric, hoarsely. "Begone!"

"I come to say farewell," said Horace, extending his hand. And, while Ulric gazed on him in speechless amazement, he continued:

"I quit Biarritz to-day and forever. You have saved Alice, and she is yours. I leave behind me all the hope and joy of my future life, but I bear with me one thought that consoles me: you have freed the only woman I have ever truly loved or shall ever love from a doom of unspeakable horror, and that through my means. For the wrong done

to myself—for the treason to our friendship—I bring you my free and full pardon. Give Alice only happiness as you have given her health, and I shall be content. And now, by the memory of the past, will you not shake hands with me? Let us part, if not friends, at least not as enemies. Ulric, here is my hand."

A fierce, inward struggle convulsed the stern, pale features of Dr. Brandon. It passed; and, seizing Horace by the arm, he muttered in half-stifled accents:

"Come with me."

M. de Mera, with his wife and daughter, was seated at breakfast when Ulric entered, followed by Horace Temple. On beholding the latter, Alice turned pale, and half rose from her seat, but sank back blushing and radiant. Dr. Brandon went straight to M. de Mera.

"Sir," he said, in a firm tone, "if you think that you are my debtor for any service that I have ever rendered you, will you permit me to name my recompense?"

"Ask what you will—the debt of gratitude which I owe you is such that I never shall be able to repay you."

"Then, sir, I request you to bestow the hand of your daughter Alice upon my friend Horace Temple."

"Blessed be the hand that restores you to us," cried M. de Mera, pushing Horace toward Alice, who had hidden her tears and blushes in her mother's breast.

Dr. Brandon turned without a word and left the room. The first emotion past, Horace hastened in pursuit of him. He came up with him on the high-road.

"What do I not owe to you, my friend?" said Horace, trying to grasp Ulric's hand.

"I your friend? I hate you!" replied Brandon, with a glance of fury.

"What—you love her still?"

"I do not know if I love her," he answered.

"And what is that to you since she loves you, and since I depart? But this much I know—were I to stay here I should kill you. Farewell! Cease to remember me, for you will never see me more."

With abrupt and hurried steps he went upon his way, and, without turning his head, disappeared in the distance, a black speck upon the dusty whiteness of the sunny road.

PERFECTION.

BEFORE the bud is ripe, the infolding leaf—

A pale-green signal of alarm—

Hides the sweet thing from Nature's wandering thief,
In fragrant chamber, close and warm.

No amorous touch of vagrant air may fall
On pulse of rosy heart at rest;

No dews may steal within the emerald wall,
To melt upon its virgin breast.

Hidden it lies, till blossom-form be grown
To symmetry, in chaste repose;
Then open wide its passionate heart is blown,
And earth receives the perfect rose.

MARIE LE BARON.

A DAY IN THE FOREST.

BY M. E. W. S.

I HAVE concluded to spend this summer day in the forest. As there is one "convenient," as the Irish say, here I am—

"My throne a mossy bole,
My canopy a tree."

Yes, thirty thousand of them, more or less. Wishing to add on all the new sensations which should accompany such a movement, I have risen early, and am here at the hour of eight, having breakfasted. My forest is on a steep hill; so, by walking a few feet in any direction, I command a view of the valley, and then, if I wish to shut off all visions, and hold communion with Nature in her visible forms, I can retreat into a primeval solitude as dense and as leafy as Vallombrosa.

I am on the verge now, looking down. Well, really, it is very pretty; the river, as Willis once said of it in his affected, gay manner, "goes waltzing down the valley, perfectly conscious that the old mountains are peeping over each other's shoulders to see her." The mists are rising from the valley; there are the cows munching the freshest of breakfasts; there goes the farmer with a disenchanting mowing-machine, not half as poetical as a scythe, but how much more grass it levels to the minute! I am getting utilitarian: let me retreat to the innermost depths of my forest, not linger here on the perilous outer edge. There goes the dismal shriek of the engine! I dive deeper and deeper—anything to get away from that.

Now I am in one of Titania's fastnesses. "Green to the north of me, green to the south of me, green everywhere."

The solitude is supreme. I am in a cathedral; long Gothic aisles of trees retreat from me as I look in every direction. Once I thought the nave of Chester Cathedral vast, its dimensions lofty; what was it to this? And here I am with my pew cushioned with green velvet, my *prie-dieu* yon mossy stone, my altar that once lofty tree, now gone, but left his splendid base, which Nature has decorated with plumes, and ferns, and mosses, as no city altar is decked even at Easter-tide. Surely the first sensation in a forest is to pray. It is "God's first temple." I hope the invitation is not lost on me.

After the first half-hour of solemn contemplation the forest grows more familiar. The birds have sung my morning hymn for me, and I find I have several friends calling to see me.

Two squirrels arrive first. They are so astonished at me that they behave like people of good society, and give me a long, familiar, and surprised stare. I, like another person of society, return it with an unmeaning, immovable, mirthless smile. It is very well done on both sides, I am convinced, only we have no spectators—no one to see us "go by," which is the necessity of good society. What were half our little games without an audience?

Yes, I have an audience. Two queer things are looking at me from the top of a decayed stump. They have eyes in the middle of their foreheads. Eyes, did I say? One eye to each individual. How horribly it intensifies their gaze! Two insect Diogeneses; two concentrated scorns; two embodied stares. It is horrible; either they or I must move. It must be I; for, although I try staring with my two eyes, although I try my coldest society smile on them, it has no effect. How embarrassing! I ask the society question, "Who *are* they?"

No one answers, and then I remember my ignorance. Here I am in a new country, and do not know the language. I am like the American ambassador in Paris who could not say "Comment vous portez-vous."

Now, Agassiz—if he were alive and here—would address my one-eyed friends in their own dialect, and tell them more about themselves than they know. Than *they* know? I should think so! What do animals know about themselves, and what do they care? After all, is it not very aristocratic, and proud, and scornful, and high, and mighty, not to know anything? The Turk thinks so, and he is very much of a gentleman, your Turk, when he does not take to being assassinated, and such like tumbles, which are undignified.

As I know nothing of natural history, I shall assume, at least for to-day, that it is more comprehensive to *not* know anything. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Nothing so bad as imperfect education," "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., etc.—all those comfortable poultices with which ignorance has covered its bruises in all ages. *Quien sabe?* What is the use, after all?—what *can* we know compared with what we ought to know? and so on.

I wish I *did* know about the acorn-worm, for here is one. I heard the younger Agassiz tell a beautiful improbable story about one once, and here I see the real thing; now, if I could only remember what he said! But I cannot; I only look and wonder, and think how Nature offers me on every side pictures, fairy-tales which are true, lovely and new combinations that would outdo a Chinese puzzle, curious and complicated mechanisms far more elaborate than the Corliss engine, and I have never turned to examine them. I am a cit pure and simple, watching the performances of my own kind (which, to tell the truth, have grown very monotonous), when here is a great book full of pictures of undying interest, full of comedy, full of tragedy, into which I rarely look.

And, now I think of it, my two squirrels, who have scampered on and off several miles, and have come back to look at me as if I were the most amusing, absurd thing they had seen this morning, are doing comedy and tragedy for me. One looks like Salvini, the other like Lord Dundreary. The Salvini one is very impressive. I shall call him by the

name of the great tragedian. He has the same solemn eyes; he is like the *Gladiator*, and for a squirrel moves slowly and impressively at times.

Lord Dundreary, with his whiskers, is perfect. Ah! dear little rodent, are you troubled with impossible conundrums? Are there things in a squirrel's experience "which no fellar can find out?" There are always nuts enough, and hollow trees abound. You have not your part to learn; it comes to you without any effort. As for exercise, which seems to be one of the fine necessities of your being, you can take it with great ease, for you have a very light body, and four strong little legs to carry it on. I cannot believe you suffer from cold, for your jacket is neater than any seal-skin. As for heat, your instinct takes you where it is cool—into the fastnesses of a decayed stump. If you have vanity, you can look at your curly tail, which is very pretty; or view your bright eyes in yonder brook, which has dammed itself up into a convenient mirror for you. So, little dandy *Lord Dundreary*, I do not see why you are not the possessor of all the wealth of the universe.

Salvini looks sad. Have you lost a fair daughter, like the *Gladiator*, little brown tragedian? Are the stumps too hollow, or not hollow enough? Are the nuts scarce, or has some wandering bullet hit you, and planted a foreign pain in your furry side? What are the sorrows of a squirrel-existence?

Had I Thoreau here, he would tell me. But he has gone beyond the squirrels. He was the faun of the nineteenth century, and spoke the language of the animals. Happy in being the only cultivated savage which Harvard College has ever turned out, its one educated Indian, the great university has made much of him. He has had Emerson and Lowell to interpret him to the animal man, the one species for which he did not care. Like the Marble Faun of Praxiteles, he has been twice blessed—first in his original self, then in the Hawthorne who had described him. How delightful to have him here, as an interpreter, in the depth of this cool forest! I should not be wondering now which fern this is, with the new kind of frond, the queer blossom; nor would yonder vine agitate me, lest it is poison. I could taste these inviting red berries, without fear of instant death, if he were here to tell me what they are.

But to return to the animals. A new green monster has arrived, small but terrible. From a cursory glance I should say he had been an elephant in a previous state of existence reduced to a minimum for his sins. Perhaps he was the elephant in "The Surgeon's Daughter," or the still worse one in Charles Reade's story who killed every keeper. He looks unhappy; he misses his size and state, and his brown skin, his Eastern consequence. Once he carried an Indian monarch on his palanquin; now he is a poor little green insect-elephant, condemned to a solitary forest. Does any such transmigration await me for my sins? Shall I remember what I was, and wish I were it again?

Horrible thought! I will read up a work on natural history to-morrow.

Wishing for Thoreau and Agassiz has reminded me of books, and I look down in my lap to see that I have brought with me the last number of *Temple Bar*, London's richest, most comprehensive monthly. How far off it seems from this forest—Temple Bar and the rich, full, illimitable life of London!

Yet here it is in my hand. Thanks to the art of printing, I touch civilization at its latest, highest point. I read of Sir Joshua, and of "The Last of the Connoisseurs," and of "The First of the English Satirists." Some scholar has been sacking the British Museum, and writing these good papers all for me: Here in my lonely forest I wave my wand (it is a very dry stick!), and culture, intellect, wit, and knowledge, come at my bidding. I glance over the list of the published books entitled "Books for the Seaside and the Country" (you see, they were thinking of you and me, over there, dear reader), and I take in at a glance "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," Guizot's "Life of Cromwell," Mignet's "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," "The Day after Death."

Gracious powers, what a comprehensive sweep! Who by seaside or in country can master all that range of human knowledge, human infirmity, human suffering, human and superhuman speculation? One of the books alone gives me cause for thought for all time—"The Day after Death." Dare I read that book, dare I enter into that shadowy world, and walk with my own spirit which I know so well (or think I do), but which in its new form may be a stranger almost to itself? I have learned to know its weakness in its garment of the flesh—how much more have I to learn of it? No; *Temple Bar*, with your wealth of wisdom, your much making of books, your pride of human intellect, I throw you away for an hour, and return to this book of Nature, which I cannot read half so well as I can you, but which disturbs me less.

Here are two "shard-bound beetles" having a fight. They are Nature's iron-clads. Shall I name them the Merrimac and the Monitor, and bet on them? No. I will remove them to English waters and christen them the Devastation and the Thunderer.¹

How they fight! how they resist! how they pause and go at it again! Not more valiantly would their two namesakes have tried their rival prowess of attack and defense. Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth are outdone. Captain Cowper Coles's revolving turrets are nowhere. My Devastation and my Thunderer can fight all day, as if Portsmouth Navy-Yard were looking at them, and every one of her ships loaded with spectators. Yes, as if a princess were among them waiting to reward the victor with a smile. They fight, too, and leave off alive; nor do they blow up, nor go down, with all hands, like the ill-fated Captain or the Vanguard. No. Nature's iron-clads cost nothing; they are perfect; they have conquered the secret of attack and defense.

¹ It chanced that this was written on the day when the terrible explosion occurred on board the Thunderer, upon her trial-trip.

And that sets me thinking of a defect in human administration which has always troubled me. Why will men and nations fight so clumsily? Why not do it on a chessboard, or a slate, or a map? Wherefore this great commanding brain of which we are so proud, if we must go on forever knocking against each other, like these foolish beetles, only not so well? England builds a ship which displaces nine thousand tons of water, puts thirty-eight-ton guns on her, each carrying a seven-hundred-pound shot. She clothes this monster with armor twelve inches in thickness, the cost enormous. The next year this monster is disregarded, because, of course, France, Russia, the United States, build one bigger, stronger, heavier; so Woolwich proceeds to build a ship with a hundred and eighty thousand pounds of iron and steel in each gun, costing *only* five thousand pounds apiece! The inflexible is to cost five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, enough to relieve every poor clergyman and every poor governess in Great Britain; and, ten to one, she blows up on the trial-trip! I am ashamed of the stupidity of my race, and look admiringly down at my beetles. They are fighting still, and I suspect Thunderer of showing the white feather. Devastation is pushing him badly, but they hurt no one but themselves; they cost no nation five hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Let us each select a champion, and let the one-man power prevail. Ah! Devastation scuttles off triumphant; Thunderer is on his back, whipped, but he will be all right this afternoon.

Afternoon, did I say? What time is it now? I have left my watch at home, wishing to be sylvan, and to judge of time by sensation. Here it comes, the best timepiece in the world—appetite.

I am conscious that Nature palls upon me. I care less for ferns, beetles, one-eyed monsters, birds, squirrels, etc., than I did. I am very hungry.

I wonder if Patrick will forget to bring up my dinner? He belongs to a forgetful race. He comes from green Erin, and has the light-hearted *insouciance* of his race. Strange concession to his Celtic origin, that I must use a word of Celtic origin to describe him! He is a young giant, a cormorant of work; he would dig up young trees and build stone-walls for pastime, would Pat, so I know that it will be forgetfulness, and not laziness, if he neglects me. It *must* be twelve o'clock, and I told him to come at twelve.

And how curious for me to be hungry at twelve—I, whose normal dinner-hour is seven in the evening—seven! "Tis twenty years till then!" I recognize the agreeable fact that I have come to the right country for an appetite. I am like the mediæval people who went hawking and hunting, and dined at eleven. The noble pair (I see them now), Sir Launcelot and Lady Guinevere, with their falcons, off at early dawn, no doubt; and she with her red-velvet hat and feather, "a beautiful and foreign lady," is as hungry, no doubt, as the hawk which perches on her slender wrist. Pretty, and picturesque, and healthy time! She is the only heroine whom you can bear to think of as being hungry.

Ah! here comes Pat, with my dinner! I would

rather see you, Pat, just now, with your gypsy dark eyes, your white teeth, your Milesian countenance, your straw hat, shirt-sleeves, and basket, than to see Sir Launcelot, *cap-a-pie*, if he came without my dinner, gallant knight though he was. Pat is smiling with pleasure at my delight over the basket, and waits to see if I have further commands. "Yes, Pat; fill this cup with water. Is there a cool spring, clean and clear, about here?"

Pat thinks there are five or six within easy distance. He brings my cup, filled and dripping with water as cold as ice. Where has Nature hidden it, this very hot day? In this mountain-country she keeps her reservoirs very cool. "Thanks, Pat; you have given me a champagne which has no brand, but which puts all others out of the market."

Pat, who regards the forest as the place where trees are to be cut down in depth of winter, and much unwelcome duty to be done in finding stray cows, looks at me as a sort of harmless lunatic, that I should wish to stay here, and evidently says to himself that he will keep an eye on me. He ventures one remark:

"Ain't you lonesome?"

The kind-hearted Irish lad! I dismiss him with an assurance that I am all right, and, telling him to come back at six o'clock for the empty basket, I send him home, and hear him whistling and singing as he goes gladly back to the weeding of turnips, and the destruction of the potato-bug.

Now, to see what my landlady has sent me! Tender chicken, toothsome tongue (grateful viand to a woman who has not had any use for hers all day), freshest of butter, whitest of bread, and a cherry tart, with cream cheese, which crumbles as I look at it. Thanks for these cherries, from some belated tree; these cherry-pits give me a treat for my squirrel friends. Come, Salvini! Come, *Lord Dunsnavery*! Take dessert with me!

I throw the stones about me cautiously. Ah! my comedian and tragedian have arrived, with all their respective troupes. As many cherry-stones as I choose to throw, so many squirrel friends have I.

If you want an animal to love you, feed it. And is it not so with our human race? How many come for our dinners, our suppers? how many for ourselves? But that is not an appropriate after-dinner thought—it savors of dyspepsia; this fine atmosphere, this noble forest, shall not be disgraced by any such distrustful thoughts; perhaps that cream cheese—but no, I will not doubt it, I will read awhile in *Temple Bar*.

And I fall upon the record of a man who went through life very patiently eating other people's dinners—Dr. Donne, who always lived in the house of a patron.

How impossible that seems to the nineteenth-century mind! Imagine any one daring to say to one of our independent and brave literary men, "Come and live with me and be my dependent; bring your wife and all your children!"

Yet "Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford in Surrey," could say that to Dr. Donne and his beautiful young

wife, and they could accept it and go to live in the noble house, "where a child was born to them every year." One wonders if there was a Lady Wolly, and how she liked it. One must remember, too, the rambling old mansion, such as one sees many of in England, where several distinct houses go to make up the grand old pile, for we know that in America no house is large enough for two families. Then, again, this easy-going pair go and live with Sir Robert Drury in the stately Drury House in London, with its great gates and lovely gardens.

To us, the hospitality and its acceptance are alike impossible; and yet who does not wish that there were a permanent Drury House, where the weary and impecunious man of genius could retreat, and think out his novels, or his poems, or his satires, or his essays, with no thought of the morrow? Who has not been haunted with a terrible sense of one's own ingratitude in looking at the furrowed brow, the emaciated form, of the poor scholar, poet, thinker, remembering all the while the enormous debt we owe him?

As an author well says, in speaking of Dr. Donne, "The days of patronage brought forth works of solid learning and perfect form impossible in these times of mere writing for bread."

This gentlest and first of the English satirists, this perfect lover, this wit and scholar, Dr. Donne, died at fifty-eight, of consumption, leaving the noblest memory behind him; and yet he seems to have taken no thought of the morrow, not even concerning himself for the future of his children, of whom he had twelve. One hopes that the patrons took the same care of them as of their father.

These human butterflies—is it too hard to enumerate Dr. Donne among them?—these Harold Skimpoles, exist even now—men and women, too, born to be taken care of, people who throw themselves confidently into the arms of their hard-working brethren, and, while doing nothing, are done for.

I will go and look at these real butterflies, fluttering over this little pool, where a ray of sunshine penetrates the forest.

Here are swarms of yellow beauties, each more perfect than the ballroom belle; here is an *Archippus*, there an *Aphrodite*, here a *Papilio asterias*, all black and yellow, like an Egyptian queen. These small, yellow fellows are the *Hipparchia*. They have no idea that they have so learned a name, poor little things; and, really, here is a superb *Antiopa*! early-comer for July, for he is not due until October; purplish-brown, with a broad, buff trimming, he is very stylishly dressed for autumn, rather too warm just now. And here is an *Hipparchia alope*, very soberly arrayed in brown and black. This little pool must be a favorite butterfly watering-place!

And here is the true butterfly for an author, the *semi-colon*. He belongs to the genus *Vanessa* (you see I am learned in butterflies; it is the only kind of natural history for which my city education has fitted me), and he is as handsome as they make them. Tawny orange and brown, and on his wrong side beautifully lined with different shades of gray,

he keeps his golden semi-colon on his wing. "Silence is golden," he seems to insinuate, and flutters away.

I do not see the *Cynthia Hunters*, which ought to be beautifully dressed in gray and pink. They have names as pretty as themselves, these butterflies—the *Argynis Idalia*, *Argynnis Aphrodite*, *Nymphalis*, *Ephestion*, being poems in themselves; and a very easy and pretty study it is to catch them and find out about them.

Here I have been now three-quarters of a day in the forest, and have not thought of the trees. Monstrous ingratitude! how human, how natural!—though what thought have we of the hand which feeds, the house which shelters, the heaven which covers us all, the laws which protect us, the country which is our home, our abiding-place? How all of us awakened to a new feeling, which we called patriotism, about sixteen years ago! We take all these things as a matter of course, until we are deprived of them, as we take health, sunshine, food.

We go on selfishly, appropriating them and gazing in on ourselves, our musings grave or gay, or the pleasures and pains which, half self-inflicted, we create.

These trees have been making the air in this grand *salon* cool and delightful for me all day, and I have not thought of them.

Splendid giants! seventy feet high and more, I salute you! Old pines, gray and lofty, a thousand years old, I dare say, "Fit for the mast of some tall admiral," how unworthy I am, even to sit at your feet! Grand elms, graceful and feathery; sturdy maples, with untold sweetness in your sap, unpretending goodness hidden behind health and common-sense; trembling aspens, lady-like ash-trees, fragrant birches whom I love best when dying (they, I mean, not I)—they must burn on my hearthstone some winter evening, while I sit and inhale their delicious wild-wood flavor. Shall I remember this day, and how softly the zephyrs kissed my cheek, when next December's winds are howling outside, and the birch crumbles into coals, as I look at it dreamily? No, I dare say I shall be human, inhuman, ungrateful, and forget all about it.

Here is a fallen tree, curly-maple, and the wood-sawyer has polished a piece roughly, so I see its fine lines, its lovely involutions, its mottled, curious, cloudy grain; what a nice toilet-table it would make!

You are too good society for me, lofty trees; too much above me. I cannot ascend so high. I keep coming back to earth. Yonder there is a study for Palissy the potter—a toad, a green snake, and a lizard on a log. No majolica in the great Exposition is so good as that single piece; and I am getting it for nothing! What browns, and greens, and yellows! They are all keeping still; even the snake is sleepy.

How drowsy one feels in the forest! the branches swing heavily, the hamadryads are taking a nap. If I look long up into that dense, leafy solitude, in the elms, I shall be sleepy myself. It is very warm. It must be ninety-four degrees down in the valley. How soft and dry this moss is! quite a velvet pillow,

I declare. That old pine must be seventy or a hundred feet high. Ah! I am almost afraid that I have been asleep, and awakened by a furry something running across my face. Was it a squirrel? I hope so. I dare not inquire, for it might have been something worse; however, I am not much injured or frightened. I know it was not the snake; that would have been unpleasant, cold, and clammy.

But I must wander back and find my *Temple Bar*; I left it on a log like this, I am sure.

But I do not find it so easily. Butterflies have led me on, trees have whispered, secluded and beautiful aisles have tempted me to wander farther than I thought. I do not hear the sounds of the valley; I cannot see the openings. Am I lost? and, if I am, what woodcraft have I to help me out? I do not know the points of compass. Donatello Thoreau is not here to find his way by instinct. Agassiz is not here to stoop and pick up a leaf, and by its veins find a ready-made compass. No; my only hope is in Pat, who will come for the basket, which is my only connection now with civilization.

But where is the basket? That and *Temple Bar* must be somewhere together, but am I with them? No; I am in the depths of the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks must console me with their hexameters.

Now in my utter loneliness I begin to hear the sounds of the forest. It requires a fine ear to hear stillness.

I find that what I have been calling silence is really the best music; every tree has its note. The wind makes of each one a new Æolian harp; a thousand insects add a chorus, and occasionally a solitary prima-donna bird—the Nilsson, the Jenny Lind of

the forest—gives me a *cavatina*. In all this concert there is no false note, no intrusion, over-loud trombone, no blare of trumpet, no squeaking flute—all is harmony. There is a woodpecker, all in clerical black and white, playing the drum for me, like a music-mad parson, and he plays it well; he has been at it all his life.

Wandering on, listening to my concert, I suddenly find my basket and my *Temple Bar*. What is this delicate covering over it?—a spider's web!

Thank you, Dame Nature! You have paid me the prettiest compliment: wishing me to read *your* book instead of a printed one, you have dropped your finest, most delicate handkerchief over my *Temple Bar*. It is a charming hint, it shall not be lost upon me; would it not do for a play? A young wife, jealous of her student husband's devotion to his books, drops her little, embroidered, sweet handkerchief over the page. He comes back to his work, to be met by this delicate reminder of her! I commend the idea to Mr. Boucicault, who, having plenty of ideas of his own (one likes to give them to such), may put it in a play.

We always like to give ideas to the rich, in fact all sorts of presents.

Nature's handkerchief is so delicately, so beautifully woven, that I hate to disturb it, but, tenderly as I touch my book, it breaks—it vanishes in a moment. Will it be so with my memories of this day in the forest? Sweet, intangible visions; dreams of rest and quiet; day of repose; healthy return to the life of Nature, and the high society of the trees—shall I go back to gossip and detraction, and ignoble and small views of my fellow-creatures, and forget you? *Quien sabe?*

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

WHITECHESTER was greatly excited over its trial for murder. That appetite for the marvelous and the horrible which forms, it is much to be regretted, part of all but the highest and best-regulated human natures, received so little sustenance in the ordinarily quiet little town that the utmost was made by minds and tongues of the present opportunity, one such as had never occurred before, and might not for long occur again. Public opinion was very strong against the prisoner; all the evidence that had satisfied the coroner's jury was gone over afresh, and no suspicion was entertained of the all-important testimony which at the eleventh hour had been obtained, and which when brought forward was to change the whole face of the case.

Nor was the poor girl herself aware of what had happened in her favor. Dr. Wells was too busily occupied with the lawyer to be able to fulfill his

promise of being with her, and, knowing how soon she would be at liberty, he did not care so much as he otherwise would have done that he could not keep his word, and perhaps considered too little the tortures of anxiety she in the mean time would suffer. Mrs. Harmer, in spite of her endeavors to be early, was detained by so many household matters that the time was past when she could have had access to the prisoner, and the court had actually opened when she arrived; and thus it happened that none of them saw Avice on that eventful morning until she stood not only before them, but before the assembled multitude, in the character of the accused.

Her aspect, as she so stood, might have moved, and did move, every heart that was not marble hard. So young, so pale, so fragile—so childish in appearance, so timid and so shrinking in her demeanor—was this (those who had never seen her asked themselves and others) the terrible woman charged with so unnatural and black a crime? There must be

some mistake—it could not be. As for those who had seen and known her, to them the charge could not well appear more incredible than it had seemed before.

To Mr. Foster she was an object of deep interest. He had not been the whole of the previous evening with Mrs. Harmer without learning all her history, to which he had added some very unexpected particulars of his own. He had known her father well; had esteemed him a worthy man in life, and lamented his premature death; he expressed sorrow for her mother's fate (the fate of, alas! too many); but most of all he took to heart the cause of the helpless girl who had endured so much false aspersions, whom he had in so strange a manner met and spoken to at the very moment when his doing so was of such vital importance to her, and in whom he had even then felt an interest, though but a passing one, in her young flush of beauty and her evident happiness. Where was the flush now—where was the happiness? His heart ached as he looked at the pallor that had taken the place of the rose-pink cheek she had shaded from the July sunshine; and days of weary watching and waiting, and nights of weeping, had dimmed the smiling eyes—eyes which seemed to see nothing in all the crowd they wandered over now, until she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Harmer's well-known features among the witnesses arrayed against her, when she covered her face with her hands and did not look up again. But there were no sobs, no tears; she stood very calm and quiet, and a resolution, partly formed before in Mr. Foster's mind, took root and grew.

If Avice listened while they made out the case against her, if she heard the charge and the evidence that seemed to confirm it, she gave no sign. Would she have remained firm, if needful, to the resolution she had expressed to Dr. Wells? Would any gratitude to her benefactress, however deep, have enabled her to hear herself convicted of, and condemned for, the murder of him who had been dear to her as her own life, without an attempt to rebut the accusation and to lay the guilt where she believed it belonged? Scarcely, perhaps. Human fortitude could hardly be expected to bear such a strain as that. Happily for Avice, hers was destined to be so tried.

It was as much as Mr. Burnside could do to keep his triumph out of his face as the case for the prosecution was gone through. "Let it take the regular course," he had said, in the morning. "It is too late for anything else now. You have saved me a great deal of trouble, and, if you have deprived me of the opportunity of making a very telling and affecting speech, I must overlook that in the satisfaction of having my verdict secured. I shall call no witness but you, Mr. Foster; your evidence is amply sufficient, and, when you have given it, the case will be closed. It may remain as much a mystery as ever who did commit the murder; all we have to do is to prove that the prisoner did not."

Nevertheless his brother lawyers thought, as the trial proceeded, that Mr. Burnside had taken leave of his senses. One after another the witnesses were

dismissed with the quiet words, "I shall not cross-examine," and the opportunity of shaking their testimony was lost. The behavior, too, of some others concerned, was a puzzle to those not in the secret; Mrs. Harmer, who at the inquest had spoken unwillingly and with agitation and tears, was now self-possessed and apparently careless; Dr. Wells had lost the anxious line that had for weeks marked his brow, and was seen once furtively to rub his hands; while the lawyer on whom the issue of the trial depended showed no disposition to exert himself, and wore a confident air while doing nothing. People could not understand it; but it was soon explained when the opposite side had their turn, and Mr. Burnside rose to defend.

"I shall make no speech," he began. "Words, however eloquent, are inferior to facts, and I shall let undoubted fact speak for and clear my client. We will proceed to the examination of our witness. Call Alexander Foster."

Alexander Foster answered the call, and was duly sworn.

"Mr. Foster, look at the prisoner at the bar. Have you ever seen her before?"

"Yes, I have both seen and spoken to her."

"Please to state when and on what occasion."

"About two months ago. On the 14th of last July."

At the sound of his voice the first sign of agitation became visible in Avice Gray. She uncovered her face, lifted her eyes, and saw before her the man whom she so well remembered, the man whom constant longing for had kept ever present to her mind, the man who now held her fate in his hand. Over the pale, wan face there dawned a light of intelligence and recognition, and even the faint reflection of a smile; her lips parted as if to speak, but in the supreme moments of life words do not come freely, and though she stretched out her hands imploringly, and they, and cheeks, and eyes, spoke eloquently enough, her lips were silent.

The sudden change in her demeanor, her unaffected recognition of the stranger, the hope that took possession of her and beamed in her face, helped to turn the tide of feeling in her favor before another word was uttered. But Mr. Foster spoke again, and every syllable was listened to with breathless interest.

"My name is Alexander Foster. I am partner in the shipping-firm of Clarke & Foster. I am a Canadian by birth, but I live now in Detroit. On the 14th of July last I was in this neighborhood. I was traveling on business, but, having a visit to pay in the vicinity, I left the train here in Whitechester, and, as in former years I knew the country very well, I walked across the ridge to Bleekman's to take the stage there to Almeida, where I wanted to go. The day was very warm, and I sat down to rest in that part of the wood-road which crosses the corner of Mrs. Harmer's farm; while I sat there the prisoner came by, on her way home. She gave me some of the water she was carrying to drink, and we had some conversation. We were together about

fifteen minutes. The time at which this occurred was a few minutes after noon."

This was all Mr. Foster's evidence, but it established the innocence of Avice Gray as completely as a volume could have done. The edifice of circumstantial evidence raised against her crumbled to dust before the one touch of actual fact. What mattered Philip Mason's certainty that a woman had been present on the scene of the murder? It could not have been Avice Gray. What signified Duncan Ray's repetition of Stephen's dying utterances? They only proved that Avice had filled his last living thought, as her name had been the last word on his lips. No cross-examination could shake Mr. Foster's positive testimony that, at the moment Stephen Vanvannick died (which must have been, as Dr. Wells and other authorities asserted, but a few minutes after the wound was given which caused his death), Avice was standing, fresh, innocent, and blooming, and in cheerful converse with him, four miles distant from the fatal spot. The certainty remained that some hand must have dealt the blow; it might have been the hand of a woman, but it could not have been the hand of Avice Gray.

To all intents and purposes the case was ended. The few remaining formalities were gone through, and the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty!" without leaving the court.

Mobs are as unreasoning as they are unreasonable. Sympathy for Avice was now as strong as prejudice had been against her, and the multitude applauded her acquittal as loudly as they would have expressed their satisfaction had she been condemned.

The poor child cared as little for their applause as for their contumely. Scarcely as yet realizing that she was free, she saw nothing but Mrs. Harmer's familiar face, she felt nothing but the touch of her arms about her, she heard nothing but the low and hearty words of delight and congratulation that faithful friend breathed into her ear. Not from Avice were to be expected rapturous demonstrations or passionate outbreaks of emotion. She had grieved wildly for the death of her betrothed, but her own safety could evoke no such expression of feeling. Besides, the gentle spirit had been too severely tried to recover all at once its natural tone; quiet, rest, and kindness, must be the lot of Avice for some time before she could be herself again. She clung to Mrs. Harmer as to a recovered safeguard, and whispered, "Take me home!"

"Presently, dear. You are safe now. Are you not happy?"

"I am glad they know I did not do it; but—it cannot be undone—and I cannot forget. Oh, I have suffered—let us go home."

Mrs. Harmer, in her own joy, had lost sight of that. Avice might be free, and her fame cleared, but her loss and her sorrow remained. She soothed her, but she did not know what to say for the best, and was glad when Mr. Foster came up and spoke to her.

"Will you not number me among your friends, Avice? Do not you remember me? Suppose my memory had been no better than yours?"

"Remember you!" She remembered too much. She remembered the day she had seen him, and also the other events of that fatal day. She remembered her last words with Stephen, his last kiss, the last touch of his hand upon her hair, all the brilliant promise of the morning, and the midnight darkness in which that day had closed; and the recollection was too much for her just then. She broke into a flood of quiet tears.

"Hush, my dear! I did not mean to hurt you," said Mr. Foster, grieved and surprised.

The tears did her good, and, when she had suppressed her sobs, she spoke calmly. "I remember you very well, sir," she said, sweetly and gratefully, "and I owe you a great—I wish I could ever hope to pay the debt."

"You can do so. I will tell you how before long. In the mean time will you let me be your friend? I never knew your mother, the parent you loved, but I was a friend of the father you never saw. Poor Davie Gray!"

"Did you know my father, sir?"

"Yes, my dear, and liked him well. I little thought he left a daughter, or that I should ever be called on to perform such a service for his child. I will care for you for his sake, Avice, till I do so for your own, and you must try to like me."

"There is no need for me to try," she said, softly. "What would have become of me but for you?" She looked up into the weather-beaten face which the kindly smile rendered beautiful in her eyes, and, reading aright the benevolent expression, took his hand and raised it to her lips. The childish and, confiding gesture won his heart completely; he stooped down and kissed her pale cheek, and his growing resolution put forth bud and blossomed.

But Mrs. Harmer was becoming impatient, and the parting came. With a promise to come and see her the next day, Mr. Foster said good-by. The popular excitement was over, a fresh interest absorbed the attention of the crowd, and Avice and her protectress departed in peace and with thankful hearts to their home. Avice shed some tears on the way; her loss was not forgotten, her grief was still fresh. But she was only eighteen; and at eighteen the world is all before us, and life and liberty are sweet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLACK MARE.

IN less than a week after the favorable result of the trial at Whitechester the household at Mrs. Harmer's had returned to its normal condition of unruffled quiet; at least as much so as was compatible with the still-continued absence of Fred Harmer, and the subsidence of the ripples caused by the departure of Avice Gray.

For Avice was gone; her accustomed place knew her no more. Mr. Foster's resolution had borne fruit the day of his promised visit to Mrs. Harmer in his proposal to take Avice with him to his own

home; and though at first the proposition was rejected by the good woman and treated as one not at all to be entertained, it was, nevertheless, accepted by the person most particularly concerned, and acknowledged to be the best for all parties, for more reasons than one.

"What can the poor girl do if she remains here?" Mr. Foster had said. "If, before this last business, she was looked on shyly, and led a life none of the happiest, what can you expect now? For we all know that, however innocence may be proved, suspicion leaves a stain and a sting."

"I shall be as kind to her as ever," said Mrs. Harmer.

"No doubt—you have been her true friend, and will be so still; but what of others? You may be much to her, but you cannot be all; and allow me to ask if every one under your roof is as kindly disposed toward Avice as yourself?"

Mrs. Harmer paused; she could not answer in the affirmative. In truth, short as the time was that had elapsed since her return home, the signs of discord had manifested themselves between Avice and Dorade in a manner quite unmistakable, though to her, who possessed no clew, quite incomprehensible. She understood neither the haughty disdain of the one girl, nor the shrinking avoidance of the other; but she had seen enough to be aware that if they remained together the result was not likely to be conducive to either her own peace or that of others.

"I must confess," she replied, "that Dorade don't seem very glad to have Avice back again; but she'll get over her humors, and I wonder Avice should mind them. I always knew Dorade wasn't overfond of Avice, but I can't imagine why Avice should take spite against Dorade."

Poor, simple woman! happily ignorant woman! how little she guessed of the story of the past—how little she foresaw what was yet to come!

Mr. Foster was not quite so uninformed. Dr. Wells had said but little to him; after Avice's acquittal the less said the better, he thought; but from that little he had gathered that there might be feelings between the girls which would render Avice not unwilling to quit the place which had been to her the scene of so much sorrow. And he pressed the point.

"There is another thing. What will you do when your son comes home? How can he and Avice go, on living in the same house after what has passed? Depend on it, it will be best for all for Avice to come with me. I am far from a rich man; but I have not many to provide for; child and grandchild have dropped away from me," he sighed, as he had done when he had said the same thing to Avice on the ridge, "and I am almost alone. She is the child of an old friend, she is unprotected and unfortunate; let her come to me, to a new home where she may forget what has gone before, and in time learn to be happy again."

"Well, of course she can do as she likes," said Mrs. Harmer, somewhat shortly.

"You will leave it to her, then? She may make her choice?"

"Why, how can I hinder her? She has a will of her own, I suppose?"

It was not very graciously said, but, on the strength of the permission, Mr. Foster laid the choice before Avice, and asked her decision. She was not long in deciding; though she expressed her heart-felt sorrow at leaving her dear and true friend—though she implored that friend not to think her deficient in gratitude for past services and promises of service in the future—she accepted Mr. Foster's offer, and was glad to go. How could it be otherwise? How could she do else than wish to leave a place where she had suffered so much? Setting aside the scorn of the outside world—leaving out of the question the regard in which she might be held by those comparatively indifferent to her—how could she, even with the suspicion of what she believed, accept the shelter of the roof that covered Dorade?

"The world has used you hardly hitherto, my poor child," Mr. Foster said, when she gratefully expressed her thanks for his kindness; "very hardly for one so young. We will see if we cannot change its doings a little in the future. Davie Gray's daughter must be good, I know; it shall not be my fault if in time to come she is not happy."

So Avice said good-by to her one friend with a true sorrow that melted the anger Mrs. Harmer could not at first help feeling.

"Some day, perhaps, you will know I could not help it, that I was right to go. God will reward you for all you have done for me and all you tried to do; I can never pay you what I owe. Kiss me and say 'God bless you!' then I shall know that you forgive me and believe that I am doing what is best for us all."

Mrs. Harmer could not resist; she gave the kiss and the blessing. And the time came all too soon when she acknowledged that Avice had been right indeed.

Avice Gray was gone with her new protector to her new home. Of those to whom she had been known few missed, and fewer still regretted, her; it mattered little to her. To her new abode it is not our intention to follow her; but we may trust that after so stormy a commencement of her voyage of life, after such fierce buffeting on the waves of trial and temptation, she may enjoy a more peaceful progress and reach in time a safe haven, now that she has drifted into calmer seas.

September passed away, and the reign of October, with its gorgeous foliage, its calm, cloudy days, and its threatening stillness, had begun. The year makes a pause then; the joy and hurry of harvest are over, but we have not lost its sweet remembrance. As in the delusive hush before the thunder-storm, Nature in autumn tries to deceive us; she gives us this breathing-space to blind us to the time fast approaching when she will assume the tyrant's aspect and bind us in the chains of winter; and we enjoy the brief holiday alike whether we remember or whether we forget that it is the last.

On one of these still, shadowy afternoons, Dorade Harmer's youngest brother came hastily into

the room where she sat at work. Another change was visible in Dorade now. Since the acquittal and departure of Avice she had been calm and quiet, though nothing could make her gay. It seemed as if a weight of dread had been removed, and she again tasted the blessedness of rest of mind. As one wearied with physical toil thinks not of recreation, but only of repose, so Dorade seemed content to do without happiness if she might have but peace.

"Hurrah!" burst out her brother Ben, on his entrance. "Good news, Dorade: the black mare's mine at last! Come and fetch her home."

"What do you mean, Ben? You haven't surely—"

"Yes, I have surely. What was the use of her to old Vanvannick? I guess Steve himself could hardly hold her now. But I'll give her something to do."

"Does mother know what you've done, Ben?"

"Of course she does; but I daren't let her know what I've paid, for it was an awful price. But that don't matter now; it *is* paid. Come with me; I'm going to fetch her home."

"Don't talk nonsense. I don't want to go."

"But I want you. The mare's over on the ridge, and I want to drive round and take the saddle, and you can bring our own horse home again. Come, Dorade, it's early yet."

Was it presentiment that made Dorade hang back—that prompted her to answer:

"Don't tease, Ben. You can do without me, I'm sure?"

"No, I can't. Ah, come, Dorade, like a good girl. You ain't often cross with me."

Dorade smiled faintly.

"Well, I'll drive you if you don't ask me to go in the woods."

"How long have you been afraid of the woods? What do you think you'll see? Steve's ghost, poor fellow?"

Dorade was fastening her hat as he spoke; she turned from him so that he did not see the shudder that shook her from head to foot, or the clenching of her hands and teeth. The emotion was as momentary as it was violent; it passed and left her as calm as before.

If he thought her very silent during the drive, he talked enough for both. If she remembered the last time she had been in that direction, he never guessed her thoughts. The afternoon was very soft and still; not a breath ruffled the painted leaves, a few of which fluttered down here and there from pure decay; there was no sunshine, but a warm light mist brooded over the distance and melted all the prospect in an harmonious glow. There was little resemblance in the scene to either the buoyant summer noontide or the starlit night.

When they reached the fence of division, and Ben had fastened his own horse to a convenient tree, he addressed Dorade.

"Well, are you going to sit there all the time? You'll find it dull, for I may be some time catching the beast—she's wild; and I may not perhaps find

her at all. You can't go home yet; you'd better come with me."

Dorade answered by jumping to the ground. "Go on!" she said. "I'll wait about here, and go to meet you when I hear you call."

Her brother went off, bridle in hand, and Dorade walked slowly, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, through the fallen yellow leaves that rustled beneath her light step. It was very still; the faint song of a lingering summer bird came to her ear; she could hear the voices of men at work who must have been a mile off; and it was very lovely—here on the edge of the wood the trees were glorious in autumn dress, a crimson sumach and golden maple flaunted their bright banners till they made her eyes ache. The scene was too gay for her, but within the wood there reigned a solemn quiet, and her wanderings soon led her within the verge; then, as if by some invisible attraction, she went on and on till she reached the very spot she had determined to avoid—the solitary pond!

Here she came to a stand—round it, to the place where *he* had died, the spot where *he* had been found, she would not go. She sat down on the bank, in almost the same place where Wells had seen her, and looked in the same direction. The scene was the same, and yet changed.

The waters of the pond were still deep and dark, but, in the summer's heat, from the edges they had a little sunk away; the rushes had grown higher, and their golden blossoms were brown and sear; the purple and amber flowers were faded and gone, and in the sober autumn light the secluded place looked very sad and dreary. Dorade gazed over its desolation until its mournful aspect was too much for her overcharged heart, and she could not resist a flood of tears.

But she dashed the drops from her eyes; she must give way to no weakness. It is not the least painful part of the ordeal of those who, like Dorade, have secrets that there is no relief, no relaxing guard. "After all," she said to herself, "why should I cry now? I have learned to bear the sorrow, and I have only that to bear. I have escaped that temptation and crime, and escaped confession. I ought to be content; and when Fred comes home—"

She sank into reflection, from which she was roused by her brother's voice, and, looking up, saw him approaching with the coveted black mare by his side. He had almost rounded the pond and reached her when the mare suddenly stopped, and Ben spoke.

"Ain't she a beauty? Could I give too much for such a beast as this? Won't Fred be pleased? Ain't you pleased, Dorade?—Come, get up, Jet, come on."

But the black mare planted her feet, and refused to stir.

"Why, what's the matter, Jet?—She's been as quiet as a lamb ever since I caught her.—What's the matter, old woman? Come, come on."

He patted her neck, soothed her with words, and tried to draw her forward, but Jet only laid back her

ears, snuffed the air, and stood like a rock. He struck her with the end of the halter, and spoke sharply; she reared, and then stood trembling, but she never stirred.

"She's frightened at something, Ben," said Dorade, coming forward, stroking the terrified animal on the face and speaking gently. "Can't you see she's scared? Let her alone."

"What should scare her? There's nothing here but what she's seen a hundred times."

But all attempts to move the mare were unavailing, and at last Ben was forced to look round for the cause of her obstinacy and terror. "I see nothing," he said; "hang her, she *shall* go—wait—what's that under them bushes? That's what she sees."

Dorade looked. "Where? What bushes do you mean?"

"There, just under where you were sitting—under the willow, among the duck-weed. It looks something like"—he stopped suddenly.

"I—don't—know!" said Dorade; but her brother would not have known her voice, and her face had gone of a ghastly whiteness.

"Here; take the halter a minute while I go and look."

She did not seem to hear him; her starting eyes were fixed on the object he had pointed out, which, as she gazed at it, assumed horrible shape to her sight; but she never answered, and she never moved.

"Are you deaf or blind, Dorade? What's come over you? You're as bad as the mare. What's to scare you? I'll bet it's only a log."

He hastily fastened the black mare, who was now quivering with fear, to a branch, and made a few steps forward. Dorade followed, but she did not know she was moving. As they neared the spot, her brother put out his hand suddenly to keep her back.

"Stop!" he said, in an altered voice. "I believe it's no sight for you, Dorade. It looks like—like—by Heavens! it is a man!"

A man? It might have been one once; but he would be of bold judgment who pronounced *that* to be a human being now. On what lay there among the weeds and the slime, time and the elements had done their work, and little semblance remained of the pride and glory of manhood. One of the horror-stricken spectators stood in wonder and amazement, but to the other the discovery brought no surprise. *She* never doubted who lay before her—*she* felt that she looked on what had once been her brother—*she* knew that the reason of Fred Harmer's long-continued absence was made clear—*she* knew that the dark secret which the pond had kept so many weeks was disclosed at last, and that its black waters had given up their dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

THAT same night, when, worn out and exhausted by fatigue of body and anguish of mind, Mrs. Har-

mer had fallen into something like a troubled slumber—when thoughts of the dread contents of the closed coffin watched by awe-struck friends below were lost in oblivion, or only came back as the fragments of a startled dream—when the night was far advanced, and silence and moonlight held sway alone in the upper chambers, Dorade softly opened her door, listened in vain for any sound below, and crossed the narrow passage to her mother's room. Her step was so noiseless, her entrance so silent, that her mother never stirred, and, unchallenged, the daughter moved forward and sat down in the moonlight, on the side of the bed. Mrs. Harmer had fallen asleep, weeping; in the pale moonbeams, Dorade could see the undried tears still glisten on her eyelashes, and slumber had not altogether medicined sorrow, for the brow would now and then contract with a furrow more than time had set there, while occasionally, from the parted lips, there came a laboured sigh. Dorade looked down on her, half in mournful tenderness, and half in a kind of scorn.

"And she thinks she grieves!" she whispered. "She believes that no one ever had better cause to mourn! Poor mother! I hope you may never know any worse misery than sorrow unmixed with remorse. I hope you may never have to bear a load like mine."

She sat motionless for a few minutes, and then, as her mother gave no sign of waking, extended her hand and laid it gently on the sleeper's forehead. Mrs. Harmer roused herself with a start.

"Who is there?" she asked, hastily. "Dorade, is that you, my child?"

"Yes, mother, I am not my own ghost yet. I wish I was a ghost, if ghosts cannot look forward and never look back."

"What are you doing here, dear child? Why do you not try to sleep?"

"I would sleep quickly enough, mother, if I thought I was never to wake again; but what is the use of forgetting pain for a minute if it is only a thousand times worse when you come back to it again? And that's the way with me."

Mrs. Harmer raised herself and put out her hand. Dorade, divining her intention, removed the lamp beyond her reach.

"Please, no, mother; there's light enough. I came to talk to you, but I couldn't do it with the lamp shining on my face. Mother—shall I tell you just how it was?"

"As you please, child," moaned her mother. "I can guess a good deal. But you'll have to tell it all to others besides me, so spare yourself now."

"Do you know me so little yet, mother? It is because I will never tell any other living soul that I am going to make the whole truth known to you now. You can do with it as you please."

"But, Dorade, to-morrow—"

"Mother, do you think I have learned nothing the last two months? Do you think I have pretended so much and cannot pretend a little more? Do you think I am one to be cross-examined, sus-

pected, blamed, and pitied? To-morrow! Twenty to-morrows will get nothing out of me."

"Dorade," said her mother, "you frighten me. Is this a time to speak and act like this?"

"Forgive me, mother dear; but remember what I have been bearing, and for how long; and that I have been hiding it and learning to harden myself instead of being able to give way to my grief. Listen, mother; if I don't tell you now, perhaps my courage may fail me altogether."

Mrs. Harmer did not answer; Dorade could hear that she was weeping.

"Mother, did you never guess—did you never think—how I—how much I cared for Stephen?"

The mother raised herself, and fixed her eyes in amazement on the daughter's face. Even in this moment of anguish, and even to that pallid face, there had come a blush with the confession of unsought love; but the eyes were cast down, and their expression veiled from sight.

"You! Dorade? Did you care for Stephen Vanvannick? Then Dr. Wells was right, after all. And I would not believe him! How blind I have been!"

"My poor mother, you have been blind all through, happily for you. Yes, mother, I loved Stephen—if I had not, things might have been different. Perhaps not—I try hard to think not—but still, if it had not been for me it *might* have been different, and that *might* will haunt me till I die. Don't speak, mother; let me say it all now:

"I did not give up at once; I knew he did not care for me. I said to myself I would be too proud to try for what had been given, without trying, to Avice Gray. But it was no use—his life seemed to be my life, I seemed only to live to love him, and I said that he should love me. I hoped it would be so—I believe it would have been so—but for Avice Gray. Do you wonder I hated her? Do you wonder now I was glad to find Fred liked her, and persuaded you to look favorably on the match? Do you see that what you thought affection for her and desire for Fred's happiness, was only anxiety to get a rival out of my way?

"But I knew the reason she would not listen to Fred; I knew why she did not take at once an offer that was so wonderfully above what she deserved; jealousy made me quick-sighted, and, besides, could I wonder that she liked Stephen best? I thought Fred was too slow—that if he pressed more earnestly he might make more impression on her—and—why should I delay to say what must be said? I told Fred he had better not wait too long, for Stephen was courting Avice again; and, for fear Stephen might do so, I hinted to him one day that Avice was engaged to Fred. I was frightened when I had done it, when it was too late; and I tried hard to think no harm would come; but now—now I feel as if the blood of both of them was on my head.

"You can guess how it happened, mother; do not make me say it all. We went on the ridge by mere chance; Fred had often promised to take me

to see the pigeons—when we met *him* we had no idea any one else was there but ourselves. I know, from what they said, that they had quarreled before, and oh, I tried so hard to quiet them and make peace! That, at least, I can think for comfort.—Comfort? Ha, ha!

"It was the merest accident—Fred had the knife in his hand that he had been cutting some blossoms with for me. He never meant to use it—but who think what they do when they give way to passion? One hot word led to another, till at last—Stephen struck Fred—I own he gave the first blow—and Fred struck back—with the hand that held the knife—Stephen fell—I screamed, but still we never thought he was hurt—until—"

The girl stopped; and in the silence was heard the beating of two hearts.

"Mother," she said, at last, "if Fred could speak he would tell you, if it was his last word, that he never meant to give that blow. It is all I can do for him to say that, and I say it as I shall say it on the judgment-day."

"But—you have not told me—how did—how came my boy—" the mother could not finish the question; the sister, whom long torture had steeled, could reply:

"I don't know what we did or said—who could remember?—but just as we tried to do something for Stephen we heard the shot, and *he said*, 'Go, hide, you'll be blamed for this;' and we *did* hide, like fools and cowards, instead of facing the truth and fearing nothing. We heard the steps coming, and I went into the juniper-bushes, while Fred ran down to the pond.

"When the men were gone I went after him; he had been in the water to hide, and was wet through. I would have come home at once, told the whole, and braved the consequences, but he said we had already done what we could not undo, and having begun the concealment we must carry it on. Well, he overruled me—I agreed against my own will, and never thinking how much it would be likely to bring on us both. He said we must get on to Whitechester as fast as possible, and sent me to where we had left the horse for some dry clothes; I ran and brought them, but when I came back Fred was nowhere to be seen. I searched—I called as loud as I dared—I looked in vain; he was gone.

"After waiting some time I thought he must have been alarmed, or feared discovery, and left the wood, and that the best thing I could do was to go on, on the chance of finding him, or at any rate to cover his absence. So I went to Whitechester; I went to the station in hopes to find him there, and when I did not see him, I still paid my visits, said he had gone by the train. I laughed and talked and was merry, when all the time I was thinking of Stephen dead, and Fred—where? Do you wonder I kept my senses that day, and many days after? I do."

"And where—how did—"

"God knows, mother; we never shall till we know everything else besides. Perhaps his foot

slipped on the treacherous bank—perhaps he himself was hurt and turned faint unawares. We shall never know. But *I think*," and her voice sank to an awestruck whisper, "that a swift judgment overtook him, and was accepted as expiation for the unintended sin; and *I know*," she added, lower still, "that he is happy to have escaped what I have borne."

"You can guess the rest; you can imagine all the suspense, all the torment of uncertainty, that I have gone through—how I have never known what a day might bring forth—how I have been always on the watch—how I have had to plot and plan to hide the truth from you and all others—how I have waited for a word from Fred—how I have sickened with fear when that word never came—how I have dreaded to think what might have happened, though never, never, did I imagine the reality; and, besides all this, have had to bear alone the burden of my own sorrow, and to wrestle with the horrible temptation of my hatred for Avice Gray. Mother, the Bible says, 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man.' Are such trials as mine common? If so, how does the world go on?"

Mrs. Harmer had listened to this confession almost in silence—a silence broken now and then by a sob or a groan. Now that it came to an end, should she not have rebuked the sinner? Alas! for the lax tenderness of woman, for the weakness of motherhood! She threw her arms round the rigid figure, she drew the tearless face to her breast, she smoothed with gentle hand the cold cheek, she whispered, "My poor child!"

"There is but one thing I can say for myself," said Dorade, submitting to but not returning her mother's caress.

"I never meant to allow the blame to rest for good on Avice; but, while I thought Fred was living and might at any time come back, how could I speak? I take no credit that I do not deserve—I hated her, I hate her now; she robbed me of all I desired in this world, she is the cause of all I have done. I should rejoice in any harm that came to her independent of me; but if nothing else had happened to clear her, if that man had not come, I should have told the whole truth at last."

"My poor child, do not lay the blame on others that belongs to your own willful heart. It may be my fault—if I had ruled you better—"

"Do not think so, mother; the nature I have was born with me, and will be mine till I die. I have told you the truth as if they were my last

words; remember that when you have to tell it again. And now, mother, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Dorade? Are not you as unhappy as myself?"

She slipped from her mother's hold, and fell on her knees, throwing her arm round her mother's neck as she knelt in a rare and passionate yielding to affection.

"I hope you may never know what I feel, mother; you never can. I *did* no wrong, my wickedness was all in thought, and in those few malicious words; oh, if my life could have blotted them out or undone what came of them, how gladly would I have paid the price! Mother, I am in earnest; I want you to tell me that you pardon my share of this—I want you to *say*, 'I forgive you, may God forgive you, too.'"

Her mother drew her to her breast and kissed her solemnly.

"God forgive you your evil thoughts and help you, my poor child! it is not for me to forgive you that have been so neglectful and so blind. I must care for you more in the future—we cannot undo the past."

Dorade made no answer to that, but pressed a long kiss upon her mother's face.

"I will leave you to sleep again," she said. "It is near morning, and you will want all your strength, so try to rest. I wish there was any rest for me!" She paused, as if she had yet more to say, checked herself, turned away almost suddenly, and was gone.

Gone! When, the next morning, Dorade Harmer was asked for, she had vanished and left no trace. Search was useless, inquiries were vain, though search was long and careful, and inquiry widely spread. Her mother, dreading to think what might have happened in her grief and remorse, caused the fatal pond to be examined again, but its black waters revealed no further secrets. The confession she had made to her mother became public, and was too probable, and too much in accordance with the known facts, not to be accepted as the truth; but it gave no clew to her disappearance, except such as the known pride of her stormy nature might suggest. Some time afterward a black-bordered letter came to Mrs. Harmer, but whether it gave news of Dorade or brought the tidings of her death, the mother never told, and no one knows. Whether the wounded and passionate heart is at rest forever, or whether it still beats and years will calm its tumults and subdue its pride sufficiently to allow Dorade ever to return to her home, is a question which remains unanswered, and which time alone can solve.

TOGETHER AND ALONE.

WE walked together, my love and I,
When the waning moon hung low—
The tide, like fate, crept up the sand
Resistlessly and slow.

I walk on the barren beach, *alone*,
The moon is pale for woe;
And, like my hope, the waters ebb
Reluctantly and slow.

C. A. S.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

RECENT writers have predicted that the fusion of types in America will finally eventuate in a brown woman. She will blend, they say, all that is sensuous, musical, emotional, passionate, in the African races; all that is imaginative and spiritual in the Asiatic; all that is intellectual and perceptive in the European. They prophesy of her hair as brown and wavy; of her eyes as dark, sleepy, liquid, and languishing; of her form as full and supple—a trifle panther-like, perhaps. Destiny—or climate, which amounts to the same in this instance—is to avenge the fading aborigines by transforming the conqueror into the image of the conquered.

The question whether the blonde is gradually disappearing with the progress of civilization, as has been contended by many observers, is thus one that naturally occurs at the very outset of this inquiry. "The transition from blonde to brunette," says one of our ethnologists, "appears to be going on in America with even greater rapidity than elsewhere." A writer in the *Anthropological Review* supports the same hypothesis in a recent article, and offers a solution of the phenomenon in the principle of conjugal selection. His observation is that Englishmen generally prefer brunettes; that fair-haired women are growing rarer and rarer with the progress of English culture; that the blonde is in process of extinction. In a similar manner, the late Mrs. Somerville concludes a dissertation on the subject with the remark that fair hair is rarer among her countrywomen than she remembers it to have been when she was a girl. The statistical aspect of the argument appears to be equally in favor of the hypothesis so ably supported by observant ethnologists. Dr. Beddoe, Physician to the British Royal Infirmary, reports, as the result of observations extending over a period of some years, that the law of conjugal selection operates very decidedly in favor of brunettes. He has collected and sifted the statistics as to the color of the hair and the social condition—whether married or not—of 737 women treated at that institution. Of these 22 had red hair, 95 had fair hair, 240 had light-brown, 336 had dark-brown, and 33 had black hair. Classifying the red, the fair, and the light brown as blonde, and the dark brown and black as brunette, the totals were nearly equal—367 of the one and 369 of the other. Of the blondes 32 per cent. were unmarried, and of the brunettes only 21½ per cent. Not only was this the case, but among the brunettes themselves the probability of marriage was found to be in proportion to the darkness of the hair. For example, out of the 336 having dark-brown hair 22 per cent. were unmarried, while of the 33 having black hair only 18 per cent. were unmarried. Dr. Beddoe regards his observations as convincing evidence of a law of conjugal selection in England that favors brunettes over blondes in the ratio of four to three.

My own observations as respects the New England States, with the population of which I am thoroughly familiar, are curiously coincident with Dr. Beddoe's. Lounging the summer away under the maples by the Willimantic River, in the year 1874, I was at some pains to observe the predilections one way or the other of the eligible young men with whom I came in contact, and, as I was a native of that section, and knew almost every family for leagues about, it was not at all difficult to collect data on the subject. I find by reference to my diary that, in one manner and another, I gathered during that summer a budget of memoranda specifying the predilections of 329 young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two, of whom 187 decidedly preferred black hair and black eyes, 101 had a preference for blondes or semi-blondes, and 43 didn't care particularly. All the corroborating data support the general veracity of these statistics.

Among nearly all classes here, with very few individual exceptions, I found that black eyes and raven hair in women were regarded as the highest development of beauty; and the more shining, metallic in lustre, and deficient in softness, the more decidedly beautiful. Blue eyes and gray eyes, however soft and lustrous, were not considered as having any claims to beauty, and, as to those masses of auburn hair that artists run mad over, they shake their heads sadly, old and young, and remark that she would be a very pretty girl if it wasn't for that. This is the rule with the uncultivated classes. The striking, the salient—that which offends the cultivated eye by its lack of mellowness and tone—are regarded as beautiful. As to form, such a thing as a beautiful arm—something for a Phidias to dream of—or a pair of ravishing shoulders, or a swan-like neck and throat, would pass unnoticed in that part of the country, unless the owner had shining black eyes and masses of raven hair.

The blond girls of Boston, Springfield, Hartford, and of the cities and villages of New England in general, are like spirits for willowy slenderness of form and refined softness of expression. Having the delicate fragility of blossoms, they commence to fade at twenty-five. But while they last they are beautiful after an angelic pattern that is found nowhere else on earth. And when they happen to have gray eyes, with the dash of enthusiasm and spirit that pertains to such, they gossip of literature and art with a fascinating liveliness and piquancy that are rare among women elsewhere. Margaret Fuller—the Coleridge of her sex—was such a woman, a typical New England girl, of the gray-eyed, demi-blond style. I have met many who were like her, although never one who equaled her in Platonic monologue. It is only in Virginia that the correlative of the New England girl occurs as the prevalent type, with something less of slenderness, perhaps; with a

fuller and more voluptuous form, but with the same delicate moulding of the extremities, the pink nails and finger-tips, and the same pink-tinted palm. The predominance of blondes over brunettes is in proportion of four to three; the semi, with gray eyes, forming about one-eighth of the whole.

Notwithstanding the fact that novelists and poets have generally associated the tragic spirit with the slumberous and passionate black eye, the demi-blondes supply the real *tragédiennes* of the world, whether on the stage or in actual life. Cleopatra had auburn hair, and was freckled. Her eyes were not black, but of the tawny and tigerish yellow that is so often found in conjunction with terrific passion and a desperate spirit. Brinvilliers, the beauty and tragedy-woman of her age, was of the Cleopatra style. Mr. Kubisse, the story runs, was so fascinated with a portrait of her in possession of M. de Langes that he trembled visibly.

"What is your opinion of it?" inquired the owner, breaking the spell, after Kubisse had stood before it for some minutes in silence.

"A beauty and a devil; who is she?"

"Brinvilliers, the wickedest woman in France," replied M. de Langes.

Again, Joan of Arc, the beautiful enthusiast, was a gray-eyed blonde, with a tinge of the neurotic temperament about her, and such golden hair as artists weave into their dreams of the ideal woman. Luccia Borgia, too, had tawny hair, according to travelers who have studied the tress preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. Byron appropriated a single thread of it, which he gave to Leigh Hunt, one of the best judges of color that ever penned an essay. "If ever hair was golden," writes Hunt, "this is. It is not red; it is not yellow; it is not auburn. It is golden, and nothing else, and, though natural-looking, must have had a strange appearance in the mass." Others speak of it as tawny and straw-colored, which, conceived in masses, justifies Landor's beautiful description—

"Calm hair meandering with pellucid gold."

Helen of Troy, and Poppoea Sabina, had masses of tawny hair, and so had Milton, the beautiful Ionian, as well as Sappho, who has passed from memory, except as a spectre of the tragic passion and a tress of golden hair. But one need not draw arguments from the ancient as to this point. All our great modern *tragédiennes* have been demi-blondes, with the gray eyes peculiar to the demi, that turns a shining sea-green in passion, or darkles lustrously with love.

But is the blonde really disappearing? Were it possible to accept the testimony of ancient authorities without reservation as to the prevalence of blondes in Europe two thousand years since, on comparing their statements with our own observations the question would have to be decided in the affirmative. But to what extent ancient women were in the habit of coloring their tresses is a factor in the question that cannot be exactly defined. In the days of Solomon men powdered their hair with gold-dust; and, in Ælian's compliment to Atalanta,

that the yellow of her tresses was not produced by art, there exists a pretty conclusive intimation that the ancients had some process of dyeing the hair with a golden tint, the prescription for which has not been handed down; for Tertullian taxes the Carthaginian women, who had black hair, with being constantly employed in giving it a golden color; and Jerome, two centuries later, reprimands the Roman women for cultivating auburn tresses—a fashion introduced probably by Claudia Rufina, who was the society belle of that city. Claudia was a British princess, and that the Britons used dyes very extensively to give brilliancy to their tresses is a well-ascertained fact. The conclusion is, then, that the manufacture of blondes was carried on pretty extensively in days when Rome was the social centre of Europe. The Venetian women, for example, have for ages been in the habit of taking sun-baths in *solaria* erected for that purpose, in order to absorb the peculiar sheen of the solar beam. They used washes also; and Mrs. Jameson says that the Venetian tint in old paintings, with their pale-golden masses of hair, was decidedly an artificial product. Ah me! what an enemy to romance is real investigation!

A candid consideration of the facts tends to the conclusion that there is no such convincing evidence that blondes are disappearing as the advocates of the hypothesis have assumed. In our cities blondes are rarer than they are in the country at large; and, as respects the preferences of men, while in New England, as a rule, the preference is for brunettes by about thirty per cent., probably, in the South and Southwest it is decidedly for blondes; so that, striking an equitable average throughout the United States, it is likely that a blonde's probability of marriage is rather in excess of that of her dusky-eyed rival. Nor is it true that our descent is so exclusively deducible from fair-haired races that the percentage of brunettes must necessarily be explained by resorting to Dr. Beddoe's hypothesis. Our ancestry, so far as it was English, involved seven distinct races—the long-headed, dark, and heavy-shouldered Gael, who forms the substratum of the English stock; the square-headed, broad-browed Cymbrian, of Cumberland and Cornwall; the tall, convex-faced Jute, of Central Kent; the light, straight-featured Dane, of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Cumberland; the almost white-haired Norwegian, and the phlegmatic Frisian, as well as the dominant Saxon. And behind all these lay, according to Huxley, the swarthy, short-statured, dark-eyed, prehistoric races of Europe, to the absorption of which the occasional outcropping of short, dark men among the light races is due. At least one prominent family in this country, of pure English descent, furnishes a perfect illustration of Huxley's view. The Washburns, for example, are either tall and light-haired, with blue eyes and very fair complexions, or they are very short and swarthy, with heavy frames, and black eyes and hair; and it is very frequent that the two types, most extraordinary in their physical contrasts, occur under the same roof-tree.

Our American types of beauty claim a brief de-

scription, since it is very evident that the beautiful that will be by-and-by lies *perdu* in the beautiful that now is. And here, let it be remembered, I am talking of beautiful women, not of the feminine raff raff that men style more or less pretty.

In Delaware, a blonde occurs which is referable to the Scandinavian. Miss Nilsson represents the type in its purity. The Delaware belle has light-blue eyes that are full of calm. She has straw-colored hair with a golden lustre upon it. She is rather tall, with straight and delicate features. She is slow and calm in her movements, and statuesque in her attitudes, but not with sensuous and voluptuous languor.

In Maryland, I have sometimes met a peculiar blonde, with flaxen hair and an alabaster skin, that seldom or never blushes, but with dark eyes—eyes very large and very dark. An inexperienced observer would style them black, but they are rather a deep, strange gray, not subject to such lights and shadows as other gray eyes are, but always calm and shining, like the antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone, to which Mrs. Browning refers in one of her poems. She is full in form, but not so tall as her Delaware sister; has full, well-rounded, nervous hands, and delicate feet; and her long, slender fingers are tipped with pink finger-nails.

I have often met another type of blond beauty among the Talbots and other old families of Maryland. She is of light, lithe, supple, and very girlish figure. Her eyes are generally blue, but sometimes light-gray; and her face is one of wondrous delicacy, with spirited nostrils and temples streaked with veins. She has the softest and most delicate little hand that was ever imagined of a fairy, but it is a hand of tremendous nerve and grip—one that could grasp a throat and throttle its owner, if necessary. You will see such women often in Baltimore.

City of brunettes as New York is, a Broadway promenade or the *entree* to our best society reveals the fact that our city has more types of blond women than any other in the world; rarer ones, too, than London, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, Venice with its beauties of the tawny hair, or Naples with its modified Grecian women. I have seen all types here, with the single exception of the large-eyed and Junonian blonde of Lombardy—a fusion of Italian passion and suppleness with German rest and sentiment, according to Mariotti.

There are two styles of tall, golden-haired blondes that I have frequently met in New York society. The hair of the first is tawny, and looks in the mass like raw silk. Her head and face are like the best pictures of Nell Gwynne, but not quite so round and rosy as those of the dashing Nell must have been. The complexion is like mother-of-pearl, with a light shining through it, but never coming to the surface—an incipient blush always, but one that seldom attains maturity in those flitting and delicious surges of rosiness which I have sometimes been tempted to denominate the *aurora facialis*. Such transparency of complexion, faintly suffused with pink, with a forehead high and alabaster when the nose is curved

a little, and low, white, and Greek, when that organ is straight! The hair of the second has more sunshine in it, and partakes of the brilliant red rays more than of the tawny yellow; and in the complexion the pink comes fairly to the surface instead of merely smouldering beneath. The contour of the head and face is that of Isabella Albrizzi, set in abundant masses of waveless golden hair; for, while the tresses of the first fall in tawny ripples, those of the second drop down in limp and heavy masses Orientally long. Both have an inclination to slenderness and perfect civilization of the extremities. The first descends from the Irish blonde, except when the nose has been curved by intermarriage with another race; the second is of English ancestry. Both generally have large blue eyes, that open long and lazily—day-dreaming eyes I sometimes call them. But with the first you will occasionally find a pair of light and very limpid gray eyes that it is dangerous to peer into too long.

There is a style of blonde that is very peculiar and noticeable, though small as an elf, that one occasionally observes in lounging along Broadway. The hair is between tawny and golden, of silken texture, and always wavy, with an extreme disposition to escape in rippling tresses at some unguarded point and defy the conventionalities. Her eyes are seldom blue, never gray, but generally of a deep hazel, rayed from the pupil to the perimeter of the iris, and having a reddish light in them, like the flicker of firelight in a darkened room. The face is almost round, and laughs, dances, and dimples, with exuberant vitality. Her form is rounded, and every movement has something of the twinkling waviness associated with the facial muscles in genuine laughter; for, when penetrated to its *motif*, the Latin poet expressed one of the subtlest conceptions of modern physiology when he applied the word ridiculous (*ridere*, to laugh) to the quick and vivid movements of the mouse; and it would be graphic were I to travesty Horace and style the woman under description the little ridiculous blonde. You cannot help laughing as you look at her, although it is not because there is anything provocative of ridicule about her, but because there is an infectious laughter in her movements. She is an incarnate dimple. Her complexion is bright and inclining to sandy, and is spotted here and there with large freckles of the same color, but of a deeper shade. Generally there will be two or three on her saucy little nose that wondrously contribute to vivacity. And that nose is not Grecian, but a trifle shorter. Her hands—and her feet also, I imagine—are soft, rounded, delicate, and dimpled; and there are life, magnetism, and thrill, in their slightest pressure. Her nails have not the suffusion with pink that is regarded as so beautiful by connoisseurs, but her mouth is a half-opened rose-bud when she smiles, and her teeth have the softened lustre of rows of pearls.

The little ridiculous brunette, with her laughing dark eyes, rounded form, and vivacity of movement, represents the same type of *physique* in dusky coloring.

I come now to a type of blond beauty which is the high-bred Barb of them all. She is no taller than the little ridiculous, and equally well-rounded and vitally exuberant, but not in the same manner associated with laughter. For the purposes of nomenclature, this type may be styled the nervous gold-blond. At eighteen her gossamer hair is like sheaves of gathered sunbeams, but it darkens with years, and finally puts on the smouldering swarthiness of gold-bronze. When the light falls athwart its ripples, the gold is visible to the last, but in the shadow it is bronze-color, with a dash of golden, always wavy, never curling. Gray eyes, with a pupil that dilates and contracts with every passing emotion, rendering the eye velvety-black sometimes, and sometimes very gray, with the smallest possible point of black in the centre, belong by right of inheritance to this type. She has the pyriform face of Dante's Beatrice, and her ears are two pink shells that one is tempted to cut off and preserve as curiosities. Her features, cut with cameo distinctness of definition, have an aquiline tinge that is mainly noticeable in the slightest possible prominence of the nasal bridge. Her complexion is roses and lilies, her skin of the texture of the finest satin. The parietes of the nostrils are thin, mobile, and almost transparent, and, when she is excited, two pink spots, about as large as her finger-tips, are visible. Ah! then beware! Indeed, every aspect of the whole organization indicates brain and *verve*, temper and spirit, rather than softness; and yet she can purr like a cat when it suits her, or spring like a panther when the occasion calls for it. Pity the unsophisticated beau who imagines that he can flirt with her with impunity! He is certain to be ensnared, bewildered, then laughed at, with such bubbles of rippling and musical laughter as an amused seraph could scarcely imitate, overflowing her firm but feminine lips. No rose-bud mouth is hers, but one in which beauty and decision meet, each modifying the other.

"She has hair of golden hue,
Take care, beware!
She can make love as well as you,
Take care, beware!"

Longfellow says that she has eyes of laughing blue; he means eyes that dance with tantalizing laughter; but in this the poet commits an error of observation. I know of only two women in this city who are the perfection of this type, with the beautiful and highly-emotional gray eyes that pertain to it. One of them is an old lady, who is constantly engaged in ambitious projects, and succeeds by splendid tactics where most men of reputedly great abilities would fail. The other is a young woman with whom an intellectual triumph is of more value than the adulation of her hundreds of admirers; and yet, if she once gave her mind to it, what a fascinating coquette she would be! Sensitive, imaginative, dazling, delusive—a brilliant talker, and one who can create semblances of poetic dreams, without troubling herself to dream them—if you are not impressionable, an hour's gossip with a woman of this type is like sipping an infusion of ambrosia. Her deli-

cate little hand, with its pink nails and rosy finger-tips, is a magneto-electric battery with five delicately-tapering poles. Her complexion is white satin suffused with pink. Miss Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre," had the forehead and mouth of the nervous gold-blond, but her eyes were hazel-gray. This blond is the sweetest and truest wife when her master comes; but woe to the dolt who tries to tame her!

There are two types of the auburn-blond, as there are two types of the tall gold-blond previously described. The first has hair of a deep and smouldering auburn, with tropical eyes occasionally, but more frequently with deep orange eyes that have a reddish light in them, sometimes sullen and dangerous, but more generally shining and amber-like. Ancient Egyptian blondes were of this style, which may as well be termed the Cleopatra. The complexion is alabaster, suffused with pink, and dotted with an occasional freckle. And, ah! what a beauty there is in a series of delicate and well-distributed freckles! They are to some faces what dimples were to the ever-laughing Aphrodite, who, according to the fable, sprung in the full blossom of her loveliness from the sun-tinted foam of the *Ægean Sea*. I must confess that to my mind the fable is absurd, although it has answered for poets as a classical allusion from days immemorial. It was, I have heard, the sad-souled Sappho, the first nervous gold-blond that ever made her mark in literature, who invented the legend, and gave it everlasting currency in—

"Stray notes of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene."

She is not tall, but always of middle stature, with an inclination to *embonpoint*. Antique sculptors have left such faces as hers in Greco-Egyptian beauties, with their low foreheads, straight eyebrows, and Grecian noses a trifle longer than Greek. Here you have ripe, red lips in girlhood, that grow heavy and sensual with age; a woman given to voluptuous and passionate imaginings, but a little too vehement to be described as languishing.

The tresses of the second type are less lurid in their hue, and accompany blue eyes and a Parian skin, with a smouldering blush, sometimes, just beneath the surface. She is tall and slender, with a sculpturesque Greek face, and that wavy movement in walking that the ancients associated with divinity. Her hands are of long, slender, and graceful mould. Her palms are pink shells. Her nails and finger-tips are pink. There is only one definition that describes her, and that is the statuesque auburn-blond.

There is a lymphatic blond, with a complexion like opaque opal and masses of raw-silk hair, that occurs so frequently as to have some typical significance. She has a beautiful voice always, and her laughter is like the trickle of music. Her eyes are large, blue, long-cut, and have an expression of wonder in them. She is not very tall, nor is she supple and elastic, and the inclination to obesity that makes her soft and round at twenty renders her a shape-

less mass at forty-five. She descends from the German. Her nails are white, not pink, and her complexion is always pallid, with a certain milky opacity that might be styled opalesque if such a word existed.

Examples of the true Jewish blonde, a rare type, with blue eyes, masses of golden hair, and a rapt spirituality of expression, are seldom met with in America. Imagine Constantinople, with its mosques and minarets, and you are within the very paradise of Jewish blondes. They are almost celestially beautiful at twenty, but a fatal tendency to obesity gradually obliterates the spirituality of the maiden, and evolves a puffy, waddling, middle-aged woman.

There is an eye that Professor Shedd styles the tropical, which belongs especially to the American brunette, and distinguishes her from all others. But, as a rule, brunettes are not to be classified into types with the same facility as blondes—owing, perhaps, to the fact, first pointed out by Huxley, that they are mainly derived from the prehistoric dark races of Europe, or rather from their absorption into the several fair-haired Aryan stocks from which the modern European is descended. Hence, while the blonde falls

naturally into types such as the Teutonic, the Saxon, the Jute, the Scandinavian, and so on, the brunette, with occasional modifications, is of one prevailing type, although the same tendency to slenderness and spirituality that appears in American blondes is visible in American brunettes also.

There is one style of brunette, however, that is distinctively American. It is the creole woman, with her soft, cream-color complexion, her form of exotic suppleness and fullness, and her dark, slumberous, almond-shaped, gray eyes. Such sensuousness, such suggestion of passion-dreams! On earth there is no rarer brunette face. It is among such what the *Calla Ethiopica* is among leaves—a face for many men to run mad over, but not a face to be trusted as the angel of one's home. The octoroon brunette has a similar skin, often a shade swarthier, with blue eyes and Saxon hair sometimes, but sometimes with true orange eyes that are magnificent in their velvety lustre; eyes in which lustre is strangely interlinked with an expression of brooding and sorrow.

"There is no excellent beauty," says Sir Francis Bacon, "without some strangeness in the proportion."

ON THE BALTIC.

IN THE SEA AND ON THE SHORE.

HOW cold it is this morning in the Baltic!

I am told that the wind shifted last night, and brought cold currents of crisp waves from the shore of Russia. Nine degrees Réaumur! It takes courage to make the plunge, but now that I am once "in, in, up to my chin," like the old woman of the nursery-song in the buttermilk, it is glorious. I can easily believe this morning the well-authenticated accounts of the freezing of this almost inland sea. About once every century this has taken place, and people have actually journeyed on the ice from Germany to Denmark. There were such great freezes in 1545, 1676, and 1740. The nineteenth century has not had one yet; and I hope it will not until I leave Pomerania for a more southern land. Once only has the whole sea been a solid sheet of ice: that was four hundred years ago, in 1459. It is a curious circumstance that the German Ocean never freezes far north of these parts of the Baltic which have been solid ice-sheets. Even at the North Cape no ice forms. I believe this is accounted for by the fact that that beneficent visitor from America, the Gulf Stream, has freer access to the German Ocean than to her sister sea.

A curious peculiarity of the Baltic is that, although like the Mediterranean it has no tides, its waters have a habit of rising unexpectedly about three feet and sometimes more on one coast, and falling an equal depth on the other at the same time, as if some great hand had suddenly tilted the cup in which these waters are held. The winds, however, are the mighty magicians who do this con-

juring; for it has been noticed that the water rises thus on the Russian coast when a west wind blows, and on that of Denmark when there is an east wind.

How delightful this morning is the *Wellenschlag!* the "wave-strike"—there is no legitimate English name for it. The waves are very short and broken, and follow one another heels-over-head, like a party of school-boys playing at leap-frog. They say this peculiarity of this sea is owing to the many islands thickly sown in it, which break the long, massive swell of the water into these short wavelets. Few seas are so rich in islands; the Gulf of Bothnia, which I must visit before I bid farewell to the Baltic, is said to be, on a bird's-eye view, the most wonderful and beautiful mingling of white billows and green fields in the world.

I feel venturesome this morning; the sea is in such a frolicsome humor that he inspires me with the same. I will venture beyond the last post which holds the friendly rope for timid bathers. This is against the rules, I believe; but the sea is so shallow here that there is really no danger. The Baltic is not deep anywhere; generally it is between fifty and one hundred feet, and nowhere more than two hundred; still, even those depths would be a little more than I desire to try this morning, as I do not happen to be clothed with the magical suit of my countryman Captain Boyton. But here, as on most parts of the coast, one can go two hundred steps at least without any fear. Even as I am thinking this to myself, and pushing on farther against the plunging, tumbling waves, I remember having read in an

old last year's local paper, which happened to lie in my room, under the head of "Distressing Accident," an account of an old sailor and several girls, who were out boating on the water here, suddenly being over-set and drowned, close to the shore, in sight and sound of many who tried in vain to save them. It was thought that a whirling undercurrent, what the boys call a "suck-hole" in our American rivers, must have caused the accident, especially as one of the same kind had formerly happened very near this place. I do not care to have my name figure under the same title-head in the *Colberger News*, or the *Bade-Zeitung*, the *Bath-paper*, and turn to retrace my steps; as I do so, an impertinent billow taunts me with my sudden change from audacity to prudence, by giving me a good splashing salutation in the face: eyes, ears, and mouth, are full of water; fortunately for the last, the waters of the Baltic are very slightly salt, for more than two hundred and fifty rivers are constantly striving to keep them fresh by bringing new supplies, and their success is not inconsiderable. As I think further of the strange accident of the last season, I wonder whether the sand at the bottom of the Baltic ever assumes the fearful qualities which the sand on its shore sometimes does. For, just on the edge of the beach, where the wet sand forms a fine smooth road for foot-passengers, horsemen, and vehicles, the dreaded quicksand sometimes suddenly discovers its presence by swallowing up the unfortunates who happen to be passing over it. It does no good to set up warning inscriptions over the places where these misfortunes occur; for, in an hour or two after such an accident, the spot where it happened is as hard and firm as any other part of the shore, and probably the quicksand may the next time make its appearance in quite a distant place. Some years ago a merchant from Dantzic was going to Redlan in a one-horse carriage, accompanied by two friends; other persons in vehicles were coming on behind him. Suddenly, before the eyes of the horrified travelers who followed, the foremost horse, carriage, and occupants, sank as if by a miracle into the sand, which had become in one moment fluid; all efforts to help were in vain. In a short time the soil was again firm; and before night many a vehicle had safely passed over the grave of the perished unfortunates. However, I am thankful to say that there is no tradition of any such accidents in the immediate neighborhood of Colberg. If there were, the sandy strand would hardly continue to be such a favorite resort. No student of Nature has yet discovered a quite satisfactory explanation of this strange phenomenon, which seems to repeat before the eyes of the modern world the Old Testament miracles in which the "earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up quick"—that is, *alive*, in the old English sense of the word.

But how cold—how very cold it is! I have to keep up the liveliest gymnastics even during my most abstract meditation not to get quite numb. Once upon a time, the wise folks say, it was still colder in this sea; for, instead of being belted, as it now is, on all sides by inclosing coasts, it was

joined to the North Polar Ocean. The remains of this former channel of connection are still to be seen in the series of lakes Ladoga, Onega, and multitudes of others, which make almost a continuous chain of water between St. Petersburg and the White Sea. In those distant days that corner of Russia, together with Sweden and Norway, formed a great island—"the wondrous island of Thule," of which poets told so many wild tales; at least, there is one theory that places this unknown land here instead of in Iceland.

I should like to pass a winter on the coasts of the Baltic, and even still farther north than I am now. I have been reading lately descriptions of winter life there that it would cool one to peruse even on the brink of a crater.

But the hands of the clock in front of the *Badehaus* show that my eight minutes are over, and the old *Badefrau* is beckoning warningly to me; so I must run through the billows to her for a mantle and slippers, and hasten to my *Zelle*, as the little rooms which are not, however, the least in the world like *cells*, are called.

Now that I am again dry and reclothed, I hasten down the long veranda that runs in front of the rows of *Badesellen*, and pass through the centre of the building to the back. There, after indulging in the usual luxury of a cake for a groschen from the unfailing cake-woman, we pass over the wooden bridge that connects the stilted bath-house with the dune. Now we must manage in some way to get warm before returning home, for the *Badeкарт* has said it; but, instead of taking a walk through the park to effect this end, I will do it to-day in a more luxurious way, by seating myself in the warm sand at the foot of the dune, on the landward side, where I am sheltered from the strong sea-breeze. What curious things dunes are! Have we any on the coast of America anywhere? I am not geographer enough to answer the question; I only know there was no sign of them on the American coasts which I have visited. I should like to climb this dune and collect some of the plants that are growing on its sides and summit, in the pure white sand, but a warning inscription painted on a board tells me that "the treading on the dunes is forbidden, under fine," so I remain where I am, and satisfy myself with looking and thinking. How did the dune come there? So much I have learned: the waves on a stormy coast do not come empty-handed to the land. Not only shells and weeds are borne along by them, but a heavier burden of fine sand. They take away with them, of course, much which they bring, but not all, for the retiring wave has much less force than that which comes plunging and bounding impetuously onward; so each time something remains. Then comes the wind, that bold playmate of the ocean, takes up his comrade's playthings, carries them still farther from him, and leaves them lying, when he is tired of them, far up the shore. When a beginning has once been made, in this as in other things, the further progress is easy; the ridge of sand catches and holds fast on its projections and indentations the

new accessions. As Heaven has hidden germs of life even in the sand-beds, vegetation soon appears; a sort of grass, the sand-oat, which seems to delight in such soil, shows its green blades almost immediately. New floods of sand bury these from view, but they are hardy little fellows, and soon struggle up again to the light. Firs and pines also do not disdain this soil, and even the graceful birch will at last wave her slender stem and light tresses above it. The inhabitants of the shore know of how much worth such a natural wall will be to them to guard them against the attacks of the sea in its wild winter storms; and, when they see the beginning of such a sand-rampart, often hasten to help on its progress. Willows, alders, or birches, are intertwined to a sort of lattice-fence on the top of the ridge, and these, also, help to catch and hold the coming sands. They also shelter the fertile land behind the dune from being flooded with the sterile sand-flood. The sand-ridge becomes constantly firmer through the rapid-spreading growth of the sand-oat and sand-barley; these grasses have the power to take root at every joint, and the parts which grow old and decay give gradually fertility to the sand. It is after this that the forest-trees—firs, pines, and birches—begin to spring up of themselves, or to be planted by the careful coast-dwellers. This does not take place, of course, until the dune has reached such a height that it is above the reach of the waves. The dunes are generally from twenty to fifty feet high; I think the one at whose foot I am reclining is about the latter height; it has been much injured and worn away of late years, and great precautions are now taken to prevent its disappearing entirely, which would be a great injury to this bathing-place. The dunes are often as broad as one thousand feet and more. When the waves have thus built up a rampart against their own might, since its sloping ridge extends into their domain, they can no longer advance so far as before, and so they begin to leave the new treasures they bring with them at a new point. Here another dune is often formed, parallel with the first, and not very far from it. This, in its turn, drives still farther back the power that has created it, and a third and fourth sand-rampart arise, while the sea is ever pressed farther and farther back, and its waters become shallower and shallower. At Swinemunde, not far westward from this point, so many of these parallel rows of dunes have thus been formed by the sea that its waters have been pushed back for about three miles. It is a strange contest, like that of a monarch against the great princes whom he has himself created, and who use the very power he has given them to make encroachments against him. Nature has here done just exactly what man has done in Holland and on some parts of the Baltic coast. Where the rivers had brought rich soil with them, and formed large areas of fruitful alluvial land at their mouths, the intelligent inhabitants, chiefly those of Holland, have exactly imitated these natural dikes by their artificial ones, having driven back the sea, step by step, by parallel rows of artificial dunes. These are often joined together by side-dikes running at right angles

with them. The spaces between these dikes are generally regular squares containing each from about three hundred and fifty to six or seven hundred acres. They are called *Polder* or *Groben*.

But the artificial dikes do not excite my wonder very much; it was, no doubt, very praiseworthy in the Dutch and the North Germans to build them and keep them up, as we were told when we studied geography; but it was a natural enough thought on the shores of a sea where Nature had often done the same before their eyes.

The highest and widest dunes in the world are those on the coast of the province of Prussia, that province from which this whole kingdom takes its name. On the map of Prussia one sees near Königsberg, at the mouth of the Vistula, a large harbor separated from the sea only by a long and very narrow peninsula that runs in a curve between the fresh water and the ocean, looking on the map as if it were a mole artificially constructed. This whole strip of land is a dune, and, as the harbor is called the "Frische Hafen," or "Fresh-water Harbor," this is called the "Frische Düne." It is two hundred feet high, and so steep and abrupt in some places that one wonders how the light, rolling sand can remain stationary in such shapes at such exposed heights.

Farther along the coast, near Memel, one finds again exactly such an appearance; this harbor is called the "Kurische Hafen," from its proximity to the Russian province of Courland. Here, however, the interference of man has spoiled the beneficent operations of Nature. The long ledge of sand was once, like many other dunes, covered with trees, and served then as the best possible natural protection to the large harbor behind it. That economical monarch, Frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great, was once in need of money; and one of his advisers, a certain Herr von Korff, offered to find it for him without additional taxes. The king gave him permission to carry out his plans, and Von Korff began cutting and slaying among the Prussian forests, and selling the timber. Among others, the woods of this long dune were sacrificed. The operation brought the king two hundred thousand thalers, but the government would give millions now to have the forests back again. The sand, being no longer kept moist and fine by the forest-growth, became loose and mobile, and has driven most of those who had fixed their dwellings on the dune to seek other homes. On this ridge, more than sixty miles in length, and formerly thickly populated, there are now only three villages; and the mail-coach which makes its journey from Königsberg to Memel, along its shore, must have very long distances between its various stations. This is not the worst, however: the rolling sand, driven hither and thither by every wind, has been blown back into the harbor in such masses that the latter is gradually filling, and the rushes and grasses, extending ever farther into the shallow water, threaten to form vast swamps not only useless but injurious. The fishing interests also have been injured. Every possible effort has been made by the government, by planting willows, sand-

oats, and other things, to hinder this process of destruction, but without much effect. It seems as if Nature is always resolved to finish her work, whether it be one of creation or destruction.

But the nurses in flowing white head-tire are beginning to pick up their charges from the warm

sand where they had deposited them while they gossiped together, and are departing homeward, so I judge it must be time for *Mittagessen* and I will also leave my couch of sands and go home to see what the Frau Pastorin has provided for our dinner to-day.

"THE WOODMANSEE PASTUR'."

ONLY a lonely bit of New England hillside, sloping gently, with many a pause, eastward.

Not a Woodmansee remains in the region for miles round about, nor was the name ever borne here save by two women, the last of whom was dust fifty years ago, but on this hillside these women dwelt, and "The Woodmansee Pastur'" it is still to the youngest child who strays in it, though no earthly traces remain of the only human inhabitants the spot ever had except an old cellar half filled with the tumbled stones of the house's one great chimney, and up-grown with brambles, sumachs, and tall tufts of catnip, a smooth-worn door-stone deeply imbedded in the turf, a mossy clump of privet, two or three sagging, hollow, half-dead apple and pear trees, and, not more than a child's stone's-cast beyond their shade, three hillocks which so many generations of sheep have scrambled over they are now scarcely recognizable as graves.

A fine, dark old chestnut-forest crowns the hill-top, and warmly shuts the pasture in upon the north and west. The hill-foot is springy, and through a little reach of tussocky bog, where cranberries grow, the springs trickle to feed a brook, one as lovely as which, as it loiters and dashes, gurgles in subterranean ways, tinkles over stony shallows, deepens into black, still, cowslip-set pools in the vine-hung depths of the maple and hemlock wood that bounds the pasture on the east, every child worth the rearing ought to have for a playfellow.

South, orchards, fields, and other woods and pastures, must be crossed before one reaches the old State road, beside which stood and stands the great, gambrel-roofed, pre-Revolutionary farm-house where my own earliest years were spent—a solitary, orphaned city child, drawn eagerly into the warm shelter of grand-parental wings.

An especial haunt of my childhood, uncompanied by other children, was this Woodmansee Pasture. Within its twenty-acre limits grew all aromatic herbs, the whole summer list of berries, wild-grapes, white and purple, barberries, chestnuts, hazel and hickory nuts, and the pretty bunches of key-fruit of the ash, like fairy table-knives. On the bed of an old charcoal-pit was a rank growth of giant poke, splendid with carmine stems and crowded racemes of shining blackberries. Patches of sweet-fern and fragrant bayberries crowded about the twisted junipers; wild-indigo repeated, beneath the clumps of white birches, their lightness and grace; in the fence-angles, and smothering the tumbled walls, was a profusion of the wild beauties we neglect—sumachs, azalias, black

and white alders, button and elder bushes, pink and white spiræas, bittersweet, and wild-clematis.

Mulleins and checker-berries attest the poverty of the soil. I suppose no farmer would give ten dollars the acre for this inclosure, but then what farmer could rightly appraise this sweetest air, this profitless color and verdure; these neighbors and tenants at will—woodchucks, rabbits, chattering squirrels, crows, and partridges; this solitude that is not savage because it bears traces of human occupation and subjugation, nor desolate, since beside the forest folk there are always here two or three anxious mother-turkeys come nutting or grasshopper-ing with their numerous broods, and sheep are lying about in groups, nibbling here and there, or coming, at first timidly, then importunately, to discover if, perhaps, a suspicion of salt may not attach to the biped invader; or this pungent everlasting that one crushes at every step, and of whose odor, was it Thoreau who said it had the flavor of immortality?

Of course, I early knew why my beloved resort was called "The Woodmansee Pastur'"—Woodmansees had lived there.

"Who were they, grandmother?" I asked.

"The Widow Woodmansee and her daughter Patia—or Patty, as she was always called."

"But there's a little grave there, too, grandmother. Whose was that?"

"Poor Patty! I always liked her," replied my grandmother, somewhat vaguely. "No one could help it, she was so pretty and so sweet-way-ed. It's a sad story; don't talk about it, child," and it was years later when she finally told me the tale. "I never knew rightly where the Woodmansees came from," said grandmother, "for they were living in their little house in the old pastur' when I can first remember, but I know they were not born hereabouts. They were some way akin to old Governor Dixon—he owned what's the Thurber place now—but the relationship was never much talked about. When Mrs. Woodmansee first came into this neighborhood with Patty, then a weakly slip of a girl, nobody thought she'd ever raise. They lived a year or two at the governor's house, and might have staid there always, one would have thought, for there was plenty of room in the house, and money enough in the Dixon purse, but, after they'd been there a year or two, Mrs. Dixon seemed to get kind of uneasy, and made the place so cold and unwelcome to them that Mrs. Woodmansee, a high-strung creature, declared she must leave, and the governor, kind to everything when he'd a chance to be, but not much

force, poor man! deeded her the old pastur', built her a little house there, a cow-stable, and gave her one of his best cows.

"So there they went to live, woods all round them, this house their nearest neighbor. But they never seemed to mind the loneliness a bit, mother said, and she reckoned that to have a little place of their own was such happiness after Mrs. Dixon's cross looks and their dependence, that their privations were easy enough to bear. For, of course, they were very poor. For years they never had a dust of wheat-flour in the house, not much sugar, nor any coffee and tea, unless these were given them. But the tea and coffee didn't matter much, then; ~~we~~ never had tea more than once a day, and people made coffee of barley, hickory-nuts, and burnt bread-crusts. Mother said Patty came once to borrow a needle because Mrs. Woodmansee had lost theirs the day before!

"But their cow was a great help, they had a garden, kept a little poultry, and they were so shut in by themselves, and everything so friendly and peaceable, that the cow and hens, even the birds and squirrels, seemed like part of the family, and they took a world o' comfort. At any rate, it seemed the very life for Patty. Mrs. Woodmansee was a great cook, and used to be sent for to cook at weddings and funerals for miles around, and she went, besides, out spinning and weaving by the day, so that a good part of the home-work fell on Patty; and the stirring about, their simple, healthy fare, and she being out-doors so much, soon brought her out of her delicate, languid way, gave her a quick foot, a bright pink in her cheeks, and made her as plump as a pigeon. She had the darkest blue eyes I ever saw, and a great mop of long curls, but their color spoiled them for me—they were red—a dark-red, and somehow her forehead and neck used to look more like pearl against her hair than any complexion I ever saw, but I never could abide red hair.

"When Patty was a little past seventeen, she declared she would learn the tailorin' trade. Mrs. Woodmansee was dreadfully opposed to it. She wanted Patty at home, and I suppose she thought so pretty a girl was sure to marry well and early, and until then they could get on as they had done.

"But Patty was like most other girls—clothes counted for as much as food and house-room, and she wanted something to prink with like the rest.

"Then everybody, girls and all, had a riding-horse in those days, and Patty had set her heart on earning a horse and saddle for herself, so there was nothing for her mother to do but yield, and Patty set off to Hanford to learn her trade as gayly as if she had come into a fortune. She was gone two years, and by-and-by—for Hanford was a very gay place, with an academy, a bank, a great tavern; they had trainings, 'lection was held, and the court sat there)—a good deal begun to be said about a pretty tailoress there—the 'Hope country beauty,' as they called her. Of course, it was Patty, and the other Hope country girls weren't always so well pleased when there came news of her being the belle at some election-ball,

dancing with General So-and-so and 'Squire That, or standing up with some nabob or other at a wedding where the bridesmaid was vowed to be a hundred times prettier than the bride; to think that all this ado was made over little Patty Woodmansee, who lived in the poorest of small brown houses when at home, breakfasted and supped, when there, on porridge, and ate rye-crust for her pastry!

"But Mrs. Woodmansee was wonderfully set up with it all, and no great marvel, either. She talked of the attentions her daughter received, the offers she refused, the grand marriage she was sure to make, the different way they should live in the future; but of one report she never spoke—the one that linked Patty's name oftener with Phil Dixon's, the governor's oldest son, teaching winters in Hanford Academy, and studying the rest of the year at Brown University, than with that of any other of her numerous admirers.

"But, poor woman! everybody knew she kept still about this because Mrs. Dixon was so furious when any of these stories reached her ears. The governor took things more easily.

"'Sho! sho!' he would say, when somebody brought a very direct account of Phil's having waited on Patty on some very public occasion or other, 'no great need to make much o' that, as I see, gitting the wimmen-folks by the ears, and the old boy to pay gin'rally. Phil knows a pretty face when he sees it, as his father did afore him, but the boy's no fool; and he knows, too, that if he's goin' to make the law his trade when he gits through college, he's got some stiff work ahead for some years, and I'll have to let the courtin' wait.'

"There was no open outbreak between the families, and after a while Patty came back to begin work in the home-neighborhood. There was plenty for her to do, for people had what you may call families then—in every house five or six great boys whose jackets and trousers were forever crawling up their arms and legs—and she was soon busy, a week here, a fortnight there, a month or six weeks yonder, wrinkling her pretty forehead over a scant pattern, stitching, pressing, making 'auld claithes leuk amaisht as weel's the new,' proving beyond question that one needn't be fifty years old, with a tongue like verjuice, and a clothes-frame of a figure, to know and do one's business perfectly, though it would never have done to have said that before old Miss Dorcas Tripp, who'd been tailorin' here for thirty years, and who naturally thought Patty's good looks accounted for her great popularity. Dorcas was particularly spiteful about the great number of young men who required Patty's services, and it was true that most of the young farmers who'd always gone to Hope, or Milton, or even to Hanford, for their clothes, suddenly needed to be fitted out with complete suits by Patty. And somewhere about this time she (Patty) came here to make clothes for father. I've heard mother tell of it a great many times. When, in measuring him for the suit, she was ready to take the size around the waist, she quietly pinned one end of her tape to his vest, and be-

gan to walk around him, but father caught hold of the tape and stopped her.

"Now, Patty, thee knows better than that! Who ever heard of taking a measure that way?"

"Patty blushed, but was ready for him, too.

"You see, if people *will* be so large, Mr. Rawson—"

"Large! Me, at one hundred and ninety-five pounds? Well, how if I was fifteen years younger, Patty, and a hay-pole like Tom Salisbury?"

"Oh! I measure all alike, sir. It's a little new fashion I brought from Hanford;" and father chuckled all day over the disappointment Patty's 'little new fashion' must be to some of her younger patrons.

"Toward the end of her first year of work at home, it came time for commencement at Brown, and commencement was then our greatest holiday. People went, whether they had sons or brothers in college or not, from all over the State, and for two or three days the roads would be full of carriages and farm-wagons going or coming.

"This year Phil Dixon was to deliver the valedictory, and mother had a brother in the senior class, so there was quite a turnout from Hope to see the young men launched.

"Patty wanted to go, but the Dixons, who, of course, were going, never offered to take her. So mother asked her to ride in with father and herself. The child was delighted, and mother said a prettier creature than she looked that day she never saw.

"Her curls were caught up over a comb, little short ones ringing up round her forehead in spite of smoothing; her life in-doors had made her complexion pure as a baby's. She wore a gown of chintz—'patch' they called it there—a white ground sprinkled with pale-blue flowers, a wide, blue belt, with a monstrous silver buckle, an embroidered mull cape, tied with blue ribbons, over her bare neck, and the round arms were only partly covered by long, white-lace mittens.

"There was a deal of whispering, little calls of 'There! there!' and turning of heads to gaze at her; but Patty seemed as unconscious of the admiration as if she were in the yard among her chickens at home, and when mother at last discovered her getting red as any rose, it was only because Mr. Phil Dixon was jamming recklessly through the crowd to get at them.

"The young man was nearly wild with happiness.

"Almost a year!" he said to Patty, and then he nearly wrung mother's hand off, declaring he should never forget her goodness in coming to see him turned off.

"My goodness in bringing some one else to see it, I think thee means, Philip," said mother, in her straightforward way, "and—"

"Both, Mrs. Rawson, both!" the young fellow answered, laughing, and finishing with a last reckless wring of her hand.

"When he came forward upon the stage to deliver his address, mother thought Patty would faint, she grew so white; but, as she heard him speaking, quite

cool and composed, she got over her fright, and found both smiles and tears before he ended.

"Does thee think Philip is quite so sorry to part from them all as he makes out, Patty?" mother whispered.

"O Mrs. Rawson! how *can* you, when he spoke so beautiful?" Patty answered, in a little tremble of indignation.

"It was a white-stone day for the child altogether, for she met numbers of her grand Hanford friends, all eager to show her every attention, and it was Miss Woodmansee this, or Miss Patty that, constantly; then, best of all, there was Philip at her side every moment he could get; it would have been quite perfect had not Mrs. Dixon, in the two or three times they encountered her, looked, black as midnight, and turned her head carefully away, that she might not be obliged to recognize father and mother.

"I hope you will let me ride home with your party, Mrs. Rawson?" Mr. Philip said to mother.

"We should like thee company, Philip," mother answered, "but don't thee think it would be better not to forsake thee own people?"

"Oh, father and mother stay with Sister Ruth a few days, but they brought in my horse, and I want to get home at once. I've only a fortnight's play-spell before coming back to the city to begin work."

"Thee's going to learn, then, to be a master-squabbler, Philip?" father asked.

"Yes, sir; I'm to read law with Latham and Burgess. There are worse names, sir."

"I suppose that fourteen miles' upward climb of the hills to Hope, in wood-shadow and clear, moonlight spaces, was a bit right out of paradise to the young people. The older pair were too busy talking over the day's events and meetings to bestow a troublesomely close attention upon their companions, and Philip found it the very time to tell Philip he loved her; she knew he had done so for years; and if he might not have the hope of her being, some day, his wife, the world might, so far as Philip Dixon had any likely concern about it, end at once, and so on, and so on.

"Patty tried to be prudent—spoke of their youth, her own and her mother's poverty, the anger with which it was evident Mrs. Dixon beheld Philip at her (Patty's) side, but—

"One more such cold word, Patty," cried Philip, "and I shall believe you do not love me, or have not patience to wait for me. You would rather listen, perhaps, to one of your Hanford adorners—General Nutting, or 'Squire Hovey; they could marry you directly!' at which artful and hideous speech simple Patty broke utterly down, of course, and I dare say that one of the horses, seizing presently a tempting chance of a friendly nip at his fellow-beast's neck, ended a soft scene in a little fracas of snorting, plunging, and a few moments' wild careering along the dewy road.

"From Philip's constant following after Patty during the time he remained at home, people began to guess that he was to be the conquering suitor, but

no one knew positively, for it was not the fashion then to proclaim the very hour and spot where the young man said, 'Will you?' and the young woman answered, 'Perhaps,' before question and answer were fairly cold.

"Not even Mrs. Woodmansee knew, and she of late had zealously favored the cause of the 'Squire Hovey of whom Philip spoke—'Squire Hovey having persisted, spite of Patty's gentle coldness, in constantly coming to Hope, on one pretext or another, to see her.

"Other eager admirers followed Patty to the little, unpainted house—an unheard-of number for this simple neighborhood and those simple days—but then no such beauty as Patty's was anywhere to be met with, and her trade took her here and there, into houses in all the towns about. All these admirers were persuaded, one after another, to go and return no more; only 'Squire Hovey remained, and he, encouraged by Mrs. Woodmansee's evident good-will, came oftener than ever to Hope, and he was known to have declared that if ever he had a wife she would be none other than Patty Woodmansee.

"Toward the end of the second year, after Patty's ride home from commencement with Philip Dixon, there was a talk of a new lover who found more favor with her than all others had done—a rich young farmer from the next county. He was seen with her at various merry-makings. She visited his sisters; he was often at her own home. At last the busybodies were quite clear that 'John Wilder had fairly cut Phil Dixon out.' 'John's got the money in hand, you know.' 'Wonder of John'll build, or take Patty home to the old folks's?' 'Xpect Miss Woodmansee'll break up and go to live with her darter.' In the midst of these buzzings, John, too, departed on his solitary way. And then, indeed, Mrs. Woodmansee's wrath broke forth: Was Patty crazy? What did she expect? What, pray, was the fault to be found with John Wilder? She had thought age was the objection Patty had to 'Squire Hovey, but John was young, 'fore-handed, no one had ever had a word to say against him. Would Patty tell her for what reason he was dismissed?

"Didn't like him well enough to marry him? Poor people couldn't give way to such silliness! They had to think about bettering themselves. Hadn't she known well enough what it was to be poor? And who was to take care of her old mother if things went on in this way? Did she think John Wilders grew on every bush, or that 'Squire Hovey would wait forever at her beck and call? And there was 'Squire Hovey, a little old, perhaps, but that was a true saying about an old man's darling, and think what he could do for her! Why, everybody said his place was the grandest in all Hanford, and his wife would never need to do a hand's turn. Did Patty mean to slave away at tailorin' till she was nothing but skin and bone, like old Dorcas Tripp? And so through the arguments and cajolings in aid of Auld Robin Gray.

"Squire Hovey came more frequently than ever to the house, and between him and her mother Patty

must have led a hard life. It seemed at last more than she could bear, for she ceased going out to sew, and could undertake but a small portion of the work carried to her at home. People began to recall her early delicacy—to fear that Patty was going into a decline, and kindly neighbors went often to see her, to carry this or that dainty, or to suggest some new strengthening remedy to the troubled mother.

"Suddenly a terrible whisper was breathed as to the real cause of Patty's languor—a whisper that, scarcely heard to be indignantly rejected, was forgotten in the shock of awful news of Mr. Philip Dixon—that he was lying, barely alive, and wholly unconscious, at his father's house, having been thrown from his horse while on his way home, near a rocky watering-place some miles away. Swiftly upon this came report of a frightful scene at Philip's bedside. Patty Woodmansee had appeared there in an agony of grief, calling upon him as her husband—shrieking that she had murdered him, that it was to her he was coming—she had sent for him. Why, why had she not waited? What would anything have mattered if only Philip were not lying there? Oh, God never would let her kill him—she who loved him so! Such a cruel thing could not be!

"Then Patty had flung herself on her knees beside the bed, clasped her arms around Philip's hand, and, burying her face upon it, was still, save for a moan now and then like some wounded animal, the old governor and the watchers present looking at her in silence, too dazed to know what to do, when Mrs. Dixon appeared—behind her, Mrs. Woodmansee. Philip's mother walked straight to the kneeling girl, grasping her shoulder with no light hand.

"What scandal is this, Patty Woodmansee?" she said. 'Will you get up and leave this room directly. You have no business here.'

"Patty raised her head. 'Oh, I know I've killed him, but I cannot go away! He would not wish it; he loved me. I am Philip's wife! You cannot ask me to leave him!'

"At these words of Patty's they said Mrs. Dixon's look of passionate hate was dreadful to see in that room where her first-born child lay mangled and dying.

"His wife, shameless!' she burst forth; 'and John Wilder's, Barton Hovey's, and a dozen others' as well! Never dare to utter that lie again! Who are you, to talk like an honest woman of being any decent man's wife? Who will believe a Dixon would stoop to you for your foolish face? I'd see my boy dead, sooner!—Mary Woodmansee, this is what you've always schemed for, but you've failed! Now take your light-o'-love daughter out of this room, and do neither of you darken a doorway here again while I'm aboveground!'

"Patty had not heard all the bitter words. She had sunk upon the floor unconscious as Philip himself. Her mother and Philip's father raised her, carried her out, a wagon was brought into which they put her, and Governor Dixon himself drove them home, and carried Patty up-stairs to her bed. There she lay many days before her reason and memory

wholly returned—never wildly delirious, but like one stunned. When she came back to the misery of life Philip had forever departed from it, the breath lingering in the shattered body only two days; and there was never glance or sign of consciousness.

"Those who made him ready for the grave spoke, with low voices, of a locket they found on Philip's breast—in the locket a curl of dark-red hair. They asked his father what should be done with it.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" he said; "let it go with him. Leave it where he put it. Poor boy and girl!"

"When Patty gained strength enough to sit again in her accustomed place by the window, to busy herself with her needle, a great listlessness had settled upon her. She was silent hours together when alone with her mother.

"When friends came she seemed neither to notice nor avoid them.

"She asked no question concerning Philip, and to rouse her, if possible, from her apathy, her mother told her he was dead.

"Yes," she answered, "I knew I had killed him."

"When Mrs. Woodmansee went on to speak of the locket, Patty shivered a little, then said:

"It was my hair. He cut it himself. He didn't know then I was to be the means of his death. Philip never would have believed I could be that!" But she asked no question—displayed no further emotion.

"Terrible stories were flying through the country, having for their foundation the scene beside Philip's dying-bed, the wicked things Mrs. Dixon never ceased saying, and Patty's manifest condition. There were not many who believed them, but enough to spread them, and to give great pain to those who had loved the gentle, modest, pretty creature, as she had been in their homes.

"One day 'Squire Hovey appeared at the little house, looking pale and worn. It happened that Patty had wandered out in the pasture, and he found Mrs. Woodmansee alone. He told her his errand at once. He could no longer endure these flying rumors: he should never believe them; but lying tongues must be stopped—had Patty told her mother when and where she was married?

"Mrs. Woodmansee answered that she had asked her daughter so soon as she dared; that Patty had said it was during the time of the talk of John Wilder's attentions to her. She was away, sewing, in another town. Philip had unexpectedly come to her there, half beside himself with jealous anger at reports that had reached him. Patty explained that she had never dreamed of marrying John Wilder; that she had again and again told 'Squire Hovey it was useless for him to persist in coming to their house; but Philip could not be convinced that she would be firm enough to hold to her secret engagement to him against all that beset her. Would Patty marry him at once? They could go on Saturday to V—— (naming a town just over the State line), he married, he would bring her back on Monday—no one would know that he had not carried her home, and at home they would know nothing about it.

Patty refused. Then Philip had become quite violent: had declared he would go to his father and tell him he need no longer support him while he read law; he should give up law, and go to teaching again in the Hanford Academy or elsewhere. Then he should be free to marry Patty at once, and publicly, and if she really loved him she wouldn't be afraid to marry a poor man. Patty implored him to have patience, and do nothing so ruinous to his prospects. Was their life less hard for her than for him?

"But Philip would hear no reason, and Patty gave way. They went to V——, were married; then went to N——, where they remained for more than a week. Philip then was anxious to end the secrecy, take her home as his wife, and bear what came of the announcement; but Patty would not consent. She had yielded before, now he must do so; so Philip reluctantly carried her back, and Patty excused the prolonged absence as well as she could. She had heard from him, but had not seen him since till coming home herself. Ill and frightened, she had sent for him, and, on his hurried way to her, he had met his death.

"Has Patty her marriage certificate?" 'Squire Hovey asked.

"No; she had begged Philip to keep it, since she had no place where to hide it securely. If it had been found, it was in the Dixons' possession, but Patty showed not the least anxiety about it. Philip was dead, and she had killed him—nothing mattered now.

"She will care by-and-by," said 'Squire Hovey; and he rose and went away without seeing Patty.

"He rode direct to V—— to find the minister who had performed the ceremony, and found that he had gone, with his whole family, 'up-country,' as they called the West then, but whether to New York or Ohio the neighbors couldn't tell. Then he came back, got father to go with him, and called at Governor Dixon's, to urge him, as a just man, in the interest of Patty's good name, to say whether or not a marriage certificate had been found among his son's papers. But the old man, though confused and troubled, would own nothing. The women-folks had seen to Philip's things; he hadn't meddled. Like enough the young people *had* been foolish enough to get married on the sly; he hoped, for Patty's sake, they had. *He* should have found no fault, for a nicer, prettier wife than Patty Woodmansee, if she *was* poor, no man need want; but he'd no papers to show for't, and nothing more to say; and, indeed, no more could be got from him, and there was nothing for 'Squire Hovey to do but to go sadly home to Hanford again.

"It was not many weeks before Patty's child was born—a little fellow, white as a snow-drop, but with Philip's dark hair and great black eyes. Mother said father went over to carry the boy a cradle, and came back to sit down in his chair and cry like a child. He said that desolate young thing with the fatherless baby in her arms was a sight to melt a heart of stone. Father was very soft-hearted, and he'd always thought a deal of little Patty.

"None of the Dixons went near her. The gov-

ernor had lately had a second shock of paralysis, and got about but little ; but he soon after rode up here one day, and sent for mother to come out to him—it was so difficult for him to get off and on his horse. He had brought a package which he wanted mother to take to Patty. He said he should like to see her baby, but it was best he should not go there ; and then he asked about the child, and seemed pleased to hear that it looked like Philip.

"The package contained a silver cup that had been Philip's in his babyhood, and was marked with his name, and the cup was filled with silver dollars.

"To have Philip's cup was a great delight to Patty : she showed more feeling about it than she had done for anything but her baby's coming since Philip's death.

"The baby grew—it could hardly be said to thrive—but was a perfect-limbed, dainty thing, with a wistful look in its pale face that touched every one who saw it. The poor mother worshiped it ; but its grandmother seemed as if she could scarcely endure to see it.

"I can myself remember little Phil—for Patty called him after his father. He lived to be six or seven years old, but was always frail, never running noisily about like other little lads. When I saw him he was always on his mother's lap ; or, if she were sewing, curled up on the floor, with a white kitten he had, always close against her skirts, and out of his grandmother's way. Mrs. Woodmansee said tears enough had been shed over him to drown him ; but kisses didn't fail him, poor baby, if smiles and sunshine did !

"When he was a year or two old 'Squire Hovey came again to Patty, to see if time had done anything for him with her ; but his coming was useless, though Mrs. Woodmansee, almost upon her knees, implored her daughter to marry him.

"So the 'squire rode away from the little house for the last time, and we never heard more of him than that he had sold his property and gone away from Hanford. Mother always said that Barton Hovey had the right grain of manliness in him, and that if Patty *could* have pleased her mother—but when did love come at call, or go, ever, where it was reasonable and right ?

"This last disappointment Mrs. Woodmansee never recovered from or forgave. After that she grew hard and bitter with Patty, and her dislike to her grandchild became almost hatred. Often Patty had to interfere to save him from harsh blows, and the child held her in such fear that he would scarcely stir without his mother's hand to hold by. So when at last he sickened of some childish ailment, and it became certain that his little strength was too exhausted for him ever to rally, desperately as Patty clung to this child of her sorrow—all she had left of Philip, and her youth, and their brief-snatched bit of happy love—yet when all was over, and the precious body laid away in the grave she could see from her window as she worked, she owned to mother that it was best so for her little lad, and she would not call him back if she might.

"Some time during the year before little Philip's death his grandfather had died, leaving a will about as wise and generous in its provisions as the wills of farmers of that day commonly were. To Mrs. Woodmansee was left an annuity of fifty dollars ; to Patty, nothing, nor anything toward the maintenance of Philip's child, but at his majority he was to come into possession of one of Governor Dixon's best farms.

"So the only income the two women possessed beyond what Patty earned with her needle was this pitiful fifty dollars.

"For some years they got on tolerably, but Mrs. Woodmansee grew very infirm, requiring so much care that her daughter could sew but little.

"Then the house fell into disrepair, and, as there was no money to expend upon it, it went from bad to worse, till at last one could hardly find shelter from draught or leak. Patty injured herself very much in the constant lifting of her mother, and suffered terribly from rheumatism brought on by dampness and exposure.

"She could not have been over fifty when her mother died, but she was bent over then like a person of extreme age, and the joints of her hands were so twisted and swollen that she could no longer do other than the coarsest work.

"But work she would ; it was very difficult to assist her in any way. Of course, her mother's annuity died with her, and Patty had long ago ceased to keep a cow, her fingers being so lame she could not milk one ; only her chickens remained. Every week or so she would hobble over to us with a few eggs, or a birch-bark basket filled with whatever berries were in season, or pears or apples from her trees. Of course, we did not need such things, farmers ourselves, but we always took everything she brought. Then the neighbors gave her all the coarse sewing they had, and one or another of us would often go to take tea with her, and so smuggle a great basket of food into the house. Your grandfather, for father was gone by this time, made one of her rooms as tight as he could, and in that room she lived. The old house was fairly tumbling over her, and we wanted her to come and stay here, but she said no ; the old timbers would hold together while she needed a roof, and she had suffered too much there ever to live anywhere else.

"She could see her baby's grave, her mother's ; Philip's was not so far away, and pretty soon she should herself be gone to find out what it had all been for—life, and the misery of it.

"So we did the best we could for her, and, to make her easy to receive what she could now but poorly earn, your grandfather bought the old pasture.

"She lived several years afterward, though not able to get far from her house. I often found her sitting in the sun in her doorway, her head on her hands, her eyes fixed on little Philip's grave. One day she walked there with me, and showed me where she wished herself to be laid—between her mother and her child.

"The next winter was one of great snows, and we often felt very uneasy about the poor old woman ;

but when we could get over she would say she had not been frightened, her wood was packed close at hand in one of the deserted rooms—she did nicely. At last there came a three days' storm, and the snow drifted dreadfully. It was a week before the pike was broken out, so that a man could get through on horseback with the mail, and longer still before we could reach Patty's. I was too anxious to stop at home, so I went, too, on the ox-sled, carrying a basketful of baking warm from the oven. When we got in sight of the house your grandfather called out that there was no smoke!

"I was frightened, but thought, perhaps, Patty had staid in bed to get through the cold, lonely days; but when we came round the house and saw the door wide open, and the room blown full of snow—oh, I cannot tell you how I felt!

"They would not let me go in till they had cleared the snow out, and then—there she was! In her bed, dead, frozen to marble. It was awful; but they comforted me by declaring it was not likely she had ever suffered from the storm; from little indications about they thought she had passed away in the night before it began. I hoped she did: but what a life, what a death, for lovely Patty Woodmansee, the 'Hope country beauty!' I wanted to know, with her, 'what it had all been for.'

"I knew her grave-clothes had long been ready. Next day I found them in her chest. There were hardly any other clothes, and such under-garments I never saw—literally patch upon patch.

"But the packet of grave-clothes was all in careful order, sprigs of lavender scattered through it. She had kept the gown she was married in for the last she would ever wear—a gray silk, faded with long lying, the white-satin breast-knot, the soft lace ruffles in neck and sleeves, yellow with time.

"There were other things in the packet—a few letters from her husband, some of his hair, a beautifully carved fan that I suppose he gave her, and a handkerchief with his initials. Little relics of her baby, too: a dark, short curl, a lace cap, and one of his first little shirts. I folded them all in the handkerchief, and we placed them in the coffin with her.

"We could not bury her then in the spot she had shown me; it was many feet under the snow, and the earth like iron. So she was laid in our tomb until spring came, and then one sunny day when her pear-trees were white with bloom, and the robins in them loudly planning their housekeeping, we brought Patty back to the spot whence, living, she could not bear to be taken; where, dead, we felt she would sweeter rest."

THE CUNARD SERVICE.

BY THE SON OF A LATE OFFICER.

FORTY-SIX years ago an enterprising Nova-Scotian, Samuel Cunard by name, conceived the idea of establishing a line of mail-steamers to run between England and America. The scheme was not a very bold one, for the voyage had already been made by several steamers; but Mr. Cunard was cautious, and turned it over and over in his mind for some years before he finally decided to act upon it. He then went to England, and took into partnership with him two small shipping-firms—the Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow, and the Messrs. MacIver, of Liverpool, who owned a few coasters trading between these two ports—and in 1840 the now famous Cunard Line was opened by the sailing of the *Britannia* from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston. The *Britannia* was a bark-rigged side-wheeler of eleven hundred tons burden, with one red funnel, scarcely larger than one of the Jersey City ferry-boats; but for her day she was a marvel of naval architecture, and excited as great interest at her launch as the Great Eastern did many years later. She was followed within the next three or four years by the *Acadia*, the *Caledonia*, the *Columbia*, the *Hibernia*, and the *Cambria*, which were all alike bark-rigged and red-funnelled, and with them she formed the nucleus of a fleet whose history has no parallel in the mercantile navy.

The enterprise did not call for great inventive genius, but its success depended on the unswerving

application by its projectors of the common principles of business integrity. They had to build sound ships, and to keep them in repair; to man them with faithful navigators; never to overload them, nor sacrifice them to speed, nor run risks of any kind. The hope of gain is the primary impulse of all business, of course; and it actuated Mr. Cunard and his partners as it actuates all merchants, but with them it never became a lust. The seed they planted lay deep in the soil, and was a very slow growth. "The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage," writes Carlyle. Now, if the originators of the Cunard Line had been impatient or speculative instead of patient and cautious, they would have probably met with disasters of some kind sooner or later; but, since the first sailing of the *Britannia*, they have built and owned over one hundred and fifty large steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 152,361, and an aggregate horse-power of 46,012. The steamers have made considerably over 4,000 trips, a distance of about 12,000,000 miles, and have carried over 2,000,000 passengers to and fro on the stormiest of oceans, without losing a life, or even a letter in the mails intrusted to them. They have been detained by fogs and gales and mishaps, and occasionally they have been given up as lost.

"There begins to be great consternation here,"

wrote Charles Dickens, from New York, to Forster, in London, February, 1842, "about the Cunard packet, which we suppose left Liverpool on the 4th. . . . God grant that she may not have gone down! but every ship that comes in brings intelligence of a terrible gale, and the sea-captains swear that no steamer could have lived through it." In another letter Dickens, who was not over-timid, says of his own voyage in the *Britannia*: "I will never trust myself on the wide ocean, if it please Heaven, in a steamer again. When I tell you all I observed on board, I shall astonish you. Meanwhile, consider two of the dangers: First, that, if the funnel were blown overboard, the vessel must instantly be on fire from stem to stern; to comprehend which consequence you have only to understand that the funnel is more than forty feet high, and that at night you see the solid fire two or three feet above its top. Imagine this swept down by a strong wind, and picture to yourself the amount of flame on deck; and that a strong wind is likely to sweep it down you soon learn from the precautions taken to keep it up in a storm, when it is the first thing thought of. Secondly, each of these boats consumes between Liverpool and Halifax seven hundred tons of coal: and it is pretty clear, from this enormous difference of weight in a ship of only twelve hundred tons burden in all, that she must either be too heavy when she comes out of port or too light when she goes in."

Many and many a time have like apprehensions existed besides those of Dickens; but winter and summer, through the hardest gales, hurricanes, and cyclones of thirty-six years, the Cunard steamers have made their ports, until now their black hulls and red smoke-stacks are as symbolic of security as is a Bank-of-England note.

What a picture of fidelity, courage, wisdom, and honesty, this record presents! what a prodigious evolution of commercial integrity and nautical skill! As a mere example of business enterprise and rapid growth the Cunard service deserves a place by the side of the express and the telegraph; while as a corporation wedding the best qualities of the human heart and intellect with financial stability it is almost heroic.

The earliest commanders of the line were Captains Woodruff, Shannon, Douglass, Hewitt, Riery, Harrison, Judkins, and Lott, of whom all, except the last two, are dead. Captain Hewitt endeared himself to Dickens, who frequently mentions him; and no one who can appreciate the bluff heartiness of an old salt can have met the others without admiring them. I have heard complaints that the Cunard officers are uncivil to their passengers. Perhaps they are. We ought not to expect the refinement of a courtier in a man who has been brought up to the rough usages of sea-life. Perhaps they are not. A brusque manner is often the shield of a true and simple-hearted gentleman.

But, whether they are or are not ungracious, they are good and faithful seamen, and that, after all, is the essential point—at least it has always seemed so to me when coming down the Irish Channel from

Liverpool to Queenstown in a fog or gale with a threatening coast on both sides. I have watched the captain then with much reverence, and have been as studious of his moods as his subordinates were. Out on the bridge he has stood, swathed in oil-skins, and his beard glistening with moisture, for a period of thirty-six hours or longer, without relief, and without other refreshment than a bottle of beer or a cup of coffee—all his energies and senses concentrated in his duties with exhausting intensity. The steamer has seemed to be imbedded in the yellow fog, which has hid her topmasts and subdued the bright scarlet to a pink. The mates and sailors have been relieved from time to time, but the captain has never moved from his place until the veil has lifted; his eyes have been steadily fixed on the dimmest shadow that has projected itself through the haze, and his ears strained to catch the faintest echo.

In one of his lectures James T. Fields mentions an incident which may be repeated here, as it took place on the *Britannia* when she was commanded by Captain Harrison, who was afterward drowned in Queenstown Harbor: "A happier company never sailed upon an autumn sea. The story-tellers are busy with their yarns to audiences of delighted listeners; the ladies are lying about on couches or shawls, reading or singing; children are taking hands and racing up and down the decks—when with a quick cry from the lookout and a rush of officers and men we are grinding on a ledge of rocks off Cape Race! One of those strong currents, always mysterious, and sometimes impossible to foresee, had set us into shore out of our course, and the ship was blindly beating on a dreary coast of sharp and craggy rocks. . . . Suddenly we heard a voice, up in the fog that surrounded us, ringing like a clarion above the roar of the waves and the clashing sounds on ship-board; and it had in it an assuring, not a fearful, tone. As the orders came distinctly and deliberately through the captain's trumpet to 'shift the cargo,' to 'back her,' and to 'keep her steady,' we felt somehow that the commander up there in the thick mist knew what he was about, and that through his skill and courage, by the blessing of Heaven, we should all be rescued. The man who saved us, so far as human aid ever saved drowning mortals, was one fully competent to command a ship; and when, after weary days of anxious suspense, we arrived safely in Halifax, old Mr. Cunard, on hearing of the accident and the captain's behavior, simply replied: 'Just what might have been expected; Captain Harrison is always master of the situation!'"

Of the two million passengers carried to and fro, more than half the number have been Americans, and I wonder how many of these, who have passed through a storm on the ocean, are not sensible of a debt of gratitude to the Cunard Line? Two or three winters ago the *Calabria* was crossing in command of that grand old seaman, Captain McMickan, and when she was about half-way across the wind increased to such an extraordinary degree of violence that it was impossible to keep her up to it. Many a vessel has foundered under similar circumstances; but

Captain McMickan was fully equal to the situation, and saved his steamer by a feat of seamanship which won immediate recognition as having few parallels for bravery and skill in naval history.

The discipline is inexorable, and each captain is an autocrat on board his own ship. Of course, it makes a wonderful difference in the pleasure of a voyage if the commander is affable and studious of the passengers' comfort, or curt and uncivil; but, of the two, I would prefer the man who is often on the bridge and absorbed in the reckonings, even though he is saturnine and sometimes gruff, to the man who is fond of saloon company, whist, walnuts, and wine. After-dinner chat instead of chart-studying, sleeping instead of watching, flirtations with the ladies in the cabin instead of inspections of the men in the fore-castle, have cost many hundreds of lives, although I do not wish it to be inferred from this that incivility is any recommendation of a sailor. Most passengers at sea are empty-headed and quite ignorant of sea-usages. If, when off a rocky coast in a gale, the captain, weighed down with anxiety, is asked by some frivolous young lady what sort of weather he expects there will be in this place two days hence, and he answers that he does not live there, I don't think that he is altogether to blame, or that the young lady needs much sympathy when she induces her papa to write an indignant letter to the newspapers. Brave old Commodore Judkins was austere in his manner, and it certainly was not safe to trouble him with silly questions when the weather was bad; but no one could ever doubt his ability, and for thirty years or more his ship carried the best-paying class of passengers, who booked their staterooms six months beforehand, such was the confidence his unremitted attention to duty inspired. The late A. T. Stewart invariably crossed with him, and used to declare that he could never feel afraid, not even in the worst storm, while Captain Judkins was on the bridge, and this sense of security was generally shared by all who traveled with him. He retired from the service two or three years ago, after having made over five hundred voyages.

Perhaps I have too great a partiality for that type of the sailor which people familiarly designate as "an old sea-dog." But the old sea-dogs, whether they be Nelsons, Napiers, Farraguts, or Cunarders, are grand fellows in a western gale; loved and trusted by their subordinates; steady in the hand as a crack marksman, quick in the eye as an eagle, and as calm in decision as a judge on the woolstack.

Some time ago a young man, crossing in one of the steamers, was interfered with in something he was doing against the rules of the ship by the captain, John Macauley, a bluff old seaman, who had risen from the ranks, and who is now the company's superintendent in Boston. The passenger said he had received permission from the purser. "The purser, sir!" cried Macauley, in his deepest voice, and drawing himself to his fullest height—"the purser, sir!—I am commander of this ship!" That was characteristic of another thing about the service; there is never any doubt among the officers or men

as to who the captain is, and in times of peril this is a very important thing.

The discipline is not often extended to the passengers, but the saloon will not harbor any one who breaks the rules. Seven years ago I crossed with Captain Murphy in the *Tarifa*, and among the cabin-passengers were some fast young Englishmen, who were one day caught by the purser, Mr. Quintin Leitch, insulting some women in the steerage. Mr. Leitch threatened to put them in irons, and they immediately went to the captain with an indignant remonstrance. "By Jove," cried he, when he had heard them, "if I ever hear of your going into the steerage again I will put you in irons myself!"

The son of a late officer, I feel an affectionate interest in the line, which is shared by travelers the world over. The earliest thing in my memory is an infantile mishap on the old *Canada*, and in Liverpool the service is quite a family matter with most people. The north end of the town is hilly and overlooks the estuary of the Mersey, with the Welsh mountains in the background. Here there is street after street of tidy little cottages, whose occupants are all connected in some way with "MacIver's," as the line is generally called by native Liverpudlians. The neighborhood is modern, but the community has a characteristic atmosphere of its own. The smallest schoolboy can repeat the names of the steamers more glibly than he can his catechism; the little garden in front of each house is decorated with shells; the bay-window often contains a model steamer or ship, and the superabundant taverns provide the maritime newspaper for their customers. Over the way lives a mate; next door to him a head steward; a little way beyond a purser; and the large house at the corner is occupied by a captain. So the turn of the conversation is usually on sea and the movements of the steamers, and the people seem to have an effusion of salt-water in their blood.

On a clear evening, when the dense smoke of the thick-set town which lies to the southward has been blown away, the noble river, as it widens and runs to meet the Dee in St. George's Channel, can be seen, with the alternate red-and-white flashes of the Perch-Rock lighthouse. All the steamers come by this light, and formerly it was the custom of those of the Cunard Line to fire a gun when they were abreast of it. The writer remembers the enthusiasm excited twelve or fifteen years ago, as the *Persia* appeared one Saturday afternoon after a run of ten days from New York, which was the fastest time on record, the average being about fifteen days. And the gun was a signal not only for the tender, but also for the anxious wives whose husbands were among the crew. There would be an unusual stir in the little cottages: a sweeping of hearthstones and building of fires, and in the evening the master of the house would be at home in the midst of his family, with a glass of grog and a long clay pipe before him, and his friends would come in to congratulate him on the extraordinary run of his vessel. Ten days—and yet the last voyage the writer made took, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, only

seven days and twenty-two hours! The Atlantic cable was not laid in the Persia's best days, and she brought over a weekly accumulation of mail. The papers published late editions, and the news absorbed the patrons of all the coffee-houses, clubs, and taverns in town.

After the building of the Cambria, the fleet was increased by the America, Niagara, Canada, and Europa, which were again superseded by the Asia, Africa, Arabia, Persia, and Scotia. The later captains were Moodie, Anderson, Stone, McMick-an, Cook, and Leitch. Moodie has retired; Anderson was transferred to the Great Eastern, and commanded her when she laid the cable, after which he was knighted, and is now a prominent figure in London society; Stone, I think, is dead, and McMick-an, Cook, and Leitch, are in active service, the former on the latest addition to the fleet, the splendid Scythia; Cook on the Russia, and Leitch on the Scotia.

Except the Scotia, all the old paddle-boats are withdrawn from the line, and some of them, with their engines taken out, are among the fastest sailing-ships on the ocean, though they are between thirty-five and forty years old. An old sailor once said that he did not know whether the immunity of the line from disaster was due to the skill and care of the officers or to the thickness of the ships' bottoms. Perhaps it is both. Some months ago I found the Niagara lying at one of the wharves in New York. The contrast between her and the modern ocean-steamers shows how many radical changes have been made within the last fifteen years. All new vessels are now covered in from stem to stern with a "flush" deck even with the bulwarks, which affords no harbor to the breaking seas. The interior accommodations include every convenience that can be found in a first-class hotel—electric bells in every compartment, hot and cold bath rooms, barbers' shops, libraries, and music. The Niagara could almost have been stowed away in the saloon of one of the new White Star steamers lying at an adjoining wharf; between her narrow deck-houses and bulwarks were long, open passages, and her cabin was scarcely larger than and not so comfortable as the smoke-room of the Britannia. But there was not a rotten plank in her, and she had just made one of the quickest passages on record. On her homeward voyage, however, she ran on the French coast, and that was the last of the Niagara, which, for over twenty years, was one of the most popular boats crossing the ocean. The Asia is still afloat in the Glasgow trade, but the beautiful and swift Persia has, in the reverses of time, degenerated into a dingy coal-hulk.

The other day an old Cunarder was complaining to me that the increased facilities for crossing the ocean have attracted a class of passengers to and from Europe who were never seen in the good old days of the Asia and Persia. Among the saloon-passengers was usually to be found a representative of nearly every type of good society. There was the literary man—it might be Dickens, Thackeray,

or Fenimore Cooper—the weighty merchant, the traveling, knowledge-seeking clergyman, the loud-talking, open-hearted man of the West, the lordly young traveler going to see Niagara and shoot buffalo on the Plains, the very ancient and vivacious literary lady of Boston, and beves of beautiful English and American girls. Now the itinerant negro-minstrel, the wife of one's butcher or milkman, and even one's laundress, who has been revisiting friends in Ireland, are sometimes found in the cabin, when formerly they were never seen "abaft the wheel." Such was the complaint of my friend, whom I suspect to be a deep-dyed aristocrat at heart, though he is a sailor of the most simple habits.

They are a steady-going, conservative lot, the old Cunarders, and never do their business with a flourish or spasm—neither the owners nor the officers. The line, which includes over fifty large steamers, remains exclusively in the hands of the firm that started it. There is no stock-jobbing or patronage about it. The men employed are selected for their worth, and not at the instigation of any meddlesome director. The chief consideration in building the ships is strength, and the second consideration is speed; but strength is never sacrificed to speed or appearances. The manager in Liverpool is Mr. Charles MacIver, one of the founders,—whose son is one of the members of Parliament for the town—a straight, shrewd, practical man, with a personal knowledge of nearly all his officers, and a still more intimate knowledge of his ships. He exacts the strictest attention to duty, and never pardons an error in this direction. He often drives down to the docks and inspects the steamers in port from the stoke-hole to the wheel-house. The hour of his coming is never known, and if any man is found away from his post that man might as well resign. An officer (Mr. G——) died in Liverpool recently who had for nineteen years held the same position in the service, while others had been promoted over his head. He was a sober man, an experienced sailor, and a skillful navigator. Many wondered why he never rose, and some tell this anecdote in explanation. One night old Mr. MacIver drove down to the Huskisson Dock, and asked, on one of the steamers, for the officer in charge. The watchman stated that he had gone on shore, but would be back in an hour or two.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. MacIver.

"Mr. G——, sir."

"Very well; when Mr. G—— comes on board, tell him to take my carriage and drive to my house."

When Mr. G—— reached the house he found Mr. MacIver seated in his library.

"You were absent from your post to-night, sir; I wanted to see you, sir; that's all." And Mr. G—— was bowed out by the implacable old Scotchman, in whose eyes a neglect of duty was the worst possible offense, and never from that night to the day of his death was he promoted to a more responsible position.

On another occasion Mr. MacIver was on board one of the steamers as she was passing from the

river into dock, and stood watching some sailors hauling a rope under the direction of a mate in uniform, who was helping them with a will. Mr. Mac-Iver was secretly pleased with his zeal, but, touching him on the shoulder, said, with affected severity, "We do not engage you for that kind of service, sir!" The mate relinquished the rope at once, expecting a further reproof; but during the next week he was promoted from the third to the second rank.

Few changes ever take place in the organization of the line. In the Liverpool office the same men, except where death has left a mark, are found at the same desks, attending to the same duties, as were found there fifteen or twenty years ago—a trifle older and grayer, but in most other things apparently unaltered. The little steam-tender *Satellite* runs to and fro with passengers and mails between the landing-

stage and the large steamers lying in the river, as she has done for the past thirty years. Old Captain Hetherington is still on her bridge, with the same old helmsman beside him. Some of the old employés have gone into the newer lines, however, for which the Cunard service has been a nursery, supplying managers, captains, officers, and engineers. Captain Kennedy, of the Germanic, for instance, was, during many years, chief officer of the *Scotia*; and Captain Forsyth, of the *Dakota*, will be remembered by travelers as chief officer of the *Persia*.

I have written about the service partly because it is characteristically English, partly because its growth teaches a lesson in fidelity, and principally because many readers of the *JOURNAL* may like to revive their recollections of the men and vessels that have been connected with it.

PENMARCH AND IS.

THERE is no more interesting part of France than that comprised in the ancient Province of Brittany, and there is no more interesting part of Brittany than the Department of Finistère. It is, indeed, the veritable land's end—a rough, rugged, rock-bound country, with some good harbors and much dangerous coast. It is a bit of country that, in its remains and the unchanged character of its people, connects our time with that "dark backwood" which we have named the middle age. Its cities remain much the same as they were three hundred years ago, except where crumbling walls have grown gray with moss and lichen, or dark with sunshine and storm. Throughout the department one finds everywhere old châteaux, with the story of their better days written in the grandeur of proportion and crumbling decorations. In many a field are Druidic stones, here a dolmen and there a menhir, to call to mind that strange theocracy about which time has thrown so dark a mantle of mystery.

Full of the spirit of the place, the writer one morning found himself in the ancient, ruined town of Penmarch, which from its sandy desolateness has been not inaptly called the Palmyra of Brittany. The Point of Penmarch is the extreme western part of France, and juts out into the Atlantic. It is walled in by dangerous and towering rocks, which only prevent the sea from making terrible havoc with its sandy, unstable country. The whole point was once covered with a great and busy city, but there only remain now a few insignificant villages and many scattered ruins to tell of its former greatness. We came to the principal of the villages, that which still retains the name of Penmarch, one Sunday morning in June, and quite by accident, hit upon the day of the village *fête*, or *pardon*. The one street was crowded with as unruly and turbulent a crowd as ever disgraced an Irish fair or waked up the spirit of discord beside an Irish corpse.

Such a day as it was that day—a *binivou*, or Breton bagpipe, droning away from morning till night; dan-

cing, drinking, and eating, as if in these three exercises was summed up all worth living for! But the crowd was a good-natured one, as most French crowds are, and we were glad to study it. There was a very decided dash of the picturesque in the scene. The costumes were bright with embroidery, and almost grotesque in form, while the faces were of that strong old Gaelic type that, without losing their characteristics, varied greatly. All the interests of the neighborhood centred in the *fête*, and we could not have a vehicle to commence our explorations; so, whether we would or not, we were forced to remain in the village of Penmarch for the day.

Bright and early the next morning we were up and looking about us. Ruin, ruin everywhere! moss-covered ruins of churches, ruined old houses, ruined fortifications, and a ruined old chaise-cart with a still more ruined old horse to take us through the sands. Here a relic of the Druids, there a relic of the Roman invasion; here a relic of the Templar Knights, there a relic of the Leaguers—memories of death and decay carved out in mossy stones; the ashes of the long-dead past mingled with the sands of the shore and blown about everywhere; the very air filled with legends and superstitions. When the wind at night roars out its harmonies, they say the spirits of Celtic priests are at their altars, striking their harps in the mysteries of sacrificial worship. When the sea sobs with a certain sound, they say the spirits of the drowned are weeping for the sins of the living. When the ocean dashes into the caves of the coast, with a mighty roaring that can be heard for miles, they say the King of the Sea is abroad seeking for victims, and hasten to their cabins to bar the doors and windows and gather close about the fire, telling their beads and muttering charms.

Within sight of the town of Penmarch are the ruins of six churches, including the better conserved but still crumbling parish church of St.-Nonna. The ruins of St.-Guénolé, near the sea and half an hour

from the town, are the most imposing. All that remains of this church are a few crumbling walls and an exceedingly well-proportioned, square Gothic tower, which is covered over with rough and not ungraceful figures of ships, of fishers, and with unreadable inscriptions. The church of St.-Nonna, which I have already named, is the largest of the churches. As is the case with many churches built largely from the offerings of fishermen, its façade bears representations of ships and of fish. Beside the church is the cemetery, a Sunday loafing-place for the whole townspeople, who, though tolerably certain of being carried there at last, mean to make sure of their present opportunities to find rest with their fathers.

Though Penmarch is to-day an insignificant place, there are indications that it was once a very grand city. It was a city without general fortifications, and as the inhabitants were constantly in danger from English invaders, each man, who was rich enough to do so, fortified his own house after his own fashion. One sees there to-day more than one ruin of *les grandes maisons*, encircled by high, thick walls, and fortified by strong towers of solid masonry, capped above all with a little belfry, where an alarm could be sounded on the approach of the enemy.

One of the most important of these manorial residences was that of Kerbervé, near the ruined church of St.-Guénolé. It was formerly inhabited by lords of fabulous wealth. So rich were they that they hung with silks and other precious fabrics the route of the religious procession, and drank their wine from golden vessels. These lords made their money by the sale of *la viande de carême*—which is only another name for codfish—and would perhaps have gone on to this day heaping up gold by their lucrative monopoly, had not the New World been discovered, with its more productive fisheries.

So this is Penmarch, the Palmyra of Brittany, a city in ruins, a sad, strange place, where the sea moans unceasingly the glories of the past. Some of the paths over the sands and through the fields still bear the names they had when they were the busy streets of the old city. Here is the "Street of the Linen-Drapers," here again the "Street of the Silversmiths," here the "Grande Rue," that is no longer grand. Old manors have been torn down, and their carved stones reappear in the walls of fishermen's and laborers' huts.

Five centuries ago Penmarch was the equal of Nantes in commercial importance, and its wealth an adage in all Brittany. Then it had more than ten thousand inhabitants, some say double that number; now it has less than three thousand. But many forces worked together to destroy the city. The sea rose up out of its place and smote it with a tidal wave in the sixteenth century—a tidal wave that "left fish strewn along the streets and swept the people out to sea." In the space of an hour the accumulated wealth of centuries was washed away. At another time Fontenelle, the dreaded leader of *La Ligue*, swooped down upon the city with his ruthless band, and bore away as much booty as his ships could carry, leaving

the stains of murder and rapine behind him. I think all this misfortune, all this falling from grandeur into poverty, has had an effect on the present inhabitants of Penmarch. They seem an abject, discouraged people, heavy-featured and slow, caring for nothing but their rations of coarse food, their fill of cider, and much sleep.

The coast from Penmarch along the Bay of Audierne, by the Point de Raz to the broad Bay of Douenez, is as wild as any in Brittany—long stretches of beach interspersed with dangerous rocks—the whole forming a sea-front to a country more picturesque than fruitful. The land is coaxed into yielding indifferent crops by the plentiful application of sea-weed, which is washed ashore in large quantities and gathered with great care by men, women, and children, of the roughest Breton type. These shore-laborers know hardly more than their own names and the days of the week. They wear the simplest garments of sackcloth, and are filthy beyond description. Exposed to the sea-winds and the broiling sun of summer, these peasants become as dark as North American Indians. They are, however, honest, have a kind of ignorant faith in the Catholic Church, and a very strong belief in the legendary superstitions of the country. They are given to strong drink to a degree that would astonish the most inveterate toper of civilization—their favorite tippie being spirit of eighty degrees proof!

Between the Point de Raz and the little Baie des Trépassés (Bay of the Dead) is a depression called L'Étang de Laoual, the waters of which are supposed to cover the glories of Is. Out of the waters of the bay issue distinctly traceable remnants of paved roads, one leading toward Carhaix, the other toward Quimper, and there is hardly a museum of any importance in all Brittany that has not some washed-ashore relic of the drowned city.

The story of Is may be found in one form or another in almost every book on Brittany, all giving substantially the same accounts, resting principally on the popular traditions.

Built in the vast basin which to-day forms the bay of Douenez, and separated from the sea by a dike, was the ancient city of Is. In the dike were sluices which from time to time were opened sufficiently to admit enough water for the cleaning of the drains and otherwise purifying the city. King Gradlon, a well-beloved monarch, ruled here, and once each month presided in person at the opening of the sluices; the principal one was opened by a silver key, which the king always wore fastened about his neck.

It was a splendid court that King Gradlon presided over, and the magnificence of his capital was the wonder of the country. The royal palace was a place such as we dream of. In it marble, cedar, and gold, replaced the oak, granite, and iron, ordinarily used in building.

The honors of the king's court were done by his daughter Dahut, or Ahès—a princess shamefully known as the Honoria of Brittany. Like that other notoriously wicked woman—

"She had for a crown the vices, and for pages the seven deadly sins."

This woman was accused of the most heinous crimes. It was her habit each night to entice young men whom she fancied to a chosen and secluded retreat, where, when they ceased to amuse her, they were dispatched by a masked menial, and their corpses borne away to the mountains. One is shown near Huelgoat, a gulf, at the bottom of which rushes the mountain-stream with sad, strange murmurings, and through which the winds are ever sighing—noises which the old wives interpret as cries from the souls of Dahut's lovers.

Complaints were made to Gradlon time and again, and he always promised to mete out speedy punishment to his daughter, but paternal indulgence was stronger in his heart than royal duty, and so Dahut went on in her wicked ways. His leniency was repaid by the basest ingratitude. His wicked child formed a plot against him, by which she meant to secure for herself the royal power. The silver key was the symbol of the king's authority, and Dahut soon possessed herself of it—stealing it from her father's neck while the old man slept.

The king, when he found that the key was gone, was in the greatest consternation, and, under the ominous cloud of coming misfortune, retired to his palace, that the people, who regarded the key with superstitious reverence, might not know of his loss. At night he was awakened from a troubled slumber by the appearance of St.-Guénolé before him, who said:

"Rise up, O king, and hasten to leave the city

with your faithful servants; for Dahut has opened the sluices by means of the silver key, and the unbridled sea is in the city."

It was true. Dahut, going to meet one of her lovers, who was also a conspirator with her against the old king, had by mistake opened the gate of the sea instead of the gate of the city. The first thought of the king on hearing this dreadful intelligence was the preservation of his daughter. He sought her out, took her behind him on his fleetest horse, and fled away from the encroaching wall of sea, as fast as the spur could drive. The sea followed him with fearful rapidity, but Dahut's cries of fright were louder in his ears than the noise of the waves, still not so loud as a supernatural voice beside him, which said:

"Gradlon, if you would not perish yourself, rid yourself of the demon who rides behind you."

Dahut also heard the voice, and became almost frantic with terror; she clung convulsively to her father; but he, recognizing in the voice a warning from Heaven, shook her off into the wave that followed them. Then the king rode on safely to Quimper, and fixed there his court, making that city the capital of ancient Cornouailles.

Thus ends the story of Dahut and of the city of Is. The spirit of the wicked princess is supposed to inhabit still the city that she sacrificed.

There may or may not be truth in the story—there certainly is poetry and tragedy in it; and this much certainly admits of no question—there is a drowned city, there was a King Gradlon, and there may have been a Dahut.

OLD-TIME FRANCE.¹

I.

ROYALTY AND THE COURT.

WHAT splendor and what corruption, what grace of wit and cynical licentiousness of thought and speech, what elegance of manners and recklessness of conduct, what display of wealth and cruel poverty, what beauty of exterior and internal disease, does the French monarchy in the period of its decadence present? Like the Roman Empire just before its fall, like the ancient realm of Egypt as it sunk in ruin, like Venice as her queenship of commerce and the sea slowly departed from her, the last phase of the long Bourbon rule was its most gorgeous. Such pageants, such luxury, such dress, such ceremony, such ostentatious extravagance, such refinement of all that could lend glitter to the throne and prestige to the court, had surely never been seen, even when Francis had met Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or when another and lesser Francis had welcomed Mary of Scotland as

his peerless bride. Beneath all this dazzle and sparkle, it is true, we can see the vat of the lower humanity seething and bubbling, finally to boil over and scald royalties and nobilities unto death. But philosophize and moralize as we may, we cannot keep our eyes off the bright colors, or shut our ears to the exquisite wit and mind-tickling epigrams of Versailles. We may, in sober and searching mood, wander away into the squalor of St.-Antoine; we may groan at the catastrophe in Dickens's story, of the child crushed under the chariot-wheels of Monseigneur, and of Monseigneur's strange fatuity in supposing that the *louis d'or*, tossed like a missile, will heal the father's bleeding heart; we may sigh over the poor villages, overshadowed by the hoary château, paralyzed by taxation and a cold and capricious tyranny. But, before we know it, we are back again among the gay throng in the Hall of the *Ceil de Bœuf*; we are pushing in to catch a glimpse of royalty in silken dishabille; we are laughing at light-hearted Molière as he pranks in the Versailles theatre; we are watching the bashful *La Fontaine*

¹ The Eighteenth Century: Its Institutions, Customs, and Costumes. France, 1700-1789. By Paul Lacroix. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The Ancient Régime. By H. A. Taine. New York: H. Holt & Co.

as he glides through palace corridors and quietly recites here and there a neat epigram; we are playing the shepherd on the lawn of the Little Trianon;

lon, and the great preacher Bossuet, and his friend and pupil, Fénelon, who in his exile had dared to declare that "governments are made for the gov-



FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE ROYAL CHAMBER, IN STATE DRESS.

and we cannot, if we would, avert our gaze from the voluptuous Pompadour and the black-eyed Du Barri.

From 1700, the year in which France saw one of her princes raised to the Spanish throne, to 1789, when France saw her own monarch assailed by revolution, the French court was the luminous centre of all that was splendid, elegant, and graceful, in Europe. This splendor was not all gross and sensuous, though grossness and sensuousness were from first to last but thinly concealed by the outward gilding. The court shone with intellect, with philosophy, with poesy, with science, as well as with the mere trappings of external ornament and manners the most polished and the most diligently cultivated. Just think how the later years of the preceding century had prepared the way for an era of literary taste and of intellectual inquiry, as well as of pageant and luxury. To say nothing of the host of writers of inferior rank, such as Balzac and Voiture, Lingendes and Bourdaloue, there were Masil-

lon, and the great preacher Bossuet, and his friend and pupil, Fénelon, who in his exile had dared to declare that "governments are made for the governed;" Madame de Sévigné had lived and written the matchless letters which are still the chief model of the epistolary style; Corneille had risen to become the patriarch of French poesy, to be followed by a greater poet in Racine, and by Molière, who so completely falsified Madame de Sévigné's prophecy that he would "pass away like coffee," and who was the most illustrious *valet de chambre* that ever handed a despot his waistcoat, or cracked jokes at the groaning board of a royal household; Pascal's "Thoughts" had stimulated reflection throughout civilized society, while Descartes had arisen to dispute the palm of philosophic discovery with Bacon and Locke; Rochefoucauld had written his incomparable "Maxims;" Malebranche, the "French Plato," had published his "Search after Truth;" and La Bruyère had given to the world his rapidly and nervously drawn "Characters." Of the arts, too, the latter part of the eighteenth century was the golden age in France. It had produced Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Lebrun, and Lesueur, in painting; Puget in sculpture, Mansard and Perrault in architecture, and Lulli in music. Perhaps no figure in that age stands in nobler attitude than that of Vauban, he who dared to tell the magnificent Louis that the Edict of Nantes must be restored, that religious toleration

must be reëstablished, that the nobility must be taxed, and the court must be reformed; for which the king told him that he was crazy for popularity, and sent him persecuted and neglected to the grave.

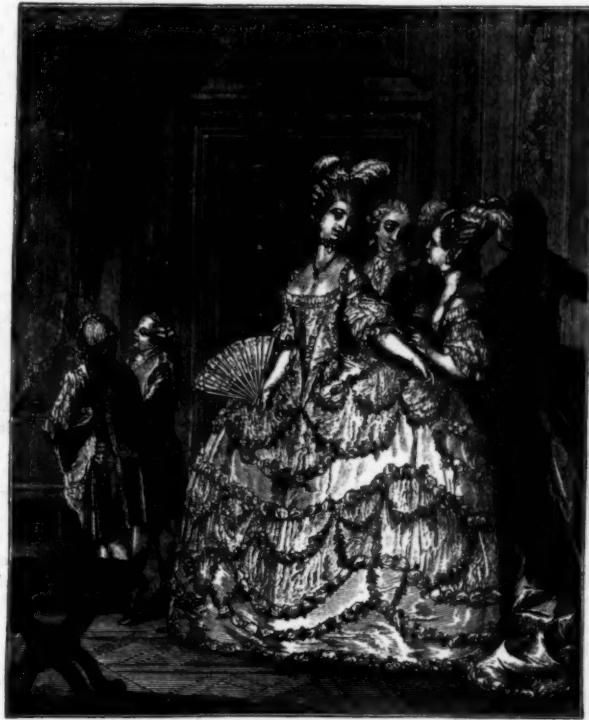
This host of poets, philosophers, essayists, and painters, of boldly-speaking, eloquent bishops, and courageous patriots telling plain truths in an atmosphere where truth was a blight, undoubtedly shed a splendor of a higher sort on the French court of the eighteenth century. The exercise of wit and the discussion of great problems became fashionable. In the antechambers and saloons of Versailles there was much play of intellect as well as frivolity; and it is this feature which redeemed the court from a mere vapid and tinsel luxury. Every courtier aimed to be a poet; or, if the Muse failed him, he betook himself to social philosophy, and dabbled with subjects really the most dangerous to his own caste. The brilliant circles which gathered around the regent, and the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis, as they feasted, and danced, and flirted, im-

agined themselves to be philosophic schools, with gorgeously-attired Socrateses and Aristotles, self-indulgent princes as the patrons, and palaces for the philosophers' porch.

There was a period, indeed, in which the shadow of a hollow and hypocritical piety fell over the Bourbon court, and in which Versailles, from being the centre of gayety, intrigue, and gilded vice, was invaded by an almost cloistral gloom. This was in the early part of the century of which we write. Louis XIV. had waxed old and feeble and superstitious. He had forever discarded the fiery-tempered and imperious Montespan, and had secretly wedded the devout widow of Scarron. Never had any favorite achieved so complete an ascendancy over Louis as did Madame de Maintenon. Her austere virtue is vindicated by the circumstance that she would be nothing less than the wedded wife of the old king. The transformation of Louis from the most scandalous and open immorality to the practice of the piety of an anchorite, the obstinate adherence to form of a schoolman, and the ecclesiastical despotism of a Franciscan, was one of the strangest in the history of royal caprice. The king's conversion, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, gave the cue to the courtier and the parasite. Under that unacknowledged queen's reign, he only could hope for preferment and favor who regularly attended his mass, who wore a solemn and humble countenance, who eschewed gambling and gallantry—at least in public—and who devoted himself to an apparent if not sincere attention to the precepts of the bishops and the clergy. Madame de Maintenon was, no doubt, herself really devout. The result of her ascendancy over the court was to make Versailles nearly as sombre early in the eighteenth century as were Windsor and St. James's under the protectorate of Cromwell in the middle of the seventeenth. *Fêtes* ceased to be given in that beautiful park; the royal theatre within the palace, that theatre which is now given over to the eloquence and wrangling of the deputies of the Third Republic, was silent and deserted; the noise of laughter was almost unknown to the palace apartments; the existence of the courtiers was rendered almost insupportably monotonous. The royal receptions had an almost funereal air of sobriety; only the most quiet

games of cards—such as ombre and hookey—were played on the long evenings in the royal apartments; nor did Madame de Maintenon approve by her presence of even these mild recreations. Music even was tabooed; it was only upon extraordinary occasions, which seemed to warrant the permission of so mundane a frivolity, that other strains than those in celebration of pious rites were heard, where once the most thrilling melodies had stirred the already heated blood of royal and noble revelers. Louis XIV. lived till 1715; he had not seen a ballet since "The Triumph of Love," which was danced before him in 1681. He, who had been so ardent an admirer of the drama, who had attended the performance of Molière's free and rollicking comedies night after night for years, leading the applause with his own royal hands and feet, was doomed to confine himself to sacred plays illustrating Biblical stories, which he affected to enjoy rather for their pious lessons than for their dramatic interest. Meanwhile the courtiers yawned and lounged, and waited rather impatiently for better days.

Yet even at this period, when Versailles was



QUEEN'S LADY OF THE PALACE.

deapest in its gloom, the etiquette of the court, which had grown by tradition and gradually added rules into a very rigid code, was in no degree relaxed. The memoirs of Saint-Simon, who might



A ROYAL CHARIOT.

well claim to have been a not unimportant "part" of the society of that time, give us a curious picture of the ceremony which environed Louis in his old age, and which, while he was bound down to the most exacting religious servitude, took from him the relief he might otherwise have had in liberty of movement and action. At eight o'clock, says Saint-Simon, the first *valet de chambre* on duty, who had slept in the king's chamber, went to wake him. The first physician and the first surgeon then entered the room and consulted as to the state of his health. At a quarter-past eight the grand-chamberlain, or in his absence the first gentleman of the chamber, was called, as were also the *grandes entrées*, that is to say, the persons who occupied the highest posts at the court and in the royal household. The first gentleman or the grand-chamberlain opened the curtains and presented to the king, still in bed, the holy-water and a book of prayer; and then all the persons present withdrew into the next room. The king, having been aided in rising by his valet, and having hastily made his ablutions, recalled the grand-chamberlain or first gentleman, who handed him his dressing-gown. The door was then opened and admittance given to those who had been waiting outside. The king did nearly everything for himself with rapidity and grace; he put on his stockings, combed, washed, and dressed himself, without any toilet-table in front of him—nothing but a looking-glass. As soon as he was dressed, he said his prayers by his bedside, the ecclesiastics who were present (including the cardinals) knelt down, the laymen remained standing, and the captain of the guard, his drawn sword in his hand, leaned against the balustrades of the bed. His prayers said, the king passed into his cabinet, where those whose functions gave them the right of entry were awaiting him. There he gave his orders for the day. That done, all persons in attendance withdrew, and the king, remaining alone with his children, their governess, and a few privileged courtiers, received the intendants of his palaces, gardens, and other 'pleasures.'

These were not by any means the only laws of

rigid routine which hedged about the poor old monarch in a bondage of etiquette. No courtier could address him without first giving notice to the captain of the guard that he intended to do so—unless, indeed, his majesty went from the chapel to the council-chamber, when any member of the court might address him. On great official occasions, the ceremonies which were gone through were painfully numerous and precise; while at each hour and incident of the day there was a specified groove in which the king must go. His supper over, he was constrained to pass into his chamber and stand with his back against the bed-railing, talking to the gentlemen and ladies of the court. Then he went into his private cabinet, where he remained shut up for a certain period with the members of his family; at a certain hour he went to feed his dogs, returning to bid his sons and grandsons good-night, and to retire with what must often have been the vexatious aid of his chamberlains, bedchamber gentlemen, and valets. He must have frequently heaved a great sigh of relief when at last he found himself alone with the "valet on duty," and could forget the irksome penalties of kingship in sleep. Happy, comparatively, must have been those days when the austerity of Madame de Maintenon so far unbent as to permit the court a holiday from masses and orisons at the Grand Trianon; for there the strict rules of etiquette were relaxed, and a court-dame might speak to the king without fear of a reproof from the grand-chamberlain. The death of the Grand Monarque was hailed with joy alike by the court and by the people. "The death of the most odious tyrant," says the Duke de Richelieu, "could not have excited greater pleasure. His departure was looked upon as a divine favor." The old gayety and splendor of the court sprang into new life as the pleasure-loving Regent Orleans took up the reins of power. It was like the revival of festivity which occurred in England when the restoration of the merry Charles dissipated the Puritanic gloom of the Protectorate. The court of Louis was, however, snubbed by Orleans, who gathered around him a court of his own

at the Palais Royal. There, in the palace which had been erected for Richelieu, revels began every evening which lasted through the night. There were music, gaming, dancing, and drinking, and the regent led the orgies in person. Much to the delight of his courtiers, he refused to adopt the rigid laws of etiquette which still survived at Versailles. But the reign of the regent was brief, and at last, to the relief of the grand seigneurs and noble dames whose very being was absorbed in the ambition to see Versailles once more aglow with royal magnificence, themselves in its centre and basking in its sunshine, the young king, Louis XV., assumed the authority to which his birth entitled him.

Addison, in one of the papers in the *Guardian*, gives us a hint or two, in his matchless style, of some of the luxuries and ornaments of royalty in the early part of the eighteenth century. "I could not believe it was in the power of art," he says, "to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I met with in Paris; or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is everything done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view." The gentle English essayist visits Versailles and Fontainebleau, and is amazed at the wonderful devices to render those abodes charming and luxurious. Then he catches a glimpse of the court on the one hand, and of the French poor on the other. "One can scarce conceive the pomp," he says, "that appears in everything about the king; but, at the same time, it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world. There is nothing to be met with but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. . . . One would almost fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance. (He goes on in another paper) "one

meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works."

A picture of the court which surrounded the youthful, handsome, and amiable Louis the Well-Beloved would show it to include an immense establishment, containing hundreds of people of every rank and condition, each having his proper precedence, place, and duties. The nobility who were attached to the court were *grandeess* who had certain



LOUIS XV., AS A CHILD, BEING WHEELED ABOUT THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

offices, honorary or otherwise, about the person of the sovereign, and were not admitted to the charmed circle merely because they were noble. Indeed, the great mass of the French nobility, which, at the accession of Louis XV., reached the number of six hundred thousand, never penetrated the halls where the monarch held his ceremonies and revels. The court nobility were essentially a caste by themselves, arrogant, rich, and elegant, who looked down upon the shabby-genteel nobility who swarmed in the provinces with haughty disdain. The select few

who were permitted to bask in the sunshine of royalty, and formed the dazzling group around the young king, lived in Paris in magnificent houses, some of which are still standing. They rarely or

"obtain the command of a regiment at eighteen or twenty, without any practical knowledge of military matters. They pass their youth in luxury and dissipation; they have plenty of intelligence and polite-



ROYAL PROMENADE IN THE PARK AT VERSAILLES.

never visited their rural properties, being content to receive the ample incomes collected thence by their intendants. Their great hotels in town were veritable palaces, not less richly frescoed, gilded, and wainscoted, than Versailles itself. These hotels were spacious enough to accommodate a large household of servants, and the great nobles emulated the king in the costliness and pomp of their feasts. They rolled to and from Versailles in carriages of most elaborate structure and decoration, with lackeys and running footmen, who were "brilliant in gold-lace and epaulets, with their long gilt-headed canes."

It was this high nobility whom Louis XIV. subjected to that "gilded captivity" which preceded its decadence and utter extinction as a political power in the land. They swallowed up all the offices and emoluments in the royal gift; they got their sons

ness, but no acquaintance with the necessary sciences; plenty of courage to fight, but no ability to command." The court nobles would have starved before they would have set themselves to any useful work; but the most humble offices about the king were regarded as honorable. (The Abbé Coyer said, "In order to be something, the nobility is plunged in nothingness.")

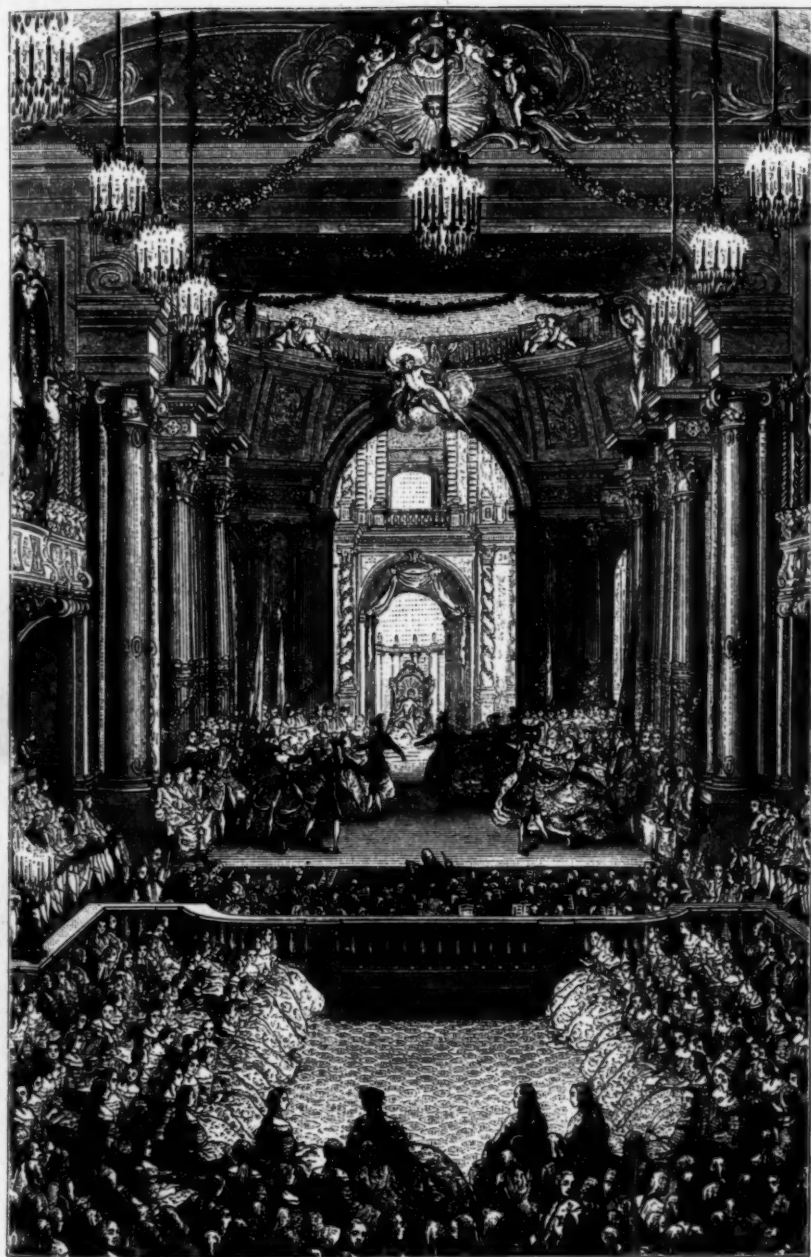
A glance at the various corps of officials and servants who formed the court of Louis XV. will give some idea of the cost which this establishment must have been to France. There were the nobility who held the higher places of chamberlains, marshals, aides, high stewards, gentlemen of the bedchamber, almoners, and so on; and then there were the servants holding no other rank than the (to them) proud one of "belonging to the court." ("It was," says



SEDAN CHAIRS FOR THE PARK

commissions in the army, posts about Versailles, preferment in the Church; their daughters were made ladies-of-honor, or canonesses and abbesses. "Those who are most in favor," says Barbier in his "Journal,"

De la Force, "the image and miniature of the kingdom, being composed of the nobility, the clergy, and the third estate." Many of the places were virtually held by hereditary descent, the son having succeeded



THE THEATRE AT VERSAILLES.

"Old-Time France."

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the father in his functions sometimes for ten or twelve generations. Most painfully and in the minutest detail were the duties of each official and servant laid down; his place on every occasion, his right to go before others, to wear his hat, his perquisites and privileges, were particularly defined; the punctiliousness of etiquette was as sensitively preserved and as strenuously insisted upon by the scullion and the groom as by the ducal chamberlain and the right reverend almoner.

The king was reduced to utter self-helplessness, in accordance with the stubborn laws of ceremony which surrounded him, by a vast crowd of servitors. It took a grand-almoner, eight chaplains, eight clerks, a sacristan, and a chapel-master, to provide his spiritual necessities. The grand-master of the household had a large retinue of servants at his command. It was his duty to see to the proper furnishing forth of the royal table; and he was a sort of household prime-minister, who held a cabinet council of *maitres d'hôtel*, controllers, and masters of the counting-house, every week. The duty of providing the household was divided into seven departments—the goblet, the kitchen, the pantry, the wine-cellar, the common kitchen, the fruitery, and the pinfold; and over these presided the first *maitre d'hôtel*. Under him were twelve assistants, whose duty it was to put the meats upon the royal table, and to hand the king the wet napkin which he used before eating. There were three masters of the counting-house for disbursing the expenditures; and there was an officer whose sole duty it was to take charge of the royal plate. Another great department of the palace was that of the grand-chamberlain. He was a grand gentleman indeed, usually a duke or marquis of high descent; even the first gentleman of the chamber, his lieutenant, is represented in the pictures of the time as a gorgeous creature, all velvet and satin, with a wig of magnificent proportions, and an ample wealth of lace in his neckcloth and ruffles, and of plumes in his hat. There were twenty-six of these gentlemen of the chamber to aid the chamberlain in his arduous duties of attending to his Most Christian Majesty's personal wants; and these in turn were assisted by four blue-blooded valets, who slept by turns below the king's bed, ready to serve his slightest wish. Under the grand-chamberlain, too, were sixteen ushers, thirty-two sub-valets, twelve bearers of the mantle, two *arquebusiers*, eight barbers, a dentist, eight upholsterers, three watchmakers, six grooms, two chairmen, besides painters and sculptors, kennel-men and glaziers. The department of the wardrobe was supplied by a grand-master, twenty valets, a trunk-bearer, four grooms, three tailors, one linen-starcher, and three laundresses. "When the king dressed," says La Croix, "the grand-master assisted him to put on his under-waistcoat, his blue sash, and his *justaucorps*; when the king undressed, he handed him his night-dress, nightcap, and handkerchief; while other masters of the wardrobe were in attendance to give the king his handkerchief, gloves, cane, and hat, or to assist him in emptying his pockets when he came in to change his dress."

Then there were the officers of the cabinet—the four secretaries, the four readers, the two ushers, and the interpreters and translators; there was a grand-falconer, with another set of servants; a large number were employed in the care and decoration of the king's palaces, among them four or five architects, three surveyors, two treasurers, and others; of gardeners, coachmen, footmen, riders, there were many. There were various corps devoted more especially to the royal recreations. "We find for the Versailles canal a regular fleet, with a captain, first officer, mariners, gondoliers, and calkers; and among the staff employed in the gardens was a cleaner of the statues and a mole-catcher."

The expense of this gorgeous establishment—and it must not be forgotten that the king had many others, such as Marly, Meudon, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, St.-Cloud, where the same royal state was preserved—and of the *fêtes* and pageants of the courts, was, as may well be believed, enormous. The statement of a few of the salaries and other expenditures will serve to illustrate to what extent poor France was burdened and bled to sustain the pomp of its vain and dissolute royalty. The department of the first gentleman of the bedchamber cost one hundred thousand dollars a year, that of the first *maitre d'hôtel* eighty thousand dollars. The whole household were lodged, fed, and clothed, at the expense of the royal treasury; and, besides these, the captain of the greyhounds got twenty-five hundred livres a year, and the "keeper of the fancy dogs" fifteen hundred. On one occasion Louis XVI., who was far from being a spendthrift by nature, laid out over half a million dollars in repairing his furniture; and this was an annual expenditure. An excursion to Marly for three weeks involved an extra outlay of twenty thousand dollars, by reason of the mere transfer of the court. The mere moving of the king from place to place cost him half a million francs a year. The military corps attending on majesty, comprising "infantry, cavalry, bodyguards, French guardsmen, Swiss guardsmen, the 'Cent Suisses,' light-horse guards, gendarmes of the guard, gate guardsmen," in all nearly ten thousand men, were an expense of over a million and a half dollars a year. In those vast royal stables at Versailles, of which Taine says that they were "so ample and beautiful that, even under Louis XIV. himself, they sometimes served as a cavalcade circus for the princes, sometimes as a theatre, and sometimes as a ballroom," were nearly two thousand horses, over two hundred vehicles of various sorts, and fifteen hundred coachmen, grooms, and other stable-servants. Here was an item for the keeper of the royal purse of over a million dollars a year. Throughout the eighteenth century the chase was the favorite pastime of the French kings, the princes, and the court. To be considered an accomplished cavalier, a noble must prove himself a graceful and dashing horseman. His majesty had three hundred horses exclusively devoted to hunting. This sport cost him a quarter of a million dollars a year. Horses' food cost fifty thousand dollars, and that of the hounds

ten thousand. For thirty miles around Paris the king included his game preserves; no one could shoot within that circle unless he were so fortunate as to be of the royal party. Miles of forest-land about Versailles and Marly, Fontainebleau and Compiègne, were excluded from cultivation to minister to these pleasures. The kings boast of their quantities of game. Louis XV. and his court ran down six thousand stags in a year; even his unsportsmanlike grandson glories in his four hundred and sixty head in a day, and his twenty thousand pieces in a year. The hunting goes on incessantly in the season. "The king," writes M. de Luynes, in 1748, "has been hunting every day of the past and present week, except to-day and on Sundays, killing, since the beginning, thirty-five hundred partridges." When there is not hunting, some other luxurious recreation awaits the pleasure of the king and court. One day, it is the comedians of the French theatre; another, it is the Italian opera, performed in that historic theatre of Versailles; these days are eked out by the gaming at the tables of the *jeu de roi*, by splendid suppers in the banquetting-hall, by garden fêtes, with illuminations and play of waters in the park, and by dress-balls and glittering masquerades which the rising sun catches in full career.

Consider for a moment the royal table-service at Versailles, and what it costs. There are three sets of tables spread every day. One is occupied by august majesty itself, with the princes and princesses; a second is devoted to the great officers of the household—the grand-chamberlain, grand-marshal, and so on; the third is crowded by two or three hundred of the court officials; and these tables are served by over a hundred waiters. The annual expense of this daily feasting is about half a million dollars. But these are only the tables of the king. The members of his family, it must be remembered, have each a separate establishment of his or her own. Those of the royal mesdames include two hundred servants; Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., must be served by sixty-eight pairs of diligent hands; the Countesses d'Artois and de Provence, wives of the king's brothers (both of whom were long afterward to be kings themselves), are stately with households of two hundred and fifty servitors each; while Marie Antoinette's establishment hums with five hundred attendants of high and low degree. Even the little princess royal, afterward to become Duchess d'Angoulême, after escaping the fate of her parents on the guillotine and her brother at the Temple—even she, when but a month old, absolutely needs eighty persons to do her service. Charles and Louis, the king's brothers, are provided for separately from the king and from their wives. Louis of Provence has a "civil household" of five hundred, and a "military household" of two hundred; Charles of Artois, as a younger brother, must be content with two hundred and thirty men of the military and four hundred and fifty of the civil sort of servants. "Three-fourths of these," says Taine, "are for display; with their embroidered

ies and laces, their unembarrassed and polite expression, their attentive and discreet air, their easy way of saluting, walking, and smiling, they appear well in an antechamber placed in lines, or scattered in groups in a gallery; I should have liked to contemplate even the stable and kitchen array, the figures filling up the background of the picture. By these stars of inferior magnitude we may judge of the splendor of the royal sun." The total expense of all the tables to which the gallant multitudes sat down daily at Versailles was more than seven hundred thousand dollars a year. The wine-bill alone was sixty thousand, the meat and game two hundred thousand, the fish fifteen thousand. The whole number of persons employed about and forming the court reached at least fifteen thousand; and to maintain the court cost not less than eight million dollars a year then, which was equal to what sixteen million would be now; and it was one-tenth of the total revenue of France.

The head swims with all this multitude and with all these figures. We are dazzled even by the thought of so much pomp and magnificence, such reckless expenditure, such prodigious waste. No wonder, perhaps, that every French grand-seigneur longed to be one of the court, though that court was the most glaring proof of how the nobility had decayed, and how all its grandeur and greatness had been chained to the royal chariot-wheels. There was no one so high that he did not eagerly join in the adulation of royalty. Everybody, churchman or layman, made it "the first duty in life to be at all hours and in every place under the king's eye, within reach of his voice and his glance." It was literally true that "the true courtier follows the prince as a shadow follows its body." Even the Duke de Richelieu writes to Madame de Maintenon that it were preferable to die rather than be without the light of the royal countenance for two months; while the Duke de la Rochefoucauld made it a boast that he had never missed the king's rising and going to bed. People paid thousands of dollars for the privilege of being a royal valet or cloak-bearer. We hear of old courtiers of eighty, who have spent half the time of that long life on their feet, dancing attendance on majesty. The palace is ever crowded, and with such a crowd! One would think that India had exhausted her gems, and France her silks and satins, to provide for the dazzling show; that the deft arts and workmanship of the world could scarcely have sufficed to furnish forth the decorations and ornaments; that Nature must have forced the life and juices of the earth to supply the vast wealth of flowers garlanded and grouped in corridors and reception-halls. Never was there a period when the art of dress was carried to a greater perfection in color and shape, in elaborate taste and fanciful device. "There is not a toilet here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language, which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art." We can only fully realize the amazement which Frank-

lin, appearing in plain snuff-colored attire, caused the French court, when we comprehend the gorgeous culmination which the art of dress had reached. The ladies' skirts, "ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, form an *espallier* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers, and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, strawberries—a gigantic, animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy." The men were scarcely less splendid in attire than the women, with their buckles and wigs, their lace cuffs and cravats, their silken coats

and "vests of the hues of the fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose-tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery;" their swords with richly-chased hilts, and their *chapeaux* thick with lace and feathers.

✓ In such gorgeous fashion lived the French king and his court; and thus royalty and the court continued till the time came for the people to rise, and, in their rage, and hunger, and thirst for vengeance, to put out the lights of this dazzling scene, and lay low this most magnificent of all "theatres royal" in smoking ruins! X

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

II.

IN 1837 I found Thomas Crawford in Rome, then the only artist from the United States residing in the Eternal City, and, I believe, the first student of sculpture from our country who ever came here to study his profession. (I am not quite sure, however, that Horatio Greenough had not been in Rome for a short visit previous to establishing himself in Florence.)

Later in the winter of 1837, Crawford and myself were joined by a young and promising American student by the name of Philips,¹ who had been a pupil of Weir's; thus making three of us from the United States. That season there were but a small number of Americans here: among them was Commodore Hull, and at the same time, by a curious combination, also his old antagonist the commander of the *Guerrière*. They were seen frequently walking arm-in-arm about the Eternal City, the best of friends and companions, and we used to call them light and shadow, Commodore Hull being preposterously bulky and his companion notably thin and bony. The victorious captain of the Constitution sat to Crawford for his bust, one of the earliest efforts of his professional career. One day, after he had finished his sitting with the old hero, I met the embryo sculptor at the Lepre, where we usually went for our dinners.

"Well, my boy," I said, "how did you get on to-day with your sitter?"

"He was in a very jocose humor, and remarkably amusing," he replied; "as I was working with my modeling-tool about his eyes he cried out as if he was hurt, 'I say, Signor Tommaso, don't poke that stick into my peepers in that way, I can't stand it! Softly, my lad, softly.'"

That year, and for one or two after it, our young sculptor had hard struggles, met nobly with a resolve to make any sacrifice rather than relinquish his chance of improvement. Thorwaldsen was very friendly to

him, and gave him a place in his own studio, where the great Dane overlooked his studies and gave him salutary counsel. Crawford has often expressed to me his gratitude for this assistance, and confessed the great benefit he derived from it.

It was during the manly contention with difficulties of which I have spoken that he achieved one of his best works—the "*Orpheus*." This made him known as possessing sterling feeling and genius for his art; and not long after he received the commission for the monument to Washington from the city of Richmond. Renting a long range of roomy stables which faced the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, he put up in clay the colossal horse which was to bear down to future times the portrait in bronze of the immortal Father of his Country. Not only did the grand monument march onward toward completion, but he found leisure to create other fine productions, among them a statue of Beethoven; this, and the figure of Patrick Henry, will be admitted, I think, by all generous critics, to contain elements of the happiest inspiration; and had he never done anything else, would alone mark him an artist of no ordinary power.

In the second story of the stately palace Negroni, overlooking his studios with its lofty belvedere, Crawford and his family resided. Back of it lay gardens with fruit and flowers, plants varied and luxuriant, fountains, trees, and artistic decorations, making it a little paradise in which to ramble. The grounds extended to the Temple of Minerva Medica, covering a space abounding in historical interest as well as of horticultural beauty. In the high tower the sculptor had also a studio, from which he could gaze upon the Alban Hills, and, looking to the south, get a glimpse of the distant sea. Everything was full of enjoyment to him; enviably happy in his domestic relations, successful in his vocation, his name progressing fairly on toward fame; when, in the midst of all this present enjoyment and promise of the future, his career was arrested by the saddest of diseases that can afflict a painter or a sculptor. Symp-

¹ Philips returned home and died at a very early age.

toms, threatening loss of sight, made their appearance, the result of which was to take him in a short time so prematurely from the art he adored with passionate devotion, and from his beautiful young wife and children. The terrible disease first showed itself as he was returning from a visit home to America; but he was enabled to continue his work upon the Richmond monument for several months after, until the effort became so painful that he was forced to abandon the work. One of his eyes seemed to be protruding itself from its proper place in the orbit. An eminent surgeon—Gibson—from Philadelphia happened to be in Rome that winter, and interested himself warmly in the case. He called a consultation of the best surgeons, and proceeded to an exploration, which resulted in convincing his own high intelligence that the malady proceeded from a cancer at the back of the eye, which was pressing forward and affecting the optic nerve. I cannot forget when the great surgical professor called upon me the day after the examination, and told me that Crawford must die—that a few months, more or less, would "take him from us." This opinion of the surgeon was not made known to Crawford, who still allowed himself to hope that he might get relief. Under this impression, he went to Paris and consulted the most renowned oculists there. They told him that an operation would probably be death; in the mean time an American surgeon and physician had come to London, professing to cure cancers of every kind by an entirely new treatment. Hoping against hope, his wife and friends urged him to become a patient of this new wonder in medical surgery. The ailing eye was soon removed from its socket, thus hoping to save the other; but, alas! scarcely had that been effected, when the other eye, sympathizing with its lost mate, showed that the cruel malady was at work there also. The fatal disease advanced so rapidly that in a few weeks it was too evident the unhappy artist must say farewell to sight. The little light left faded from his vision. One day he said to his old, faithful servant: "Giuseppe, I wish to get up. Wrap me in my dressing-gown and lead me to the window." This complied with, he asked, "Are the blinds open, Giuseppe?" "Yes, *caro padrone mio*." "He stood there" (said his attached domestic to me) "for a few minutes, when I saw the tears roll down his cheeks, and he said, 'Giuseppe, lead me back to my bed.'" Then came complete and utter despair, the brave heart which had borne up till that dreadful moment, and which, in the face of all discouraging circumstances, had suffered itself to dream of future triumphs in art, that brave heart, I repeat, was broken, and in a short time ceased to beat forever. The light of a generous, manly nature went out at Crawford's death.

There was a fine portrait, painted by Page, just before the youthful sculptor crossed the sea to come to Rome. Where is it? One day, these portraits of the pioneers of art will become interesting to our country, and few of them more so than those which preserve the form and features of our much-regretted Thomas Crawford. A portrait by Lawder, a Scotch

fellow-student in Rome, painted in 1837, and a bust in marble by John Macdonald, are in the possession of Mr. Allen Fraser, who was a warm personal friend of our sculptor during his early Roman struggles, and who still retains a tender and loyal regard for his genius and noble qualities.

The arts of painting and sculpture, which in Italy had fallen into inglorious decadence, began to revive in the latter part of the last century by the works of Canova and Camuccini, and simultaneously there commenced an impouring to Rome of students from all parts of Europe, which, increasing in an extraordinary degree up to the present day, has made Rome the city of studios as well as of churches. Germany, in this respect, has been more largely represented than any other country.

From Russia there came two pensioned students, who have since acquired uncommon distinction. These were Brülów and Ivanoff. I saw a work of the latter, upon which he had toiled over twenty years—the subject, "Christ and his Apostles." The artist would not allow any one to see this picture when in progress until he was induced to do so under the following circumstances: There was a German painter here (whose name I have forgotten) also engaged upon a large composition, and who was equally fastidious as to showing his performance; he had been working some ten years upon his large canvas. The mutual friends of the two suggested that they should show their pictures to each other, even if they would not extend the permission to others. They agreed to do so, Ivanoff returning to the Caffè Greco after the visit. One of his intimates asked him what he thought of the German's picture. He answered in Italian, with a shrug of his shoulders, "*Oh, una cosa tirato via!*"—"A thing thrown off in a hurry!" Brülów, his fellow-student and compatriot, painted his enormous picture of "The Last Days of Pompeii" in as many months as the other took years to execute his. Ivanoff had introduced a small glimpse of the river Jordan in his picture, and made a pilgrimage to the East expressly to make a study of it. When the work was finished there was much curiosity to see it, and crowds rushed to the exhibition, and were disappointed to find so little effect in a work which had cost nearly a quarter of a century of labor; all spontaneity of execution had been sacrificed in the effort to obtain expressive detail, all hope of fluidity and frankness in color sacrificed to obtain solidity in modeling and drawing; but the picture, despite these defects, was truly wonderful for other qualities, and the name of the artist is one justly honored in his country.

Nearly coeval with the last-named celebrities, Horace Vernet made his appearance as director of the French Academy in Rome; following him came Paul Delaroche, and the unfortunate Leopold Robert; Delaroche, as director, succeeding Vernet; and Robert, who, in defiance of the discouraging opinion of his friends in Paris, who told him he would never succeed as an artist, was determined to break down all obstacles obstructing his way to preferment and

fame, finally achieving a victory in the struggle. His famous picture of "La Moisson," painted while in Rome, attests how glorious was his conquest over the predictions of his friends.

Paul Delaroche married the beautiful daughter of Horace Vernet, with whom, it is said, Leopold Robert was also madly in love, and it is also supposed that the disappointment of unrequited passion seriously affected his after-existence. In Venice, a few years later, he had painted a picture and sent it to Paris for exhibition. He had fallen into a very morbid state from want of money, and the fear lest his picture would prove a failure. His mind became infected with the gloomiest fancies, and he blew his brains out. The day after the terrible deed a letter arrived to his address containing a draft for the very large sum for which his picture had been sold, and telling him that his canvas was the great attraction of the Salon—that his fame was established! Commissions were awaiting his acceptance on his own terms, and all things ready to promote his honor and advancement. The eyes were closed forever which should have read this letter, and brightened with gratification: they had done their last work in the admired "Improvisatore," which later hung on the walls of the Louvre—its frame covered with crape, while below the picture on the floor fresh flowers were strewed daily during the season, a touching tribute to the memory of the painter.

The eccentricities and peculiarities of Vernet were many, and have been related graphically by writers of his own country. One little incident is all which I shall relate of them, as it occurred within my own knowledge, and has not appeared in any other notice of him: I knew a very conceited and very handsome young Milanese painter, who took no pains to keep secret from the world his exalted opinion of himself—not alone that in his own eyes he was the handsomest and most fascinating fellow in Rome, the most picturesque and tasteful in his dress, and wearer of innumerable laurels in *bonnes fortunes*, but that he was also the best painter in the Eternal City. His airs were prodigious. He was engaged upon a picture, and, meeting the celebrated Frenchman, invited him to his studio. Vernet, who was ever ready to give his counsels wherever they were desired by students, whatever their capabilities, responded to the solicitation and called to see the foppish Lombard. The vain Milanese began an explanation of his performance in a most theatrical and pompous style—talked gushingly of its composition—his predilection for the grand manner of Michael Angelo—his happy disposition of drapery—valuation of light and shade—balance and harmony of color, etc., etc., giving his listener no chance of an observation; finally, with a stage pose and flourish of his arm and hand, he concluded with, "When I have carried the color in my group into the middle and extreme distance, and united by my superior intimacy with aerial perspective the plains of my composition in complete harmony"—his breath was all but exhausted—"what do you think, professor?" The disgusted professor replied, "I think

you are the assassin of art!" and hurried out of the studio.

Gibson, the English sculptor, dates his appearance in Rome at about the same period of the remarkable French painters just mentioned. One of his latest crotchets was that of tinting his marbles—insisting that the Greeks were in the habit of doing so. I remember how much more pure and beautiful was his figure of Pandora before he vulgarized it by coloring, and I also recollect his reading me a letter one morning in the Caffè Greco from the Duchess of D—, who, two or more years previously, had ordered the statue from him for her gallery. "Yes, her ladyship scolds me in this letter. She begins: 'John Gibson, you are treating me very badly. I was to have had the Pandora more than a year since,' etc. Yes, she's getting impatient, but I shall write to her ladyship and tell her that I can't spare my Pandora yet—that I have fallen in love with her since I have painted her; her blue eyes and golden hair have bewitched me. I will tell her ladyship, also, that I have just made my charmer a present of a pair of Etruscan gold ear-rings, which I bought of Castellani. Oh, no; I can't give up my Pandora yet."

Not long after this the Pandora was sent to the great International Exhibition in London, and *Punch* had a spirited cut, representing a plethoric female gazing at the nude, "all-gifted goddess," who with touching simplicity is made to exclaim, "Oh! how like our Hemma!"

Gibson never failed to have his walk on the Pincian Hill in the morning, before going to his studio. One morning, at the time when it looked threateningly like war between England and America, I met him there, and, after a taciturn promenade beside him for a quarter of an hour, he broke silence with—"So you Yankees are talking of going to war with us? Now, sir, if you do that, we shall sink all your ships to the bottom of the sea. Yes; we shall, indeed." His whole expression and manner said, "There is no appeal from this judgment, and no more words are called for"—the matter was settled.

Gibson's mode of expressing himself was both positive and laconic. Among other singular fancies was his faith in the numbers three and seven. In some work which I have read I have met with a curious dissertation upon the subject of these especial numbers, and retain in my memory this passage: "The number seven would seem to have been held in much the same esteem as the mystic number three. There are, for instance, seven classes of persons whose anger is not to be resented, viz., bards, commanders, women, prisoners, drunken persons, Druids, and kings in their own dominions. There are three deaths not to be bemoaned—the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince; and three things which advance the subject—to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor." It is to be hoped that Gibson had a higher authority than this unsatisfactory nonsense upon which to build his faith. From whatever source he may have de-

rived it, however, he was undeniably under its influence, both in composing his works and in other matters besides. Here is a trifling incident *à propos* of his attachment to mystic numbers. It was related to me by Harriet Hosmer, his favorite pupil. She had arranged a journey with him to Switzerland, and they had fixed to meet at the railroad-station in the morning. Gibson had brought his valise, carpet-bag, and a hat-box. As they were quitting the baggage-room for the cars, Miss Hosmer observed that Gibson was forgetting his hat-box; she caught it up to give it to him, when the cover fell off, and she perceived it was empty.

"You are leaving your hat behind you," said she, "for it is not in your box."

"No," he replied, "I did not intend to bring it."

"Oh!" responded she, "I suppose you mean to buy a new one, and have brought your case to save purchasing another."

"No, I have plenty of hats."

"Well, then, in the name of common-sense, why do you bring this unnecessary incumbrance?"

"Well, you see, Miss Hatty, my valise counts one, my carpet-bag makes two, and I bring my hat-box to complete the trio. I always travel with *three or seven* pieces."

Randolph Rogers and William Story came here when Crawford was still living. Rogers had been for some time in Florence, where he had mastered the elementary difficulties of his profession. He then came to Rome, and settled himself down permanently. His first work—"Ruth"—gave the flattering hopes which his career has since justified. The central door for the Capitol was given him to execute, and the bronze material in which it is cast will carry down to posterity proofs that good things could be done in our day. When Crawford died, leaving the monument for Richmond not completed, the committee in whose hands the matter rested saw in Rogers the sculptor best adapted to finish what remained to be done; and the figures of Lewis and Nelson, together with the six pedestals, are by his hand. There is a good deal in common between the two sculptors, especially in spirit and love of nationality. Rogers is the first American artist who has been elected into the body of the Professors of St. Luke. Gibson, before him, was the first English sculptor made a professor of that venerable institution.

Story's two figures of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl, exhibited at the last great International Exhibition in London, were the commencement of a reputation which since has made him well known to the world. Ives followed close upon the heels of Rogers and Story, bringing with him from Florence a statue of Pandora, which he had modeled in that city, and he also established himself in Rome. I remember to have heard Gibson pronounce a very flattering eulogy upon this figure, and Gibson was never prodigal of praise. I recollect two busts by Ives which, for likeness and character, it would be difficult to surpass—I refer to those of Seward and General Scott.

The name of Buchanan Read is better known as a verse-maker than a painter, though he devoted himself to both arts with equal love. It is not enough to say that Read was an extraordinary man, and the application of the word in his case might likewise be misconstrued. I think one might adopt a very strong term in connection with his name, coupling it distinctly with genius. Yes; he belongs to the distinguished family of poets, born to chant dreamland songs, and patriotic lays, and tender strains of love and pathos. "Drifting" and "Sheridan's Ride" speak of the first two faculties in a very high degree. There are both fire and feeling, Nature and eloquence, in that twenty miles "to save the day," and its popularity sustains my opinion of it. Like Burns and Béranger, Read was little assisted by education; still he did not "throw his hands uncouthly o'er the strings" of his lyre. In painting, also, he owed more to his native discrimination than to academic teaching. Neither his poems nor pictures are ever vulgar. The latter are often languid, but ever melodious and pleasing. His versification is not thought consistently happy in all his productions, but there is enough in many of them to merit the title I propose to bestow upon their author, viz., that of a man of genius. His was a nature subject to quick overflowings of generosity—rapid and restless in its mental activity, eager for approbation and applause—with a loving desire to make as many happy as he could. Many of those who were in Rome five or six years ago will remember the hospitable entertainments, given in his house and studio, to honor distinguished Americans. I was present at a splendid banquet given in honor of Mr. Adams, after he had resigned his mission to England. Another *fête* was given to General Sheridan, and a reception in honor of General Sherman. The larger portion of his guests upon those frequent occasions were his brother-artists. Like all other true artists, Read was eminently free from snobbishness, and ready at any moment to divide his last dollar with any one of his friends who was in need. The constant demand upon his brain in the pursuit of two arts so exacting in their several qualifications exhausted and reduced the *physique* of our "poet-painter" so low that he was obliged to resort to stimulants, and the last two years of Read's residence in Rome betrayed a serious change in his health and character. It is four years since he left the Eternal City for his native land, where he was destined to breathe his last day after his arrival. He left no enemies at Rome, but many who had the sincerest affection for him, among whom I enroll myself.

It was in the autumn of 1833 that Hans Christian Andersen came here. He lived very much among his own countrymen—little known among the other foreign artists of Rome; indeed, at that time he had written nothing of importance to give him a claim to public attention. Thorwaldsen received his countryman kindly, but his chief associates were among his younger compatriots who were studying art. Their economical habits suited his small means,

and with their vocation he had, like Thackeray, a natural sympathy. With these he formed pleasant and enduring friendships. My distinguished friend Mrs. Mary Howitt, who was the first to give to English readers a translation of the "Improvvisatore," has kindly assisted me to gather together a few incidents regarding the author's life while here. A house on the corner of the Via Felice and Piazza Barberini, holding the famous Triton fountain in view, was the birthplace of his "Antonio, the Improvvisatore." Much has been changed within and about the building; but the shop opposite, of which he has written—where was sold "butter and bacon," where were "suspended ever in sight the curious buffalo cheeses," and where the "light was continually burning before the little shrine"—still remains as it was; but the rude stone fountain beneath the window, "where the donkeys came to drink and bray," has disappeared.

One of Andersen's particular associates was Kasher, a painter, then a young fellow full of life and spirits, but who afterward became a Catholic, and ended his days as a begging monk, under the name of Dietro di Santo Dio, having been converted to his office by the present pope. Andersen, with his friends, made frequent excursions into the neighboring mountains, where old manners, old customs, and old costumes prevailed. Funerals, country festivals, persons taken prisoners by the brigands, brigands taken prisoners by the pope's soldiery, assassinations, lovers' jealousies, the wild rustic dances of the people, were studied, and photographed in his memory. Nothing came amiss to his sharp appetite for the novel, wild, and picturesque. At the Lepre restaurant he, with his intimates—the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Germans—was wont to dine, and drink the sour wine, and get a dinner for twenty sous; meeting those men who had already made themselves enviably famous—Thorwaldsen, Koch, Rhinehart, Dinelli, and others.

At the Christmas of his stay here Andersen and his friends celebrated the festival at the large house near the theatre in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. He and two of his companions, "Jensen and Christensen," set off early in the morning, and decorated the place with flowers and garlands. A large orange-tree, laden with fruit, served as their Christmas-tree, to the boughs of which were added still other fruit by way of presents to all who came. In the evening the Scandinavian world hastened to the Borghese for the grand festival of Christmas-eve—Thorwaldsen and his not very friendly compatriot, Bysham, among them. Nothing could exceed the enjoyment of the evening—though a few *contre-temps* were said to have occurred; but a song

written by Andersen was sung, and perfect harmony was restored. It seems they kept up the revelry until long after midnight: returning, they found the gate of the Popolo closed. They knocked loudly for some time before the *custode* would open to them, and not even then until the question was put ferociously, "*Chi siete?*" and timidly responded to with "*Buoni amici!*" They were then allowed to enter the city. So mild was the night at that season that no overcoats were worn by the party, and Andersen contrasts with astonishment the difference of the climate from that of his own cold Denmark. Of this *fête* the author has given us a description in his "Poets' Bazaar." Andersen returned to Rome, and I remember his having lodgings in the Via Purificazione; and in 1846 he was here again.

His works were then known in all countries, and he was very much noticed. His birthday was kept, and among other tokens of esteem which he received was a mosaic flower-piece, sent to him by Madame de Goethe, the widow of the poet's son, who was at that time living in the same house where Andersen had written the "Improvvisatore."

Andersen's Rome has another atmosphere from that attributed to it by Madame de Staël and Hawthorne. In the "Marble Faun" we breathe a perpetual *sirocco*. Exhalations from gorgeous dying flowers, drowning in classic, stagnant pools, fill the air. Rome's fountains, ruins, palaces, appear to smother beneath some unhealthy influence—there is always lurking about them something uncanny and dangerous. There are melancholy shadows falling over most things, and hidden in them are dusty skeletons, scorpions, bats, and mysterious agencies, constantly stimulating unwholesome fancies; and, though his light is mellow as that in most of the pictures of Claude Lorraine, golden and soft, yet the air is oppressive to respiration and wanting in vitality; while the pen of Andersen paints Rome in its normal light and shadow. He introduces us to its people; we get a look into their shops, their houses, *cafes*, restaurants. We sing with them, dance with them, and many of us are ready to kneel with them at their wayside shrines. His legless Beppo, with a jocund face, offers us a pinch of snuff, and extends his hand with a merry grin, and we give him a sou. It is realistic—you and the beggar know each other. You also make acquaintance with a prince or two, as many priests and friars as you wish, and numerous artists. It is Roman life as it exists—Roman life, perhaps, with its most picturesque features presented to you, but not the Rome of Corinne and Oswald, not the Rome which Hawthorne in his clever novel has "transformed" into a theatre, only fitted for the particular *dramatis personæ* whom he brings upon the stage.

BY THE THICKNESS OF A BUTTON.

"A H! there you come at last, do you? The punch has had a full head of steam on this long time," cried old Engineer Zimmermann to several sturdy figures, who, deep buried in thick furs, that left only red noses and gleaming eyes exposed, came puffing, and stamping, and covered with snow, into the engineer's room at Burglitz.

It is New-Year's eve, and the table in the engineer's room is covered with an exceptionally neat white cloth, and on it, next the stove, stands the mighty bowl, at which old Zimmermann is vigorously working; while the clouds of steam that rise from it, and the empty rum-flasks that stand by it, leave no doubt that its contents are devoted to go at high pressure into throats of boiler-iron—a genuine engineer's punch.

"The devil! Uncle Zimmermann; hard old Sylvester's day this, eh?" cried the new-comers, shaking off the snow, and pulling off furs, jackets, caps, and outer boots.

"What do you sugar-babies know of hard days in your glass houses, on your machines that rock you with their easy springs as gently as if you were in your nurses' arms? You ought to have stood with us back in '39 and '40 on the little machines that went so hard and jolting you felt every jog of the rails from the soles of your feet up under your caps, and that wouldn't budge a foot if the snow lay a hand's-breadth deep on the rails; and then we stood all out-of-doors, night and day, without screen or shelter, summer and winter, the hottest day in July and the coldest night in December, without any protection but our coats and a buffalo outside-coat, that had been well drubbed, I tell you, by the storms. That was something like hard times. But what do you know about it? For that matter, what's the worst you have to do to what they've put our Hennig through here to-day, who is come off A I from his examination? And here he is now."

"Hallo! old fellow. How was it? How did it go? Did they make you sweat? Come, sit down! Bring on the punch!" were the exclamations poured on the new-comer from all sides.

"Less noise, there!" broke in the harsh voice of old Zimmermann. "Sit down? Yes! Punch? No! Hörnig and Franz aren't here yet, that are coming in with the freight. It is twenty minutes behind now, and must be in in a minute or two more. Glass and glass about for all, that's fair play."

"Well, now," began the young candidate, wiping from his forehead the perspiration that broke out afresh at the recollection, "they gave it me well, I can tell you. I was examined by the new rules, you know. There sat a row of chaps, I guess a rod long, and nary one of 'em, except our engine-master, did I ever see on an engine or in a shop. And our engine-master wasn't the worst, either. They questioned me sharp, that's a fact, right up to the handle. But one could understand *them*, and give them some sort

of reasonable answer. But what the other fellows asked me I didn't more'n half understand. 'Twasn't any railroad lingo they used; and what they were driving at—well, yes, I know—I'd looked it up in the books Superintendent Herzel lent me, just to be able to answer. Never saw anything of it in service, never had any occasion for it, and don't believe I ever shall if I live to be a hundred."

"And what in thunder was it all, then?" began one of the crowd, lighting his cigar, just as the door was suddenly thrown open. A cloud of snow burst in, and out of it emerged the dim forms of two new arrivals—the expected engineers of the two engines that had brought in the belated freight-train. "Bravo! Glad you've got here!" was the greeting that met them. "Now pass round the punch, and let's have the solids in from what's-his-name's."

"Here's a bit of roast for one thing," cried one of the last arrived, and raised to view a half-scorched hare, that he held by the hind-legs.

"Where did you get that creature? And what are you going to do with him?"

"This fellow wished to do himself the honor of making a part of Hennig's treat to-night, but probably was in too much of a hurry, and did himself a little too brown," laughed the possessor of the hare. "The red lights of my 'Pluto' roused him out of the hole in the snow where he sat crouched on the bank as comfortable as you please, and he began to run a wager with our train. For two or three minutes, perhaps, I saw the little stupid, black rascal skimming over the snow in the second track alongside the engine. I gave a short *Pfiff!* That scared him; he put out on a spurt, got ahead into the red light of the signal-lantern—perhaps that blinded him—he doubled before the engine as he would before a dog, right across the track. I looked to the other side to see when he would come in sight again, but he didn't appear. I thought he was either killed or had run back under the train, and forgot the creature. But when we'd got to Seestadt, and the grate of my engine was being cleaned out, the fellow down underneath there with the poker called out from the ash-hole: 'Hörnig, Hörnig, you've brought a roast with you. I believe the fire of the Pluto has scorched the fellow's brains. Come down and see!' Sure enough, as true as I sit here, there lay my hare underneath in my ash-box, dead and half stewed. The ash-box must have caught him on the jump. He was in a hurry to be roasted."

Loud laughter followed the young engineer's story.

"Now laugh, will you, you stupid blockheads, at the poor beast!" growled Zimmermann, as he filled the glasses; "because you don't know what a cursed pleasant feeling one has under an ash-box."

"And do you know that, then?" cried several voices, in tones of strong doubt.

"I know everything, as you rascals know right

well, and have been through everything that can happen between the underside of the rails and the top of the smoke-stack."

"But you haven't been in the ash-box?" laughed the company, a little derisively.

"Not exactly," replied the old man, very gravely, "but under it, and partly, too, very near in it. But I tell you, I've been by when a splendid train of magnificent cars, full of people in high spirits, with one jolt—before you could lift your hand to your pipe or light a match—was nothing but a heap of kindling-wood and broken screws and pieces of axles and wheels, out of which came groans and cries for help, while despairing men stood round it wringing their hands; and locomotives, like kittens on a roof, leaped down the bank, and rolled once, twice, three times over and over, wheels up and smoke-stack underneath, and all was steam, fragments, fire, hissing, and shrieks; but never in five-and-thirty years' rail-roading has my heart stood so still as it did under the ash-box."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Zim, tell us!" cried voices one could see were used to making themselves heard above the clatter, rattle, and clank of the locomotive.

"Well, well! I'll do it," he replied, as he slowly undid his tobacco-pouch and began to fill his short-pipe, "though I don't like to go over the story. To this day there's always something turns over under the third rib here when I think of it."

"You see, boys, the hands that worked this punch in those days came near being the hands of a widow then, and my Carl and Julia weren't born yet, though you might even then have called me Stout Franz."

"But what's that to do with it, uncle?" asked the circle.

"Well, then, in the d——'s name, light up your plagued elegant cigars again. They suit you dolls in glass cases, as the short-pipe suits us stout fellows under the free heavens. Pass the glasses this way, and then hold your jaw till I get through:

"It was upon New-Year's eve, in the year 1845, thirty good years ago, and a devil of a storm, driving snow and sleet mixed together. I was a young fellow; I'd been married about a year. You know the station is a horrible place for service. Let a storm come which way it will, it always sweeps clean across the square, that's as open and level as the top of this table. In toward the town there is a little cut with two tracks, one or the other of which always chokes up in the first hour of a drifting snow. Just as you get through the cut, in the third house in Garden Street, behind the old oil-mills that we often cursed for a nuisance, because we always had to shut off steam going by for fear of the sparks from the chimney catching in the shingle roof, I lived with my Louise, and Franz, just born, who is superintendent now over at Rudrich's."

"So, on Sylvester-eve, 1845, I came into the station with a heavy freight-train from Griesthal, after standing for fourteen hours on the engine in a storm at six below. I was frozen stiff as an icicle, and glad enough, you bet, to get hold of the Sylvester-

punch. It was getting dusk already as I came in, and, through the whirl of glistening flakes, saw the station with its hundreds on hundreds of lights, like a huge Christmas-box. A poor Christmas-box for me! There were collected through the holidays a regular town of cars, something like five hundred of them, and they'd got to be all made up so that everything could be off directly after New-Year's. Hardly had I got off my engine in the engine-house when up comes the station-master, and says to me:

"Hauser is taken sick, and you will have to take No. 3 in his place."

"Ten thousand thunders!" said I; "but I hope it won't last till midnight, Mr. Station-master, for then I must be at home, or there's ill luck for the New-Year."

"Fiddlesticks!" said he; "only you be sure you're on hand," and away he was gone in the driving snow.

"I thought I'd taken the matter more to heart than it was worth, and laid the cold shiver that crept over my skin to the uncanny blast that came snorting at me as I came out with the engine. The whole air was full of fine snow, and, as the wreaths of it drove like white ghosts across the engine, I could hardly see the smoke-stack."

"Of the light-signals one caught only now and then a glimpse, red, white, or green; of the horn and pipe signals, what with the howling of the wind about the cars and car-wheels, and its singing in the telegraph-wires, and the rumbling of the cars and the whistling of the engines, one heard only just enough to be sure one had not understood them. Of the shouts of the men one could make just nothing but that they shouted."

"Then there were a couple of hundred cars being shunted about in all directions at the same time; on all sides they came looming like great shadows out of the darkness and thick snow, and straight vanished in it again. The poor switch-tenders, wet to the skin, up to their knees in snow, sprang this way and that between the rolling cars. You know how a distributing-station looks of a winter night. God only knows how 'tis we're not all made mincemeat of in the course of it; and I've all my life long been surprised when next morning I haven't heard that this one or that one was killed on the spot. And if anything does happen, then the strict gentlemen at the green table in their warm office up there out with the rules out of their pockets. To be sure, it's the only way. But if they would only just for once in their lives take the trouble to look on themselves outside!

"That night, then, it was right bad, and the Sylvester-punch, too, may have touched the men's heads a little beforehand, for the ranging went at a rate as if Satan himself was giving the orders. The cars flew so this way and that, and the lights went by like flashes, and everywhere one heard the groaning and clinking of the buffers crashing together, and the men crept about under and between the cars as if the wheels were gingerbread and the buffers downy pillows. But before all there was a

wretched little assistant station-master—I could not bear the man, because he once came very much in my way in a certain matter—but I could not help looking in amazement as I saw his signal-lantern everywhere, swinging in an inch, swinging horizontally, swinging crosswise, up, down, behind, before, and heard his shrill voice through all the storm. And see, I'd just called to the man, as I saw him slip through between two buffers, that he ought not to be so devilish reckless, in a storm where one could neither see nor hear a thing, and might slip down into the bargain. But he had laughed at me, and called out: 'You attend to your own work, Zimmermann, and never mind me; we *must* be through before midnight—forward, forward!' and away he was gone. I had called after him with a good-will: 'To the devil with you, then!' and that I shall not forget my life long, but shall think of it with sorrow on my death-bed." Here the old engineer made a pause, wiped his forehead, took a draught from his glass of punch, and went on:

"I heard him still giving the order 'Forward!' yonder among my comrades, and heard the car-chains clink, and then a sound—what like was it? have you ever heard a butcher hack through a thick bone with his axe?—and then a dull cry, and then, again, only the cling and clang of the buffers clashing together. A cold shudder ran over me; then I got the signal to go ahead—there was no stopping. 'Forward, forward!' In a moment I was far away at the other end of the yard, where no one could know what had happened.

"But I did my duty still, only as if I was dreaming, and when, a half-hour later, we had got through and I entered the engine-house again, the boss said to me, 'Have you heard, Zimmermann, Assistant Station-master Porges has been killed on the spot, crushed to death between the buffers?'

"I didn't ask many questions; my very heart shuddered, and I don't know how I took care of my engine and got on the way home. As I passed by the stairs, I saw a group with lanterns standing there, and something covered with a cloak lying on the snow. I didn't stop; I shivered all over; and I can tell you, boys, I'd have given Heaven knows what if I hadn't wished him to the devil half an hour before. I tried hard to get that out of my head. I meant nothing particular by it; 'twas a way of talking common enough with us. Among you young chaps it's worse yet, and it would cure you if you once felt the crawling inside of you that I have. Well, at last I made out to get thinking of the warm room at home there with the felt-slippers all ready, and Louise and the youngster, and the flask of arrack and the sugar and the lemons on the table, and the cat and the tea-kettle singing, and by degrees I began to feel a little lighter.

"Now, with all this thinking of this and that, you'll readily believe I hadn't paid much heed to wind and weather, road or pathway; and all I knew was, it was whirling and howling yet in the air as I entered the cut by the old oil-mill, through which I might have seen the windows of my house,

if one could have seen anything at all ten paces off. I went ahead on the right-hand track of the two in the cut because that was freer from snow, and from that side I could see my house sooner.

"And, in truth, I went along quite carelessly, for I was going from the yard, and that was the in-track, so no train could come on me from behind, and at that hour none was to be expected in front. Besides, I must have heard it coming.

"Just as I was in the middle of the cut, which lies, you know, in the curve, and where that night one could not see a car-length off, I heard a whistle behind me, and right after it the clip and clap of the approaching train. I noticed, too, that the engine was pushing the train before it, because the stroke of the engine was much farther behind than the rolling of the wheels. I thought, 'Ah! that is the reserve-train of some twenty pair of wheels that stood yonder ahead on the track, and that they are shunting over to the freight-house.' But all this passed only vaguely through my mind, as one always thinks mechanically of his work even when his head and heart are full of other things. I say vaguely; in reality I didn't feel the slightest interest in it, for the train must directly pass me on the other track. But when the ping and pang of the wheels on the hard-frozen track had got quite close up, and I already heard the coupling-chain on the foremost car clinking back and forth, and saw the light of its signal-lantern begin to glide by me on the snow, I partly turned my head to call out a 'Happy New-Year!' to the fellows up on the train.

"But there was no train on the track; and at the same instant I got a violent blow in the back. The sparks danced before my eyes—slap!—I lay flat on my face on the track, and, pung! pung! the cars began to pass on over me."

Here the old engineer made another pause. It was still as death in the room, and faces breathless and riveted leaned forward round the table. He filled the glasses again, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe, and went on:

"You see, boys, when we sit here this way round the table, or stand on the engine, or even, like poor Hörnig here to-day, have to go through a squeeze by those examiners, our ideas come along one after the other, slowly and in some sort of order, so that one can take a good look at 'em. They even say we engineers are slower than other men, because all the quickness is gone out of us into our engines.—But, boys, in the second or so between the blow and my lying flat on the ground, I did more thinking than ever I did before or since from Easter to Whitsuntide.

"First about home, the warm room and everything in it, and the New-Year's chimes and the going to church in the morning; then the assistant station-master as he lay there under the cloak on the snow; and then I began reckoning as distinctly as if I was giving the orders for making up all the trains, about the train that was passing over me. How was it it was on the wrong track, the one I'd been on, coming out on the in-track? And then all at once I

thought, what before in the midst of my cogitating I had forgotten—the outward track I had seen as early as noon already deep buried in snow, and that was why they were coming out on the in-track. Then I saw plain enough the train just as it stood; there couldn't be more than ten or eleven freight-cars, all our own cars, they all went high above the rails—they would do me no harm. I lay flat enough between the rails. But the engines—the ash-boxes of the engines! I knew all three engines that still stood fired up at the station as well as my tobacco-pouch. The 'Wittekind' would go harmless enough over me, even though I had been stouter than I was; the 'Hermann,' too, might be merciful to me, at any rate if it was carrying little water and fire, and the sleepers under me didn't stand up too much; but under the 'Sirius,' one of the new, low-built elephants, I was a dead man. Ay! dead? That wouldn't be the worst. I should be slowly crushed and torn into shreds. Which engine was it, then, coming there?

"All this, you see, boys, I had thought between the blow and the lying flat; but when I was once down all calculation ceased, and it was just by instinct I stretched myself out and held my breath and made myself thin as an otter that's trying to get out from a trap, and counted the axles that passed on over me. Every ping and pang spoke distinctly out in syllables, 'A wretch-ed death, a wretch-ed death!' And now something heavy catches hold of me! No, it is nothing yet—it only grazes me, and glides clinking its length along over me and off, striking a chill to my marrow—it is a chain hanging down. But now it comes! the ground begins, at first gently, then stronger and stronger, to tremble under me; it comes very slowly. Then I saw at the side that the rails and the snow and the rolling wheel-shadows over me grew ever redder, redder. It was the engine-fire shining from the ash-box. Now I felt it grow hot on my bare head and neck. The sleepers yielded under me; the

rails groaned and bent; the ground shook violently; it is on me. It strikes me violently in the back, presses forward—God have mercy on me! Then rip, crack! something on me gave way. Pang! pang! rolling! thundering! stamping!—the engine had passed over me and off. From the free heaven once more the snow-cloud plunged down upon me.

"How I got on my legs I don't know. I stood there, I shook myself, and saw the red lights of the engine disappear round the curve. They looked to me like the eyes of a veritable bodily death. Then I felt myself to see what the engine had torn loose: and, behold! the regulation buttons were gone from my coat behind.

"I went to the nearest switch-tender and got a lantern and looked for the buttons in the snow; but when we were sitting round the bowl at home, and I was putting in first too much rum and then too much sugar, Louise, wondering, asked:

"Husband, what's the matter with you? You tremble so and don't speak a word."

"Then my senses and speech came to me again, and I showed Louise the buttons, and told her the story, and, holding up a button 'twixt finger and thumb, said:

"See, within so much of a horrible death has your husband been to-night!"

"Look! I have the buttons yet, and mean to carry them till death comes in reality."

The old man opened his coat and drew out two buttons, stamped with the king's arms, which he wore secured by a string about his neck.

"And now you know why I pitied the poor creature in the ash-box. I have told you the story because it came up in the talk; but I don't like to speak of it, because the agony of death was in it, and that's something no man calls to mind willingly.—But hark! twelve o'clock! Good luck to us all for the New-Year; and any number of hundred thousand locomotive miles!"

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HOUSE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

OUR chief interest in a landscape or country grows largely out of its relations to human society—to what man has done, or has to do with it. Take away the human footprint, and there would still remain, to be sure, the picturesque valley and hill, the rich foliage, the crystal lake, the birds, the flowers, and the overhanging sky; but the subtle sympathy which fuses these, and makes them pertinent to us—puts them, as it were, in coherence—would be painfully absent. It is some touch of visible kinship that we seek, and which helps to spell out the meaning of the world. Even a picture of the rocks and fields is not quite so much a picture when it stands alone, but is bettered if it incloses for us merely a cabin and a clothes-line.

Our agency in making the particular corner of

the world we inhabit what it is, is, therefore, a somewhat practical thing. And it would seem to be about as closely bound to moral as to ethical rules. For the house we build, the yard and fields we reclaim and adorn, are just so many suggestions of human character—the strokes of the pencil which we have chosen to put upon a permanent and abiding canvas.

Our farmers and country residents have, in truth, the beauty and comeliness of the landscape, to a large extent, in their keeping, and set up such forms of ugliness or attraction as come easy or natural to them. That observer would be blind who should discern no more difference, in comparing Puritan New England with chaotic Mexico, than that which latitude and climate produce. But, to keep

within our own thermal line, it is curious how, in respect to houses alone, this liberty of which we speak finds expression. You might almost write out the creeds, the probity, the sentimentality, and even the superstitions of any community, by only going through the streets and inspecting the habitations. To take a broad instance: would any one need to be told, on looking over the severe simplicity and thrift of a Shaker settlement, what it is that has built these solid structures of unornamented neatness, and so swept and garnished the fields?

The writer in an English magazine says that he knows "a district in the north of England where the houses are wretched-looking, deformed, repulsive; they might be blind, lame, maimed, diseased buildings, mustered from all other parts. Travelers by railway, seeing the place for the first time, I believe, do not feel quite at ease till they are several stations away. On the other hand, there is a certain region in the west of England whose every dwelling has so meek an air that you seem to be on terms of acquaintance with anybody you happen to see standing at a door."

This is a feeling which is much oftener experienced than expressed, and the reader need not travel far to entertain it. The briefest walk, the nearest hamlet, offer associations which attest its existence. There are cheerful houses, and those which depress you and make you homesick at once. There are aristocratic houses—those which show taste, plebeian ones, and houses which suggest crime and the Commune. There are pert, pretentious houses, which put on the airs and frippery of a vacuously-fluent young lady, and which seem to say and think that they are the chiefest object of consequence in the neighborhood. Their very drapery, so to speak, bespeaks and befits them. They are empty-headed, and frivolous, and giddy, and one would soon lose all his sensible ideas if he should try to live under their roof. The gloomy, morose house, we sometimes think, is even worse, for you are kept in a sort of funeral sorrow whenever you have to pass one of these. A sombre spirit sets it apart from its neighbors, as the black robes separate the nun, and give it over to monasticism and regret. If you expect to hold cheerful views of Providence and life, if you wish to think as well as may be of your neighbors, and of human kind, if you would cultivate charity and tolerance, do not build or rent one of this species. It will set your mental currents awry for the rest of your life.

People who travel on the Hudson River must have noticed a sepulchral and sombre pile which (twenty years ago, is it not?) was constructed for the home of a man of genius—but which passed before he died to a more congenial and fitting use. Cold, blue, and dismal, it frowned, with its back to the sunshine, on all that seemed warm and opulent about it. How any bright light should have ever dared to break through those forbidding windows we do not know—so Egyptian, sphinx-like, and spectral, it looked. The riddle it offered there was no *Edipus* to guess. Here *Macbeth* might have

stained his hands, and have washed the plague-spots out; for it was a piece of tragedy frozen into monumental permanence. There is a house we often walk past in the fashionable street of one of the Connecticut coast cities, which, in a smaller way, gives forth the same solemnity—and both are modeled, unconsciously, without doubt (at least, without intention), from the same dark conception as that which built the Tombs. We should feel, if compelled to live in either, as if we were suspected of some crime.

Perhaps the Hudson River affords, if one should wish to take notice of its costly and various habitations, about as fruitful a field for pursuing the philosophy of this topic as any equal space in the land. It might prove remunerative to take a trip up and down it, just to see how wealth, tradition, and circumstance—the past century and the present—express their various aspirations or bereavements in the houses they build. From the squalid shanty among the shrubless, rocky knolls near the river's edge, to the nobly-turreted mansion which crowns the liberal farm or pleasure-grounds above, there is nearly every diversity and contrast. You see in a panorama the whole gamut of human life.

Here are the houses, more interesting than all, of those to whom Fortune permits ease and desire—ideal homes, where fine opportunity for effect and freedom of expression have joined their powers. Some have come here with pictures and books; some, I fear, only with pocket-books; some with the brush and easel; and one, whom I know of, with his telescope to look at the stars. An author and naturalist, of pleasant fame, has built a cottage of stone and wood in curious design, taking the material from the very soil, and found the sweetness of the task and its result in the same creative impulse as that which prompts his literary themes. He has built into its walls bits of his own character; and I do not wonder to hear that the birds and the bees seek to share it with him, or that its out-door and in-door denizens live peacefully together.

Somewhat farther on, as you go toward Albany, there stands a mansion into which, we are told, have gone fabulous sums of money. It is the bright point which no eye can escape; but we do not recommend it as an example for even wealth to follow. We suppose it could only have been built in America; for those who have the means to do so much elsewhere, do it without unnecessary display. But, in fact, if there is anything which a house intended to be a home should strive to avoid, it is gaudiness and ostentation. The true home secludes itself amid cozy shrubbery, and, instead of vaulting above Nature, and shouting in the tones of an advertisement, retreats like the dryads into hidden nooks of shyness and repose. Thoreau was not a house-builder—but we may learn a lesson from him which he made no pretensions to teach. The modest cabin he built by Walden Lake, simply for shelter and temporary convenience, gives us a fertile hint of the sanctity and fellowship that may join the house with the out-of-doors. It was a freak, to be sure,

that sent him so far to do it; but, if he sometimes forgot the amenities—grace and beauty and the social instinct—he at least rebuked our white and staring carpentry, which glares from nearly every hill and hollow, and showed that life was sacred to privacy also, and might be lived at times for its own sake.

It is not lavish expense, or newness, or fine architecture, that makes the perfect and fitting house. The touching and ideal home grows out of certain definite wants, and it should be redolent, too, of grace and beauty. There are log-cabins which can be made with their surroundings, when overtrilled with vines and roses, fit residences for royalty; and we happen to know that it was not so very many years since when this kind of structure was, in Wisconsin, the governor's mansion. The old and moss-covered building should not be despised or held beyond the owner's care, for it now has a flavor of its own, and is saturated with the far past. Some of these, quaint and curious as they appear, seem as native and firmly rooted as are the Pyramids, and so homelike, hospitable, and sincere, that they almost reach out their arms and invite you in. All houses, as Longfellow says—though we take his words in a deflected sense—are haunted houses: for they hold the whims and fancies, the dreams and devices of their builders, as well as the past and the present, in crystallization. That old house in Guilford, Connecticut, supposed to be the oldest now standing in the United States, having been built two hundred and thirty-seven years ago—and likely to stand another century—needs to be looked at from the fields in its rear if you would get much idea of its original picturesqueness; for the modern stucco in front, where no angles or projections are visible, has taken most of its sturdy character away. If you step within, the old beams, we believe, are to be seen overhead; and you can set a barrel of flour endwise on the recess which measures the distance of the windows from the face of the inner wall. This house was built both as a fort and a house, and was used by the inhabitants of its early era as a refuge from the Indians. The ponderous weight of stone which enters into it, tradition says, was brought a long distance across an intervening swamp on handbarrows—an implement no modern workman would so demean or drudge himself as to use. There were, a few years ago, two or three houses in the country that aspired to measure their antiquity with it; but I believe the Guilford house has the priority of birth, and it is still used as a comfortable residence.

It is a pleasant neighborhood where the houses one accosts are such as he can be "on good terms" with, and where none gives you a shock as you pass. There are some that always seem alien, whose secret you never understand. They either will not take you into their intimacy, or else some implacable temper which they display debars you from desiring it. We salute the fair ones with a familiar greeting, but know the repellent one at sight, peer at it with a shrug of the shoulder, and never put it on our list of speaking acquaintance.

But the physiognomy of the house is not confined wholly to its exterior. There are some which smile and show fair enough without, but are dumb and cheerless within. The very entrance-way appalls you; the rooms have a deserted, soulless look, and the halls and passages are dreary and chilling. This internal coldness somehow seems to undo all effort of furniture and fixtures to overcome it. There should be room for sociability, as well as for privacy—apartments for warm greetings, and pleasant places, when conversation lags, where its occupants can retire within themselves.

No one who has read Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," or his introduction to "The Old Manse" tales, will easily forget the sensitive impression which he records of those half-historic and personally-piquant abodes. Speaking of the first, he says: "The aspect of the venerable mansion had always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive, also, of the long lapse of mental life and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within. . . . So much of mankind's varied experience had passed there—so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed—that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart."

This personality of the house we meet, or enter, becomes in due time as fixed and unique as that of its occupant. "Houses of every antiquity in New England," says Hawthorne, "are so invariably possessed with spirits, that the matter seems hardly worth alluding to." Of the Old Manse he remarked: "The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by even thrusts his head, as it were, into the domestic circle."

How pathetic always is the appeal of that sacred spot which bears but the scar where a house once stood, the half-tumbled chimney and fireplace remaining (faithfullest feature of all, for it is ever the last to take its leave), as it greets you on some lonely corner of a road! There bloom the lilacs still, and the snowball bush, and the sunflowers; and the path to the well, over which is still visible the bucketless, battered sweep, has not quite faded out. Nothing moves about it. There is no stir of feet, no noise. Every signal of human life has withdrawn. A butterfly, merely, zigzags across its site; the honey-bee whirs on the white clover, which blossoms here, and desolation broods about it with as cold and imperious an air as for centuries it has brooded over Carthage, or Thebes, or Palmyra. How eloquent are the silent jambs, with the whitewash (not very white now) partially clinging, where the good master, perhaps, was wont to light his evening pipe; where the family circle, or semicircle, rather, arranged its cozy length, and the talk and work rippled on together! What an aching hush impends!

Under their chairs have started up rank and tangled weeds, and of their thoughts and desires, their toils and struggles, no memory or tradition remains.

Old, uninhabited houses themselves confront us with a nearly equal tenderness, and tune the mind to dithyrambs of the past. We enter one of these slowly and with reverent pause :

"Gray moss grows on the step-worn floor,
Ivy twines up the chimney-spires,
And on the hearth-places below
There glow no fires.

"All deathly still—all mutely sad,
Old house! thy ruin is to me;
I look upon this cheerless scene
Most pityingly.

"Those that found shelter here are gone,
Gone from their sorrow and distress,
Their bodies in the ground, like thee,
Are tenantless."

To touch up an old house for new occupants and a new career one needs an endowment of taste and sober respect, the lack of which is sometimes flagrant, and is frequently emblazoned. It is Hawthorne, again, who says that the art of renovation is sometimes more sacrilegious than that of destruction—and just before he left the Old Manse (for the Salem Custom-House, was it not?) "there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint, a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother."

Curious are the freaks that come out in house-building. An eccentric carpenter whom I knew built his house without a cupboard or a closet, and would have no garret either. There was to be no rubbish in *his* life, no odds and ends to stow quietly away. The fabric should be all whole cloth, with nothing left over, for which a hiding-place might some time be wanted. Another whom I recall crowned his domicile with a cupola and bell; the latter to be rung for the rising of the household, and for the meals, and for the hour when all must retire. Think of the cast-iron procedure and method such a policy must have entailed when kept up, as I believe it was, for not less than thirty years! Procrustes's bedstead must have been a pleasant resting-place in comparison with such a home; for that was applied once for all, and was not adjusted anew each day. The building which this contrivance surmounted, being of liberal size, was probably taken by the way-farer in that direction for a factory; and so it was—a factory where life was made up to order, in one piece of uniform breadth, texture, and color.

Another eccentric genius put his whim in the front-gate. Having occasion to build the dooryard-fence when hoops were the most pronounced feature in ladies' fashions, he made the small gate opening up to the hall-door so broad that the visitor could very nearly drive his horse and wagon through it.

There is a house in Salisbury, Connecticut, which has fourteen fireplaces; and the one in which I am writing this article has seven fireplaces, three brick ovens, and six outside doors. A quaint old clock was built in the sitting-room wall, and the house itself was

made to face the south to a hair's-breadth by an observation made on the north star. Looking out the window across the street, I see an old brick dwelling in which is built the following inscription, made legible by painting black the brick which form the letters:

"J. AND M. D.
1769."

George Eliot describes a house in "Middlemarch" as follows: "The building, of greenish stone, was in the old English style, not ugly, but small-windowed and melancholy-looking: the sort of house that must have children, many flowers, open windows, and little vistas of bright things, to make it seem a joyous home." Mr. Alcott says that his neighbors flatter him by saying that his house is one of the best placed and most picturesque in town. "I know very well the secret of what they praise. 'Tis simply adapting the color and repairs to the architecture, and making these in keeping to the spot." This is in conformity to Mr. Downing's rule, who said that a house should seem to grow up out of the earth, and not look as if it were imposed above it.

As Mr. Alcott's theory confirms some things which I had written before turning to his essay, I will venture to quote a few lines from it: "A house, like a person, invites by amiable reserves, as if it loved to be introduced in perspective and reached by courteous approaches. Let it show tastefully behind shrubbery, screen its proportions decorously in plain tints, not thrust itself rudely, like an inn upon the street at cross-roads. A wide lawn in front, sloping to the road gracefully, gives it the stately air and courtly approach. I like the ancient mansions for this reason; these old Puritan residences for their unpretending air, their sober tints, in strict keeping with Wordsworth's rule of coloring, viz., that of the sod about the grounds. A slight exaltation of this defines best the architecture by distinguishing it from surrounding objects in the landscape. Modest tints are always becoming. White and red are intolerable. And for some variety in drawing the neighboring barks of shrubbery suggest and best characterize the coloring."

The city house is a different species from its country cousin. It has no room for much individuality, and must conform to the etiquette which aggregation imposes as rigidly on houses as it does on men. Sel-dom does it dare to differ from its block or brethren; and, while it may have comfort and covetable thrift, it rarely rises to the region of the proper picturesque.

The English writer first quoted depicts a calamitous result from the construction of a certain interior where privacy was not provided for. It was a house he met in England. He says: "I know a house with a whole family of unmarried daughters—unmarried they will remain so long as their parents mistakenly live in it. There is not a snug bit of shelter in which a sheep-faced young fellow might safely make love in the whole premises. The rooms are somehow all connected, doors opening in and

out everywhere; and in the least-used apartment, where wooing would have mainly to take place, a staring mirror over the mantel is so whitely, so blankly lighted up by a queer corner-window, that any decent young man, thinking of a proposal, would be put out of countenance by it instantly."

It is a striking comment on the influence which the house bestows to notice how too little or too much of it affects us. The turtle's shell is hardly better related to him than is the house to man. When we keep too long or too much within it, "our souls grow angular as the apartments they dwell in, and come, like them, to have parlors and pantries, closets and coal-holes; views take color from the windows they are seen through, and muffled thoughts in listed slippers walk on carpets," without the firm, free footfall of assurance and self-respect. When we cast the shell utterly aside we become gypsies, nomads, Indians, and walk up and down the earth like the spirits of old that had been exorcised and dispossessed. The downcast vacancy in the eye of the tramp, who sleeps one night on the roadside-turf and the next against a haystack, signals the sorrow that is covered by no roof. It is the turtle that has lost and will never find his shell.

It is said that all the Tartar abodes, and most of the houses of Asia—even the pagoda itself—are but one remove from the tent in style. While passing out of canvas they still cling to its form. For it is character, climate, and civilization, that build for us. Among some barbarous peoples the houses are of mud; in Venice and portions of China they stand in or over the water; in the high arctic regions they are built of snow and ice; in Japan they have been

made of paper; but nobody, I believe, builds of glass for private occupancy—owing, no doubt, to the wholesome effect of the proverb which in such cases forbids throwing stones. The paper houses, if they could be acclimated with us, and made cheaply enough, might be burned and rebuilt every year, and so save the terror of the annual topsy-turvy which "house-cleaning" now compels us to undergo.

"Let us understand," says Emerson, "that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands free under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to true and good persons—a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept."

The house is the staple which fastens us to the world. It expresses the first step—the unit of social organization. It is the place where we take off our masks and disguises, and seem most nakedly what we are. It is the retreat where we shut out the storm and the weather, and shut in friendship and love. We shall build it better some day, and gain a more just conception of its sacred relations, its mobility and human character, its sympathy with the soil, and its finer uses. Even now we may well say (changing the couplet by a single word)—

"Earth proudly wears *this* parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone."

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XL.

THE EXODUS.

WHEN an overwhelming grief befalls us, it seems for the moment, even to the humblest, to dwarf all other cares. It is only the rich, however, who can afford to indulge it. With the poor, the next day, or the day after, some miserable need pushes divine Sorrow from her stool, and compels attention. Even Kate Dalton, whose sense of duty was so strong, and whose consciousness of responsibility so keen, had, in the anguish of her loss, underrated the more sordid troubles that were awaiting her. The cold touch of death had numbed her somewhat to the meaner pain. But though the weight of sorrow still oppressed her sorely, she now began to feel the other burdens that pressed upon her. Lucy was gone, her wages paid to the last farthing, and her fare to town—but without any present, such as her young mistress yearned to make her; and her loss was felt, but not in gain. One mouth the less to feed made but small difference in the household expenses, already reduced to the most economical figure. Do what she could, Kitty found her little income did but just keep pace with her outgoings. And there were still some debts. Dr. Cur-

zon's bill—which must have grown to be a pretty long one by this time—had not yet been sent in; and Kitty dared not ask for it. Yet it seemed to her shocking, and almost sacrilegious, that what was due for medical attendance on her poor mother in those later weeks, as well as on Jenny, should not be settled. The parcel of cast-off raiment had come from Riverside, and Kitty had humbly arrayed herself in one of Mary's dresses. It was nothing more, she had said to herself, than hundreds of well-born and well-bred girls, who are not rich, are wont to do. "You will not be offended if I send you baby's pelisse, who has grown out of all knowledge," is a very usual thing for one mother to write to another who is her friend or relative, but happens not to be so rich in this world's goods. It is as common as Dick's old clothes being "cut up" for his brother Jack. And it is the same, or almost the same, with other garments. Yet somehow Kitty felt it. The change from complete equality with her cousin to this state of dependence, obligation, subordination—there was no actual term for it—had been too sudden for it to be accepted yet as a matter of course.

Jenny, who had been reading about "doles" in her old books, used to speak of these gratuitous garments as "the Riverside dole," and could not be persuaded to make use of them. Some of the furniture

from Cardigan Place had come packed in sackings; and, "When my clothes are worn out, Margate and I are going to set to work at dress-making with that," she said. "Mrs. Campden will like to see me in sackcloth, I know, and it will no doubt be very becoming."

But neither Kitty's meekness nor Jenny's mock-humility availed them in a financial point of view, even though the former affected a distaste for butcher-meat—which was essential for her delicate sister—and took to eating bread-and-cheese.

One afternoon Mrs. Campden drove over to the Nook, and found their little dining-table spread with one chop for Jenny, and the loaf and cheese. Tony, as often happened now, had been asked to dine by the good doctor.

"Cheese is very bad for you, Kitty," said she, taking in the situation at a glance; "and I am afraid you will find it false economy."

"It agrees with me very well, I thank you," said Kitty, with the nearest approach to bitterness that her gentle nature had ever shown.

"Well, I am glad of that; but I think a good dinner would be an excellent thing for you. If you will come home with me to-day—you and Jenny—I will send you back at night. Mary is away, at the Skiptons', in Eaton Square, as you know, but Mr. Campden and I will do our best to make the evening pass agreeably."

"I don't like to leave baby for so many hours, thank you," said Kitty.

"Very well; then I won't ask Jenny to come alone, because I know she hates to be separated from you."

"Quite right," said Jenny; "I do."

It was astonishing, as Mrs. Campden afterward observed, how soon that girl had lost her manners. Some folks were always independent of mere position in that respect; but Jenny was evidently the creature of circumstances. It was only her being in ill-health that had made people imagine her to have delicate susceptibilities, and so forth. Her good breeding had been in reality but skin-deep.

If Mrs. Campden, however, was severe on Jenny, she was very gracious to Kitty.

"Ah, my dear, Mary writes that Eaton Square with Leonora Skipton is not to compare with Cardigan Place and Cousin Kitty. She sticks to old friends, I promise you. I have said my say, you know, about the matter; but you can hardly imagine how Mary clings to the hope of seeing you resume your proper place in the world."

To this Kitty replied nothing; and presently Mrs. Campden took her leave, upon the whole well satisfied with her reconnaissance.

"That bread-and-cheese business can't last forever," said she to herself. "Miss Kate will soon come round to common-sense, or else I am much mistaken."

And she wrote a letter to Mr. Holt that very night, bidding him be of good cheer, for that matters were working in the right direction. She had been a match-maker—having had little else to do—all her life, but she had never entered into any matrimonial plot with such gusto as in this case. The day when she saw Kitty Mrs. Holt, and on which she would be able to say, "That girl owes it all to me," would be indeed a proud one to her. And she saw it now at no great distance.

Her visit left the two sisters, as usual, in greater despondency than it found them.

"Mrs. Campden's reference to our bread-and-cheese was in exceeding bad taste," said Kitty, with unwonted indignation. "I think you deserve great credit, Jenny, for not flying out at her."

"My dear Kitty," returned her sister, "I have had my say, as Mrs. Campden herself calls it, about that woman, and have made up my mind to hold my tongue. Besides, it was your bread-and-cheese, not mine. Do you suppose I don't see how you are starving yourself for my sake?" added she, with a sudden burst of tenderness.

"No, no, darling; I am doing nothing of the kind; I am all right," sobbed Kitty. They were weeping now in each other's arms. "It was very foolish of me to be so angry; but she was cruel to taunt us with our poverty. What can be the good of that?"

"Good!" cried Jenny, with passionate contempt. "Do you imagine she ever thinks of 'the good'? She talked like that in order to have an excuse for sending us broken virtuals as well as cast-off clothes. Who cares what she says?"

"That is true. It is Uncle George's conduct that hurts me, not hers. He ought to have written, or come over, or something, after that—that letter of his wife's."

"He is a coward; that is the long and short of it. You never showed me that letter, Kitty; but—"

"I burnt it," interrupted Kate.

"I know you did. I only wish to ask you one question about it. Was there anything in it insulting—I mean disrespectful—to dear papa?"

"There was something about him, not exactly insulting—"

"I understand; you need say no more, Kitty. I suspected as much. If I had known it: well, things are best as they are; but pray, never let me meet Mrs. Campden again. I will not answer for my tongue, else. The very sensation of being in that woman's neighborhood stifles me."

Nothing more was said on the matter; but Jenny, notwithstanding her observation that matters were best as they were, was furious at the reflection that Mrs. Campden was probably under the impression that she had seen that communication to Kitty, and yet had not resented its insults to her father.

The morning after next brought two letters to the Nook, where now the postman so rarely delivered one.

"Well, Jenny, here is an invitation for us all to go to town!" cried Kitty, triumphantly.

"Not from the Skiptons, surely?"

"Well, no; from nobody quite so fashionable. It is from Nurse Haywood, at Islington. Her house is vacant, it seems; and if we would only come and live there till dear papa returns—or—or something turns up. Of course, we must not take advantage of the dear creature's kindness as to terms; but even if we paid her a moderate rent it would, I do believe, be cheaper than living here."

"May I see the letter?—Ah! then you have been writing to her to ask whether we could come, because of what I said to you the other day about my hating to be near Riverside! O Kitty, Kitty, you think of everybody but yourself! I know you would dislike living in town in such a different way from what—"

"Indeed, I should not," interposed Kitty, flushing up. She had an objection to live in London, but it was certainly not that. She had a vague fear that Mr. Holt would find opportunities of pressing his suit.

"Well, if you really wouldn't mind, Kitty, I should so prefer it. And fancy what a pleasure it will be to dear old nurse and—Jeff!"

Kitty was silent for a little; then quietly said:

"There was a letter from Jeff, was there not?"

"Yes, darling; but, as you won't show me yours, I won't show you mine—just yet. You are not jealous, are you?"

Either from the idea of leaving Sanbeck, or for

some other reason, Jenny was, for a wonder, in high spirits; and these sometimes, as the phrase goes, carried her away with them.

"No, darling; I am not jealous," answered Kitty, gently; "but I thought you told me that you liked being at the Nook because of the old books, which were so useful to you in your writing."

"Did I, dear? Then I was talking nonsense, as I very often do."

And again she smiled. It was seldom that she did so; but, when she did, the smile gave her delicate, intelligent face a rare beauty, and a softness which of late it had sorely lacked.

Kitty kissed her.

"We shall have to sell all our things, Jenny, or most of them, before we can get away quite free from debt, and set up housekeeping again in London. I suppose they must be sold in Bleabarrow."

"Very good, my dear," answered Jenny, cheerfully. "Write to the auctioneer at once; or shall I write? I know the gentleman, for he made my reclining-couch. I think I made rather a conquest of him, and he may take off that one-eighth per cent. which Jeff has got so much to talk about."

"What a pleasure it is to see you laugh again, Jenny!" said Kitty, fondly.

"And what a cheap pleasure," answered the other, gayly, "which is a great consideration! By-the-by," added she, with sudden gravity, "there is one debt we have quite forgotten, though I of all people ought to have remembered it—there is the dear, old doctor's account to be settled."

The light faded out of her face, which had once more grown bright and young: it was as though a child had suddenly been debarred from some long-promised treat.

"I have been thinking of it a great deal, Jenny. If he charges us as he ought to do, it will be a long bill—because you know there was his attendance upon dear mamma. Still, I am sure, it will be as reasonable as he can justly make it. We must sell a little more of the furniture, that's all. Nurse Haywood's house has almost everything we shall require, you know."

"It is a dreadful thing for a poor family to have an invalid in it," said Jenny, in a low voice; "Mrs. Campden was right there."

"Mrs. Campden is never right—at least about us," replied Kitty, decisively. "Of course we would have you well if we could; but you are dearer to us as you are than any one else could be in the rudest health. Now, let us set to work, Jenny, at once, since we really are going away, and forget all our invalid fancies in active employment."

"For which I am so very useful," said Jenny, bitterly.

"There are other and better ways of being useful, my dear, than in cording boxes and carrying them up and down stairs. You can write to the auctioneer, as you suggested, for example; and you can pen a few pretty lines to the doctor, asking him to be so good as to let us know what we owe him; he will like it better coming from you than from me; and, besides, you can express yourself ten times as well as I can. It is not a very agreeable task, I fear, my darling."

"It is not worse than things you have to do yourself, Kitty, every hour of the day," answered Jenny, passionately. "You are starving yourself—you are working yourself to the bone for others; and I won't be spoiled in this way, and treated like a child; I won't indeed."

Kitty opened her large eyes at this outburst; but, before she could reply, Jenny had sat down at her mother's desk and seized a pen.

"Don't talk, please," said she, with a sudden change from vexation to mock-gravity, "because I am engaged in business."

The notion of "business" as associated with that fragile and immaterial creature was so utterly incongruous and absurd that Kitty, whose laughter, fortunately for her, was always much nearer to her lips than the tears to her eyes, could not restrain her mirth.

Both Jenny's letters were answered promptly enough. The auctioneer came over from Bleabarrow in person, appraised the furniture, gave them a rough estimate of what it would fetch, and received his instructions. Everything was to be sold without reserve, except the piano, a few books, and some knick-knacks that had belonged to their mother.

Dr. Curzon sent his reply by return of post, to the effect that, in case Mr. Dalton should come home with a gold-mine in his pocket, he would send them in such a bill as could not be made out without consultation with Dr. Jefferson, who was an expert in that art; but otherwise that they should get no bill from him. His hand, it was true, was against every man and in every man's pocket, he said, but that he did not make war against young ladies. Moreover, that such an idea had been imputed to him had given him mortal offense, which nothing but their all coming to dine with him on the ensuing day could wipe out.

This communication had a very different effect from what the writer had intended; for its recipient broke down as she read it, and gave way to a burst of tears.

Poor Jenny! The hardness of the world made her bitter, and its softness made her weak; or was it the contrast between them that affected her more than either?

But both sisters argued that Dr. Curzon's bill must be paid, and they sent by Tony a few earnest yet graceful words to that effect, as well as an acceptance of the doctor's invitation.

"Your bill shall be sent in," was the reply brought back, along with an intimation that the doctor's "private equipage"—which was, in fact, the Bleabarrow fly—should be sent for them on the morrow.

Upon the whole, it was a more cheerful little dinner-party than could have been expected. Their host did not seem surprised that they were bent on leaving Sanbeck, though he expressed the regret which, without doubt, he felt upon his own account. Very little was spoken about the Campdens; their host was far from saying anything to widen the breach between the families; but, when Kitty spoke of the annoyance which she feared the sale at Bleabarrow would cause at Riverside, he observed, dryly: "It is generally disagreeable to see folks drown, especially in shallow water; but it is less painful to some people than wetting their own clothes. At all events, I have no sympathy to spare, under such circumstances, for those upon the bank."

Jenny said nothing, but thanked him with her eyes.

She would have been still more grateful to him had she known what happened on the morrow; how the doctor rode up to Riverside, and, breaking through that neutrality which it behooves every medical man who practises in the country to maintain, had attempted to plead the Daltons' cause with Mrs. Campden. He lost it, of course, and his temper with it; and in the end gave a piece of his mind to Mr. Campden, who made one in the interview, and about one-tenth of one in the conversation.

His wife had observed that the Dalton girls had behaved disrespectfully to her in coming to this decision about giving up their house without consulting

her. "And as for selling their furniture in Bleabarrow, under our very noses, as it were, it is most inconsiderate and disgraceful."

"It is ill-judged, my dear," said Mr. Campden; "but there cannot be any disgrace in selling one's own property to pay one's debts."

"I agree with Mrs. Campden," said the doctor, "that it is very disgraceful."

"There, you see; Dr. Curzon agrees with me!" cried the lady, triumphantly. "He knows the circumstances, and especially his patient, Miss Jenny's character, who, you may depend upon it, is at the bottom of this. She would do anything to spite me, because I thought it right to set before her sister her true position."

This attack on his favorite Jenny cut the last strand of the doctor's patience.

"Your wife mistakes me, Mr. Campden. I think it a great disgrace that the sale should take place; but the disgrace lies at your door, not theirs. If I had your money, or one-hundredth part of it, before I would permit two helpless girls, my kinswomen, to be sold up—"

"Insolent apothecary!" interrupted Mrs. Campden, shrilly, "how dare you? You know nothing about the matter. You never had two shillings to rub against one another! My husband's money, indeed! I should like to know what *you* would do with it?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you, madam. The very first thing I would do with it, if I were he—though it cost me fifty thousand pounds—would be, to get a divorce from my wife!" And with that the doctor clapped his hat on his head, and walked out of the house, not to enter it again for many a year.

This little scene did not tend to increase the cordiality of the tenants of Riverside toward those of the Nook. It did, in fact, widen the breach between them exceedingly. When the sale was over, and it wanted still a week to the time fixed for the Daltons' departure, Mrs. Campden wrote a coldly-civil letter to Kitty, offering the use of her carriage to take them to the station. This Kitty rightly took as a polite hint that a farewell visit to Riverside might be dispensed with, which was so far a great relief. At the same time the sense that they had been separated so soon and so utterly from those they had considered their best friends, by the bare blade of poverty, was keenly felt. She also trembled to think of the isolation that had befallen those committed to her trust. At present, however, thanks to the necessity for exertion consequent on their departure, this last consideration did not press so hard upon her; but she knew that it was, as it were, in abeyance, to become cruelly poignant when they should find themselves in the wild waste of London.

The last hour the two girls and Tony spent at Sanbeck was passed at their mother's grave. Workmen of all kinds are tardy in the country, and the pretty headstone, with its simple "OUR MOTHER," and the date upon it, had been only just erected. The doctor met the little pious band returning from the churchyard, and promised them that Mrs. Dalton's resting-place should be henceforth his peculiar care. "You must come down and see the flowers growing upon it, my dears," he said. And much else he said, as welcome and as comforting; how they had yet left to them in the little valley one friend on whom they could count at all times—not very able, but good for something at a pinch, and very, very willing.

"But you have never sent that account you promised, and therefore we don't trust you," said Kitty, severely, wishing to stop Jenny's tears, which were flowing freely.

"I have brought it with me," said he, and he gave it her. "It is the last remembrance you will have of me, as is the case with all doctors—and now good-by, darlings."

He rode off on his stout pony as the Riverside carriage came thundering into the courtyard.

There were still a few minutes to spare before parting with old Margate. (The maid, more open-mouthed than ever, was to accompany them as baby's nurse and bottle-holder.) Kitty's housewifely instincts caused her to look at the total of the doctor's "little account."

"O Jenny!" cried she, "what do you think that wicked old dear has done?"

"Charged us too little, of course—something ridiculously small. I knew he would."

"My dear, he has *receipted* the bill. What are we to do?"

But Jenny had already left the room, and the last box was being put on the carrier's cart.

"I really am afraid it won't do to pay Dr. Curzon, Jenny," said she, reverting to the subject when they were seated in the carriage. "We must write him a pretty letter of thanks together, instead."

"Yes; he will value that higher than your check, Kitty; God bless him!"

They did not speak much more together as they drove down the quiet valley where they had left their dear one behind them. Their hearts were too full of memories—and perhaps forebodings.

When they got into the train—a second-class carriage happened, by good fortune, to be empty—Kitty again broke silence.

"What on earth had you to say to Charles, Jenny?" (Charles was the Campdens' footman.) "Of course, I gave something both to him and the coachman."

"Don't be afraid, my dear, of my paying people twice over," returned Jenny, laughing. "I assure you I mean to be as careful of my money as though I were ever so rich. I was only discharging a little debt."

"What debt?"

"The debt we owe to Mrs. Campden; that horrid ten pounds she lent us. If the doctor had taken his dues, I should have felt bound to pay them, so far as I could, out of my privy purse, since the bill was incurred on my account. But now—oh, I am so glad to have sent that woman back her ten pounds! I didn't do it insultingly, mind; I just sent a few lines as we were leaving the Nook, to thank her for the use of the carriage—for you know she said she had sent it principally on 'dear Jenny's' account—and inclosed the amount of her late loan. O dear, how nice it was! How happy I feel!"

"But, my dear Jenny, where did you *get* the ten pounds?"

"From here," said Jenny, touching her forehead with her forefinger—"from *here*, my dear. I draw upon my imagination, and my imagination draws upon a firm in Paternoster Row which honors its checks."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

LIFE is not all sorrow even to the sorrowful. There are hours when the sick are well, when the toilers are enfranchised, when the poor are wealthy. It may be that they only seem so by comparison with their usual lot (for, had not happiness been defined by a sad sage as freedom from pain?); yet they are happy, buoyant, thankful, believing for a little while

that the sun shines for them as well as for others; that Fate is not, after all, so hard. Thus it was with the two sisters as they sat together in the railway-carriage, the one disclosing, the other drinking in, the details of a literary success.

The baby was asleep, and Tony was endeavoring to teach the open-mouthed maid the rudiments of traveling piquet. She would count the sheep per head instead of per flock, and in doing so missed the magpies, the donkeys, and all that was really valuable upon her side of the way.

"This news is wonderful, dear Jenny," cried Kitty, admiringly. "The idea of your being a real, live author! I thought that you had some idea of getting money by your lacework; and so did dear mamma. We used to talk about it together, though we never spoke of it to you, and she used to tremble so lest you should meet with some disappointment. She said people would not think so much of your lace, beautiful as it was, when they had to pay for it."

"She was right, Kitty. I failed in the lace-line; I thought I would try literature."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Kitty, overcome with the audacity of this idea.

"Yes, my dear, I said to myself, 'I will be an author.' You know I was always fond of scribbling. I suppose I had written as much as Shakespeare from first to last, though there was a considerable difference in the quality."

"Don't let us say that," said Kitty, encouragingly.

"Well, other people said it, my dear (or the equivalent of it), at all events; editors especially."

"Editors! You write to editors, then?" Kitty regarded her sister with a sublime surprise—an admiration tinged with awe.

"Why, no; I got Jeff to take the things, and to offer them as though they were his own productions."

"Jeff! You made poor Jeff pretend to be an author! But how could he?"

"He went to work as naturally as possible. He gave them tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and sentimental effusions; but no one ever expressed a doubt."

"How charming!" exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands together in joyful excitement. "And they were all accepted, of course?"

"No, dear; they were all rejected. The editors told Jeff that he must have patience, and 'fill his basket.' (The expression puzzled him a good deal, by-the-by; he said he had only heard of one's 'bread-basket'; and how was an author to fill that, if he could not sell his works?) He was to read more, they meant, and not attempt to spin things out of himself, like a spider. You shall read Jeff's description of it all some day. So I set to work upon Mr. Landell's library. It was rather dry work at first; but I ferreted out some curious and out-of-the-way things, and made two articles out of them, and told Jeff to try his fortune with them with the *Smellfungus Magazine*. And the editor actually accepted them."

"Only to think of it, Jenny! Then you were in print. And yet you never told us! How could you keep such a secret, and, O Jenny, from dear mamma, too, whom it would have pleased so much?"

"I have often thought of that, dear," answered the other, gravely; "but it does not matter now. What I had set my heart on was to get money for us all—to show that I was not going to be the clog and the burden to you—that woman at Riverside took it for granted I should be. And since for those articles I got no money, I determined to say nothing about them. But Jeff—dear Jeff—so managed it that for a story I wrote, all out of these old materials, I did get money. The day you heard from Nurse Haywood, he sent me two five-pound notes

from the editor. I should have given them to you at once, only you spoke of Dr. Curzon's bill, and I thought they ought to go for that. Even so, it would have been very nice; but as it is—to have paid Mrs. Campden off with them—it is simply delicious! We are out of debt, and we shall have the means of livelihood. This was 'the hope' that I told that woman we still had, and at which you smiled so sadly, when she came to call that day at the Nook; the hope of my being able to make money by my pen; and you see it has been realized. It is not such a bad world, after all; if only dear papa comes home to us. I think he will come now; I do, indeed. Everything looks so much brighter, though I thought we were never to have a ray of sunshine again. Kiss me, Kitty."

The two girls sat locked in a close embrace.

"But, Jenny, why did you let us leave Sanbeck? You will no longer have any books to—to—"

"To 'gut.' That was the word the editor used to Jeff, little knowing that he was giving advice to a lady. He said that at the British Museum I should find any amount of old books to—to perform that operation upon. It seems I have a talent for evisceration."

"I dare say," said Kitty, confidently, "though I don't know what it means. It seems to me you have a talent for everything. Oh, you dear, clever creature!" cried she, holding her at arm's-length, "I declare, I feel quite afraid of you; I shall never dare scold you again."

In the exuberance of her admiration, Kitty must needs confide the fact of Jenny's authorship to Tony, but without awakening the like enthusiasm, for that gentleman, being deep in his game of traveling piquet, which disinclined him to withdraw his attention from external objects, and also not being particularly interested in literary matters, only observed that "Jenny was a stunner, and that he had always said so." And if he had been informed that she had been made editress of the *Quarterly Review* or *Punch*, or both, he would probably have made the same observation.

This philosophy upon Tony's part, with which Kitty was herself inclined to quarrel, amused Jenny exceedingly, and for an hour or two she continued in the highest spirits. Then the long travel and comparative discomfort of the carriage began to tell upon her feeble frame; she grew pale with pain and weariness, then sick and faint. They were fortunately still alone, and all was done for her in the way of affectionate tendance that could be done. Kitty was not one of those young ladies who associate faintness with immediate dissolution, and are frightened out of their small wits on beholding an attack of illness; but she felt with anguish that the improvement which was hoped had taken place of late in her sister's health must have been less real than apparent. Perhaps those very attempts to procure money by her pen, over which they had just been so sanguine, had exhausted and enfeebled her. At this thought the momentary sunshine in poor Kitty's heart was quite extinguished, and the clouds that covered it were darker than those it had dispelled. What were a few pounds earned now and again when set against the cost of Jenny's life? As the light faded out from the short winter's day, and she sat with Jenny's aching head pillowed on her breast, and with the baby's feeble moan in her ears, she was filled with sad forebodings; strange thoughts of self-sacrifice and self-negation, which had for a time grown unfamiliar to her, retook possession of her brain, and turned her cold—as cold, but as steady, as a statue. As the whistle sounded and the train plunged into the last tunnel, she pict-

ured to herself her last return from Riverside, alone, when Jenny and her mother had come to meet her at the station and take her home. Now there was no mother, nor any home that could be called such; and none to meet, or—

"Kitty! Jenny!—there's Jeff!" cried Tony, excitedly, as the carriage rolled into the gaslit station. And in another moment Jeff's hand was on the door, and his bright face smiled through the window-pane as he ran beside the still moving train.

How glad, and yet how sad, Kitty felt to see him!—glad upon her sister's account, to whom she could now entirely devote herself, while Jeff looked after the baggage; but sad upon her own, for somehow his presence scattered and broke down those "low beginnings of content" she had begun to feel in that scheme of self-sacrifice which she had just now been painfully elaborating. Oh, why had he come with his kind tones and tender eyes ere yet her mind had had time to harden in its mould of duty?

"Jenny is very tired, Jeff," was all her greeting to him, except the thankful pressure of her fingers.

"Of course she is," returned he, cheerfully. "How could it be otherwise after such a journey? I have got a brougham for her, so that she should not be jolted quite to pieces. So get you into it, you three folks and a half, and I will follow with Tony and the baggage in a four-wheeler."

"A brougham!" sighed Jenny, looking more dead than alive. "I call that a wasteful extravagance."

"Pooh, pooh!" he whispered; "distinguished authoresses don't ride about in hack-carriages in London, let me tell you, whatever they may do in Sanbeck."

No further expostulation was made, for, indeed, nothing could have been more welcome to poor Jenny's back and limbs than the cushions of the vehicle in question, which Jeff had had supplemented for her especial use. She felt positively better on her arrival in Brown Street, after their long drive through misnamed "Merry Islington"—the dullest and drabdest of all suburbs—than when she had left the train. She had been as eloquent about Jeff's thought and kindness on the way as her feeble voice would permit her to be; but Kitty had answered nothing. She knew how tender and how true he was, and dared not trust herself to praise him. To her great relief, he did not present himself that night in Brown Street, but left the little family to "settle down" in their new dwelling alone. If it was not "like home," it was very unlike what ordinary lodgings would have been; instead of the smiles of a mercenary landlady, there was the honest, kind face of Nurse Haywood to give them welcome. It would not have beamed half so brightly had they been rich folks who had agreed "for six months certain" at treble the rent; for she loved "the young ladies" as though they had been her own children, and thought them the most beautiful and charming of God's creatures. "Master Tony" had always been her especial darling; and the baby she regarded as a precious and sacred charge bequeathed by its sainted mother to the world, in compensation for her departure heavenward.

Kitty always used to assert that Nurse Haywood was "a lady;" and, looking at her with her neat, gray hair and gentle, quiet face, as she stood dressed in her new black silk, to welcome the bereaved ones, you would have indorsed that opinion. She wore a certain gold watch and chain a little ostentatiously, to be sure, in the front of her dress, but then these had been given her by Mr. Dalton's own hand, and she wished to show herself mindful of him. Her face, like her person, was plump, and, notwithstanding her advanced years, quite free from wrinkles; and, if her voice was somewhat broken, it was not

through age, but because, though old, she had retained all her sympathies and affections (the more easily, perhaps, that they were within narrow limits), and was sadly "upset" at the sight of her dear ones. It was their trouble that troubled her; and her chief care and fear were that, accustomed as they were, as she expressed it, "to the best of everything," the accommodation she had to offer them in Brown Street would seem miserable and insufficient.

The sight of Jenny, so wan and travel-worn, utterly overcame her, and she could only exclaim, "My poor, poor lamb!" as she folded her to her heart.

Truly the "wind was tempered" to her and to all the shorn flock in that hospitable dwelling. It was humble, yet, as Kitty shrewdly suspected, by no means so low-rented as the price Nurse Haywood had charged them. They would be none the less a burden on their old friend, because she would bear it like a feather; and, if it lasted long, how could she bear it? However, she drove those thoughts away, and for the present resolved to feel only thankfulness. After the nice little supper, at which Tony greatly distinguished himself, and which she herself did her best to swallow lest her hostess should ascribe her want of appetite to fastidiousness; and after she had seen the rest of the party stowed away in their small dormitories, and Jenny, dead tired, had fallen asleep, Kitty sat down in her room, over an unaccustomed fire, to cast up the expenses of the day. Accounts had of old been hateful to her, but now she found a refuge in them from thought. Their dry details shut out alike reflection on the past and forebodings for the future.

Scarcely had she begun, however, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and there entered Nurse Haywood.

"Now, my dear Miss Kitty," said she, perceiving the nature of her occupation, "why on earth are you a-worrying yourself about pounds and shillings, instead of getting ready for your bed, which, Heaven knows, you must want enough?"

"But, my dear nurse," answered Kitty, smiling, "I must needs look after not only pounds and shillings now, but shillings and pence. You have endeavored to spoil us, as usual, with all sorts of luxuries; this fire in my bedroom, for one. But, indeed, you must not go on so. I told you in my letter how very different things were with us, remember."

"I know that; and the more shame to them as have brought it about!" Nurse Haywood firmly believed that the Daltons' misfortunes had been caused by some wicked human agency, assisted by the more or less direct assistance of the devil. "But you have no call to fash yourself with money-matters yet a while. There's near upon a hundred pounds, my dear, in the savings-bank, which is yours if it is anybody's, Heaven knows, since it was all saved in your service."

"Nurse, nurse, don't talk like that!" cried Kitty, breaking down in spite of herself. "Do you think we have come here to live upon your savings?"

"You are come here to be comfortable, and not to worry," returned the old dame, decisively. "Your dear papa will be home soon, please God; and a pretty thing it will be if he finds you have been denying yourself things in my house. And even if he don't come back, do you suppose you have no friends?"

"None but you, dear nurse; except one or two who have all the will indeed, but not the power, to serve us."

"Well, I don't know; gentlemen who ride on horseback with their groom behind them have generally money to spare; and one such at least has been here to-day to ask after you all. A more civil-

spoken gentleman, or who showed himself more kindly toward you all, it is not easy to picture."

"What was the gentleman's name? Was it Sir William Skipton?"

"Very like, miss. He might have been all that, to judge by his hat and boots, which you might have seen yourself in, just as in that looking-glass. He didn't leave his name; but he said he was a friend of your father's—which went to my heart at once, as you may credit. And he asked after you all, one by one, down to the sweet baby. He thought you had come yesterday, it seems, and called to inquire how you all were after your long journey."

"Was he a little man with gray whiskers?"

"Oh, no, Miss Kitty; he was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, rather stiffish, I should have said, if he had not been so affable. I am sure *he* is a friend of yours, whoever isn't. But what I came up to say was that here is a letter for you, as came by the last post to-day, but which the sight of your sweet faces put clean out of my old head till now. I thought I'd bring it up—else you had much better not read it to-night—in case it was anything about—about your dear papa."

"It is nothing about papa, I am sure," said Kitty, quietly, having cast her eye on the address. "And I shall take your advice, nurse, and go to bed."

She at once proceeded to put away her accounts; and after a cordial "good-night," the old dame withdrew. Then Kitty drew her chair to the fire, and gazed at the still closed letter with hard, despairing eyes. She had recognized the handwriting at once as that of Mr. Holt; and she thought she could guess at the nature of its contents. He had called in person, it seemed, that very day, and now he had written her a letter. Fate was not only hard with her, but urgent, as though she had already tendered her submission to it.

The envelope was a large one, and held something weighty, like that she had received from Mrs. Campden. Was it possible that this man had dared to send her money—bank-notes? No; thank Heaven! it was not that. There was a letter, and something official on a large piece of paper. The receipt of a premium from a life-insurance office for one hundred and twenty pounds. What could it mean? The letter was of course from Mr. Holt:

"MY DEAR MISS DALTON: In the hurry of your father's departure from England he omitted to pay his usual premium to the Palm-Branch. As in a few days it would have been overdue, and the policy thereby have lapsed, I have taken the liberty to guard against that contingency. The money has been paid under protest—that is to say, if it should turn out—which Heaven forbid!—that your poor father should have deceased before this date, the society will repay the premium in question together with the policy of five thousand pounds. You will perceive, therefore, that I have incurred no risk, nor yourself any obligation, by this transaction, which I have only effected as a mere matter of convenience to you, and of course not without consultation with your friends.

"I did myself the honor to call in Brown Street to-day, but mistook, it seems, the date of your arrival in town. Pray, make my best compliments to your sister, and remember me most kindly to my young friend Tony. The acquaintance of the remaining member of your family I have not as yet had the pleasure to make, but I hope he bore his journey with equanimity.—Believe me, my dear Miss Dalton, yours always most faithfully,

"RICHARD HOLT."

She took up the receipt again, and read it with scarlet cheek. "Received one hundred and twenty

pounds." She was indebted, therefore, in that sum—or in nearly a whole year's income—to the man who had paid it. When he wrote that no obligation had been incurred on her part, he was writing an untruth, and one which he knew could not impose upon her for a moment. The "friends" with whom he had consulted were, of course, the Campdens, or probably only Mrs. Campden. Surely "Uncle George" could never have allowed himself to be a party to a scheme which made her this man's debtor!

She had not known the money was due. The application, in fact, had come through her father's bankers, who had been always instructed to pay it; and since there were now no funds in hand, they had forwarded it to Riverside. How hopeless would she have felt at Sanbeck, had she been aware of it; and how hopeless she felt now! Even if her father should come home to-morrow—poorer, in all probability, than he went—she would be none the less indebted to Mr. Holt. Indeed, the certain news of her father's death, and the consequent payment of his policy, could alone acquit her of the pecuniary obligation, let alone any other. O cruel Fate! that her only escape from an unwelcome—she dared not now say even to herself, now that the thing might come to pass, a detested—suitor should be, as it were, over her father's corpse!

She could of course decline to receive this help at all; could object to the premium being paid at all; but then there was the contingency which Mr. Holt had glanced at, of her father dying after the premium had become overdue. He might be wrecked somewhere at that moment, but still alive; and yet he might not come back alive to England. In that case his children would lose the policy; that five thousand pounds, the possession or loss of which would make all the difference to them for their lives in this world, would insure them competence, or condemn them to the poverty that one at least of them was so ill-fitted to bear.

That very morning—not twelve hours ago—Kitty had been happy, hopeful, in her sister's triumph; now it seemed an age since happiness had visited her, and, moreover, that it would never visit her again. Her future looked dark indeed. The self-sacrifice she was contemplating was one which no man can estimate; there is nothing like it in the experience of his sex; for when a man marries a woman for her money, it is she, and not himself, when all is said, who in truth is sacrificed.

In many cases, indeed, such as poor Kitty's, the gilded chain soon ceases to gall; it is only a few to whom romance is necessary, and the purchased bride finds her life very tolerable; but Kitty was conscious of an obstacle to her self-abnegation, which made it ten times more hard for her, and almost a crime. In giving herself to Richard Holt, she was casting away the offer of Geoffrey Derwent's love; and in her heart of hearts she had accepted it.

"O mother, mother!" cried she, despairingly, as she turned upon her sleepless bed, "why, why did you leave me?"

She had never felt the need of an adviser and a comforter so much as now.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW THE PREMIUM WAS PAID.

BROWN STREET is not lovely, but it is far from being so melancholy a place of residence as that wherein three-fourths of the population of London are doomed to pass their lives. There was light in

it, and air enough, at least for persons in good health; and at the end of it, where the builder's money had come to an end, and he went into the Bankruptcy Court, there was still a space unoccupied by brick and mortar, through which a glimpse of the country could be seen. This was not the valley of Sanbeck, but it was open ground, with a spectral tree or two, holding its ragged arms aloft, as though in deprecation of the advancing host of houses; and afar off was what looked like a village church—though it was, in fact, the tower of a water-works company. The dwellings in Brown Street were clean, at least externally—at Mrs. Haywood's you could have "eaten your dinner off the floor," it was so spick and span—and they had not yet begun to "peel," to exhibit those cracks and flakes peculiar to stucco, which is analogous to some skin-diseases in the human frame. The street was situated between two magnets, or would-be magnets. There was an immense public-house at one end, which had not yet succeeded in withdrawing the custom of the humbler classes from the old pot-house in the neighborhood, but was convenient for those who liked their beer on draught, and were not very particular as to what it was made of; and at the other end was an ecclesiastical edifice of iron, about which the pious part of the population had not quite made up their minds. Service was performed there every Sunday by a real clergyman; but one likes one's church to look like a church, and it might not afford that security against fire—in the end—which its material suggested. From Brown Street ran off at right angles Little Brown Street, a spot devoted to the hatching of small shops of all descriptions, about half of which were added; or, rather, the thing that was brought forth—it was chiefly in the cheap newspaper and tobacco line, the toy line, or the cheap tailoring line (with a splendid picture of the fashions in the window)—lived but a week or two; it sparkled, was exhausted, and went to the broker's. The omnibuses—one line of them, at all events—knew of the existence of Brown Street, because commercial gents of various kinds lodged there, and were "taken up" every morning within a few hundred yards of it; but the cabs ignored it. "Brown Street? Where was Brown Street? Might it be down away by the Duke of York's Head, ma'am?" A question no lady fare could answer. One may imagine, therefore, how entirely unknown it was to carriage-people. Yet, on the very day after the arrival of the Dalton family, the equipage of no less a person than Lady Skipton did somehow contrive to find its way there. "Never heard of sich a place, my lady," said the coachman to his mistress when directed to drive thither. "Never seed sich a place," was his remark, in confidence, to the footman, as the carriage bumped over the half-formed road, and over the broken bricks that plentifully strewn it; "it's a cruelty to a carriage and 'osses."

Jenny was not visible to her ladyship: after that episode of the lacework, she would not have seen her under any circumstances, but on this occasion she was really too ill to do so. The journey had utterly knocked her up. So Kitty received her alone. She was far from well herself, for she had had but little sleep; and she had been thinking all the morning what sort of reply she should write to Mr. Holt's letter. But she felt that she was not in a position to refuse to see anybody who might be of service to them. It was a sickening thought that even her friendships—as she had been accustomed to call them—must now be alloyed with views of self-interest. With Lady Skipton came her daughter Leonora—Lenny, as Kitty was wont to call her—who had attended classes with her in old days, and, next to Mary Campden, had been her greatest confidante.

She was a pleasant little person, with a great deal of hair, and a fairy figure. Everybody wondered how such an elephantine mamma—her ladyship weighed about eighteen stone—could have produced such a gazelle. She was one of twins, her sister having died in infancy, or she would probably have been double the size. She had written poems: one, "To my *Alter Ego* in Heaven," was very much admired in her family circle. Kitty had always believed in her sensibility, and defended it against Jenny, who derided her ("She is too much 'up,' Kitty; like ginger-beer"); but somehow she now mistrusted Lenny's impassioned greeting.

"You got my letter, my darling, of course?" said this young lady.

She had written one to Sanbeck upon the death of Mrs. Dalton, full of quotations from the poets, and which had jarred on Kitty's sorrow-laden ear. It had been a relief to her that Lenny had written "Don't reply," the one piece of true consideration in the letter.

"How terribly you must have suffered!" she went on. "How pale you look, darling!"

"Black never becomes the complexion," said Lady Skipton, encouragingly. "When she is in colors again she will look more like herself. I am so sorry about dear Jenny; but, doubtless, the change of air will do her good. I am afraid she was annoyed with me about her lacework; she sent back the little present I inclosed to her."

Then, for the first time, Kitty learned the story of the unsold lace.

"She never mentioned the matter to me, Lady Skipton," answered she, when it had been related to her.

"Come, then, let us hope she was not offended," replied her ladyship, cheerfully. "I hope you will both come and dine with us as soon as you get settled, my dear; of course it is a little *soon*," said she, with a glance at Kitty's mourning-garb, "but then we are old friends."

"I am afraid we shall not be great diners-out for the future," said Kitty.

"Now don't you go and shut yourselves up, my dear," replied her ladyship, promptly. "In *your* case, particularly, it would be most injudicious. I won't promise to send the carriage, because Robert is so particular about his horses; he is in the worst of tempers at this moment because there is a brick or two in the road; but when you come in a cab, mind, that is always *my* affair. I should never forgive myself if I caused you any expense just now; though I have good reason to believe that the little inconvenience you may now be suffering from will soon be over."

"I am glad to hear it," said Kitty, coldly, almost defiantly, "though it is news to me."

"Well, well, perhaps I am premature; I thought, from something that dropped from Mrs. Campden—But no matter. I hope our horses—by-the-by, they are old friends of yours, Kitty, for Sir William bought them of your papa—are not catching cold.—Lenny, just see where Robert has taken the carriage to."

Lenny looked out of the window, and reported progress in the direction of the public-house.

"I thought so," said her ladyship, with irritation.—"Well, my dear, you see we didn't lose a day in calling on you. By-the-by, you have never shown us that dear, delightful baby. Is it like your poor mamma, or who?"

"The baby is asleep," said Kitty.

"Bless it!" cried Lenny, clasping her little hands ecstatically. "What is its pretty name?"

"John. He is called after dear papa."

"Very right, very proper," said Lady Skipton.

"If I had had a boy, I had made up my mind to call it after his papa: though, to be sure, when there is a title in a family, the thing becomes imperative. Little Tony, of course, is at school?"

"No; he is at home for the present."

"Well, well; I dare say you are wise. So long as you can exercise authority over a boy, he is best among home influences.—Come, there is Robert at last. He is wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, so one knows what he's been after.—My dear girl, I do assure you it is not altogether a disadvantage to have to drop your carriage; that man's the plague of my life. God bless you!"

Kitty submitted to an impassioned caress from Lenny; and then, to her great relief, the visit was over. She felt a secret conviction that it was *pour prendre congé*; and it proved correct. Lady Skipton's invitation to dinner was repeated, after a considerable interval; but she found it impossible—on account of Robert—to bring her carriage again to Brown Street. Her afternoon's adventure in the wilds of Islington gave her a subject for conversation for many a day, with opportunities for dwelling upon her favorite topic—the abominable behavior of her coachman—and for delicately hinting at her own patronage of friends in reduced circumstances. "I was not going to desert those dear girls because they happened to live in Islington; but what I went through to see them I shall not easily forget. The people stared at us as though we were a traveling circus; I don't think a carriage was ever seen in the neighborhood before; and Robert was in the sulks for a month afterward!" Sir William sent Kitty a brace of partridges and a hare from his country-seat. There would have been more, wrote his wife, but that the birds were so wild that year in Berkshire.

When Kitty went up-stairs, she found Jenny had not yet risen, although she had announced her intention of doing so.

"I felt a little giddy, Kitty, so I thought I'd be lazy. And I write in bed in pencil just as well."

"Pray, don't think of writing, Jenny," implored her sister. "You are quite feverish, and your eyes are ever so much brighter than they ought to be."

"That is because I am so anxious to hear about those dear Skiptons," laughed Jenny. "Was her ladyship affable, notwithstanding that we live in Brown Street? I am bound to say I didn't expect her to come and see us. Lenny, of course, was as gushing as ever. She will write a poem about us, called 'Friends, though fallen,' or some such title; I can see her at it."

"I dare say they meant well, Jenny; but I must confess that it was all rather unsatisfactory."

"Then it must have been very bad indeed," said Jenny.

"Well, they didn't even ask to see poor Tony, though they knew he was in the house, and you know Tony used to call Lenny 'his wife' for years."

"Ah, you see we can't be too particular—or too little particular—about young gentlemen who are not eligible. The simple fact is, my dear," said Jenny, dropping her tone of raillery, "the Skiptons are rubbish. Our position is that of a sieve, through which we find our sham friends are all dropping out. Nurse Hayward, Dr. Curzon, and Jeff, remain to us; but the rest are all in the dust-heap. Let them lie there. I feel that we shall henceforward be independent of them. I am satisfied—weighing one thing with another, and not even taking into consideration the fact that dear papa's society has been a sunshine among all these shady people, for which they will always owe him gratitude—that we are indebted to them for nothing. For the future, let us be careful to incur no obligations."

Kitty's heart sank within her. She had Mr. Holt's letter, with his receipt for the premium, at that very moment in her pocket; and Lady Skipton's hateful words—"Any little inconvenience you may now be suffering, I have good reason to believe, from something that dropped from Mrs. Campden, will soon be over"—were still ringing in her ears.

"Above all things," continued Jenny, "I am thankful to think we have got rid of Mr. Holt. To tell you the honest truth, I had really begun to think, dear Kitty, that, from some mistaken notions of duty to your family, you might have been induced to listen to that man. Of course, you could never have liked him.—What? *You don't say that?*"

"Why *should* I say it, Jenny? He has certainly shown himself well disposed toward us."

"Yes; but for reasons of his own. Of course, he wishes to ingratiate himself with *you*. But do you suppose he has fallen in love with me and Tony and the baby also? I saw through that man, I flatter myself, from the first; and I see him—in my mind's eye, Horatio!—to the end. Shall I tell you what I see?"

"No, Jenny; I don't wish to hear it. Besides, you are exciting yourself; and I am quite sure that quiet is what you want. Pray, do not try to write to-day." She took the pencil and paper from Jenny's hand, who gave them up without resistance.

"Perhaps you are right, darling: I will let my brains lie fallow for a day or two; they seem all in a muddle somehow."

Kitty had never seen her sister looking so ill since they had left Riverside. The excitement she had lately gone through, combined with the fatigue of travel, had evidently much affected her. Instead of being the prop and stay she fondly hoped to be, it was more probable she was about to be seriously ill. Dr. Curzon had always said: "Jenny is progressing, and that is well, for standing still in her case is impossible; there must be improvement or else retrogression, which would be dangerous. Her constitution is deficient in rallying-power." The plain English of that professional expression was only too clear to Kitty.

Here, then, was another and urgent reason why she should make up her mind to accept Mr. Holt's assistance; yet, in doing so, she felt that she would be accepting so much more, that it gave her pause. Jeff was sure to call that evening on his way home from office, for he lodged close by; and she resolved—not to consult him; no, him least of all men; but to ask him one question before answering Mr. Holt's letter. After that she would take her own way in the matter, without seeking advice from any one.

As she was taking her frugal supper with Tony—for the housekeeping was now in her own hands—Jeff arrived. She felt a disinclination to be alone with him, born of a mistrust in her own fortitude; her heart was wax toward him, and melted at his presence, though she was so resolved he should not mould it.

"Jeff," whispered she, while Tony was engaged with a new book his friend had bought him, "tell me the truth about dear papa. Is there any hope of his coming back to us?"

"There is always hope, Kitty," replied he, gravely.

"Where there is life," she answered. "But is there life? Is there any chance of his being alive?"

Jeff did not answer, only beat softly with his fingers on the table, and looked most miserable.

"You are loath to give me pain," she said. "I would not put you to pain unless there were a necessity for it. Dear papa has insured his life for our sakes. Is it worth while to pay the premium which has become due?"

"Oh, yes," returned the young fellow, eagerly. "You can pay it under protest; that is, supposing that the policy should have fallen due already; in which case you will get the money back again. And, then, you will make all sure. It is clearly the right thing to do, if—if it can be done."

"It can be done," returned Kitty, gravely. No more was said upon the subject. When Jeff was gone, and all the inmates of this little house, save herself, were fallen asleep, and freed from earthly cares, Kitty sat down and wrote her answer to Richard Holt. In her own name, and for herself, she thanked him for the payment of the premium. She

spoke of it as a loan, of course, but expressed her sense of his generosity as well as of his forethought. She would not pretend that there was, as he suggested, no obligation; she would not affect to understand that his kindness had not herself for its object. She would never encourage him; nay, she would temporize and procrastinate as much as she could; but her weapons—weak though she felt herself to be—should be at least fair weapons, and therefore hypocrisy could not make one of them. Many women will deceive and cajole even those they love, but this one was truthful to the man who, in her secret heart, was hateful to her.

SORROW AND JOY.

A HUNGARIAN SONG.

TELL me what is sorrow? It is a garden-bed.
And what is joy? It is a little rose,
Which in that garden grows:
I plucked it in my youth so royal red,
To weave it in a garland for my head;
It pricked my hand, I let it drop again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is an endless sea.
And what is joy? It is a little pearl,
Round which the waters whirl:
I dived deep down—they gave it up to me,
To keep it where my costly jewels be;
It dazzled me, I let it fall again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage.
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
Whose song therein is heard:
Opening the door—for I was never sage—
I took it from its perch; with sudden rage
It bit me; bit, I let it go again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me when my sorrow shall ended, ended be?
And when return the joy that long since fled?
Not till the garden-bed
Restores the rose; not till the endless sea
Restores the pearl; not till the gloomy cage
Restores the bird; not—poor, old man—till age,
Which sorrow is itself, is youth again—
And so I look and long for it in vain!

R. H. STODDARD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE comes now from numerous writers a united complaint against the dullness of the pulpit. Whether the quality of current literature is brilliant enough to warrant this accusation from its producers is probably doubted by the great majority of preachers. Clergymen might, with justice, point out that writers for the periodicals have the whole field of human performance for the selection of topics, and that each may ceaselessly vary his arena of study; while the sermon must, year after year, decade after decade, repeat the same lessons, enforce the same duties, and illustrate the same dogmas. If grumblers at dull sermons would reflect how frequently the sermon recurs, and how completely every side of the great questions to which the pulpit is devoted has been examined and expounded, they would be inclined, instead of complaining, to wonder how it is that clergymen succeed, Sunday after Sunday, in making their sermons as interesting as they are. People who listen to a lecture which has perhaps exacted a whole summer in its preparation—that glitters with spoils gathered from a hundred fields of research, and crystallizes the results of a life's observation and experience—are guilty of strange injustice if they compare this elaborate and exhaustive production with a sermon which commonly must be written in a day, and upon a theme that has occupied the writer's pen a thousand times before. We concede the sublimity, the

profound pathos of the topic upon which the preacher dwells, but so thoroughly is every mind in possession of all its features that the most eloquent tongue can add no jot or tittle to its sublimity or its pathos. The imagination of every listener has measured and compassed it all, as nearly as human intellect is capable of doing. It should be remembered that eloquence is a rare gift with all classes of public speakers, and that genius only occasionally illuminates even the pages of secular writings. Powerful sermons are few, and great preachers are rare, but neither fewer nor more rare than excellence in other things—in fact, much less so, for we know of no branch of intellectual effort that, taken as a whole, is so vital and influential as the pulpit. Every large city has at least several preachers whom eager crowds gather to hear; every section has more than one noted pulpit-orator whose fame is spread afar; and, if grumblers at dull sermons would point out the book-makers or journal-writers whose influence is greater or whose followers are more numerous or more zealous, they would do something to justify their complaints.

But there is another aspect to this question. When we hear a complaint of a dull sermon, it is by no means certain whether the dullness is in him who preaches or in him who listens. There are orators of such energetic nature that the passionate earnestness of their delivery

excites every auditor; but it does not follow that these men have utterances more worthy of attention than those of less emphatic speakers. The sermon that flows smoothly and calmly along may have far more intricate thought, much more fresh suggestion, than the turbulence of a so-called eloquent preacher; and these calm and thoughtful addresses, above all things, require intelligent listening. In these cases the attention is not carried by storm; it must be surrendered by the alert imagination and the willing sympathy; the spirit, the life, the significance, the worthiness, of any sermon must largely depend upon the relations of the mind that receives to that which expounds. No matter what wealth of color an artist pours upon his canvas, the picture is meaningless to him who does not look upon it with quickened apprehension; no matter with what splendor of imagery a poet adorns his lines, it is all a babble to him who has no poesy in his soul. Dante and Shakespeare, Raphael and Murillo, Beethoven and Händel, all are locked up in dullness to the dull. Of course there is varying quality of performance; it must be conceded that there are poor painters, weak verse-writers, and bad preachers; yet who shall say how much of critical depreciation in these assumed cases springs from the insensibility of the critic? Many a line of a poet has profound significance to a student, which is but meaningless jargon to the clown. Many a flower is full of beauty to a naturalist that to the crude rustic is no more than a worthless weed. As it is true that

"The ripe flavor of Falernian tides,
Not in the wine, but in the taste resides;"

as it is certain that the glowing tints of the flower and the radiant splendors of the sunset depend upon the susceptibility of the retina that mirrors them; as it is the delicate sensitiveness in the photographic plate that catches successfully the shadow of the sun, and fixes the subtle lines of the image; as divine melody can live only in the attuned ear; as heat and light are vital forces only as they act upon the material substances that receive them—so we may be assured that the world of mind is equally with these instances of physical phenomena a matter of correspondence. No seeds are so fruitful that they can quicken in a desert soil, and few so feeble that they will not vivify in a generous loam. In depreciative criticism, therefore, it is often uncertain where the defect lies—whether it is really in the dullness of the producer or in the stubborn insensibility of the censor.

ANOTHER instance of the disposition to censure unjustly is evinced in the current complaints in regard to artisans. It is averred that our mechanics are deteriorating in skill, and continually becoming less conscientious in their work; that the painstaking industry which characterized this class in former times has been succeeded by a disposition to manufacture articles with an exclusive regard to selling them at the cheapest rates—that is, to make money rather than to do good work.

It is difficult to understand why money-making is more wrongful with artisans than with other classes of

people—putting aside for the moment the question as to whether good workmanship and money-making are necessarily antagonistic things. Why should we exact a virtue of mechanics that we do not require of others? We never hear it said that lawyers should be more concerned in the elevation of jurisprudence and the maintenance of justice than in their fees; or that artists should labor for the love of their profession, and not for rewards in money; or that physicians should cure in the interests of humanity, and not for wages; or that authors should write and publishers print for the advancement of learning rather than for profit; or that merchants must buy and sell for the welfare of the community instead of for their own aggrandizement. It is expected of all people that they shall be honest and faithful; but at the very foundation of man's industry is the selfish desire to better his condition; and only when this desire seduces one into the sacrifice of his integrity is he rightfully amenable to censure on its account. Our artisans, it is certain, are quite as likely to be honest in their work, and to keep in due subordination a love for money-making, as any class of people in the community; but they seem to us peculiarly the victims of a disposition, manifest in human nature everywhere, to exact of trades and professions other than our own a public high-mindedness that we ourselves never exhibit. The virtuous indignation that money-makers feel for all other money-makers is a curious problem in human nature.

But there is a tendency, say many persons, to cheap and inferior workmanship in all branches of manufacture. This accusation is not quite true, inasmuch as in some directions the tendency is for better and more durable work, yet it is near enough the fact to stand partly justified. So far as it is true, however, the responsibility therefor does not lie with the mechanics, but wholly with purchasers or consumers.

It must be understood at the beginning that money-making is an inevitable element in all trades; it is the great motive that prompts industry of every kind; but, while this is true, there is no evidence that artisans prefer to make money by poor work rather than good work. In our experience and observation the necessity of manufacturing cheap articles is greatly deplored by all respectable mechanics. But they cannot choose for themselves in this matter. They are under the necessity of responding to public demand, to follow the bent of public inclination. Capital and labor are simply the servants of consumers, inasmuch as they must produce those articles that public taste or necessities call for. The great force in trade is demand, to which supply must always by iron rule conform. Sincerity, durability, and taste in manufactures, can never and will never outstrip public knowledge in these particulars. The workmanship of any period is an exact reflex of the culture and requirements of the great body of consumers of that period.

The demand for cheap articles is far from being altogether evil in its nature. It is one of the stages through which all communities pass in their advance from poverty to prosperity. Just so long as skilled labor is employed

on objects designed for the gratification of the cultured wealthy, the execution will be tireless, ingenious, and costly; but when the great mass of the people come into the field as competitive buyers, who with small means are yet bent upon gratifying their tastes, and partaking of some of the luxuries of life, there naturally arises a great passion to obtain these ends with as little outlay as possible. These people are not buying heirlooms designed to perpetuate to future generations the pride and glory of their name; they are content rather with a passing gratification of their tastes. They are very ready to put on the superficial show of splendor. They must have carpets, and furniture, and curtains, and ornamental objects, such as they can afford. This may be a very wrong taste, but there is no law moral or social that men and women shall not enjoy the things of this world in accordance with their opportunities; that, unless they can gratify their taste for the elegant in its highest form, they must be deprived of it altogether. It is really a hopeful sign when we see people trying to refine their surroundings; eager to adorn and make pleasing their places of abode; and, if their uncultured tastes lead them to the purchase of showy shams, we may be sure that even this is better than the brutal indifference which accepts disorder and emptiness as matters of course. There is always the prospect that the awakened concern in physical improvement will lead eventually to better things. The woman who longs for a carpet on her floor, and curtains at her windows, is already half out of the slough of low, bestial life; and it is of little moment whether the carpets and curtains she secures with her scant means can pass artistic muster. It is fortunate that the pressure of this struggling class is sufficient to force our manufacturers into the production of cheap goods; and if we should cease railing at artisans who are simply obeying natural laws of trade, and endeavor to remedy the evils of cheapness by the culture of the people, by leading their taste upward to correct standards, we would do something to remedy the evils we complain of.

WAGNER has waited long and labored hard to accomplish the triumph of his ideal of the musical art. If it is said that that triumph has not yet become complete, at least it must be confessed that it is advancing toward completion with rapid strides. The composer has had to pass through every difficult stage that awaits those who defy and resist the conventional in every calling and every art. The least praise that can be awarded to him is, that he has struggled heroically and with immense energy toward the goal which he believes with all his soul to be the highest; that his faith in himself and in his idea has been absolute and never faltering; and that his enthusiasm has carried him over obstacles which a lesser will would have shrunk from and despaired at. Yet, on the other hand, Wagner has had great advantages. In seeking to ally the highest musical to the highest dramatic expression, in making the poetry of the opera, not only the connecting link of melody, but its twin interpreter of thought and emotion, in rejecting

the artificial and conventional in the lyrical works of the past, and seeking to solve the problem of musical by combining the song, the words, the orchestration, and the scenery and arrangement, into a grand, harmonic, and effective whole, he has happily had at his command the favor of a music-loving king, the enthusiasm of a music-loving people entranced with his productions, and ample funds with which to present them with every necessary appliance. His most serious obstacle has been the bitter opposition of the established schools of music in a land where music is most generally cultivated and most ardently loved. To the people who have enshrined the composers who relied on wordless music for their fame, such composers as Mozart and his school, Wagner has appeared as a heretic and an iconoclast, violating their most cherished standards, and seeking with Vandal hands to pull down the musical structure so painfully raised in the course of more than a century. Wagner has evidently been well aware of that with which he would have to contend, and has bravely pursued his idea across stormiest seas of criticism and vituperation, until he has reached, in the Baireuth festival, one of the great and long-contemplated aims of his life.

To give effect to Wagner's idea, indeed, it needed a man of Wagner's unique character and varied abilities. Musical genius and a towering ambition, even the comprehension of the lofty theory of music which he is developing, if indeed he did not discover it, would not have sufficed. A sturdy will and courage, patience, unrelenting perseverance, were needed; and it was also imperative that the composer should be a poet and a philosopher: a poet, so that he might wed worthy verse to the purely musical expression; and a philosopher, to sound and interpret in his double art the deepest and rapidly-changing human emotions. Wagner is a poet and a philosopher: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," the "Ring des Nibelungen," are wholly his. His dramatic powers appear no less in the nobility of the dialogues than in the unconventional splendor of the songs and choruses, and the marvelous powers with which he invests the orchestra, "to translate the passion of the play into a grand symphony running parallel to and commingling with the vocal music." Whether the composer, who is now in his sixty-fourth year, will live to see the "music of the future" established as the world's standard of the art, is, perhaps, doubtful; but he has waged the battle doughtily, and his victory is seemingly more than half won.

A DECISION has just been made in the English Court of Exchequer which is likely to give considerable comfort to professional artists. It was a suit brought by a firm of photographers to recover the price of a colored photograph which the defendant refused to pay on the ground that it was not a satisfactory likeness. The story of this picture has a tinge of romance in it. A gentleman and his wife were sauntering along the sands of Brighton, when they came upon the photographer's establishment. One of the pictures at once attracted their attention. It was, in the glowing language of one of the

counsel at the trial, "a beautiful young girl blushing as a bride, and with a face beaming with delight and child-like innocence." A dainty head-dress sat lightly upon her "illusion tresses," and she was sitting on the sands, "her hat and feather thrown carelessly behind her."

This ravishing picture evoked the admiration of the gentleman, and he hurried in to engage the same artist to make a water-color portrait of his wife. We do not learn that he emulated Oliver Cromwell, and told the painter to put in every pimple and betray every wrinkle, on pain of not being paid for his work; on the other hand, when the picture was finished, the client did not accept it with the good grace of the merry Charles, who contented himself, as he looked upon Sir Peter Lely's presentment of his royal countenance, with exclaiming, "Od's fish! I must be a monstrous ill-favored fellow!" Happily, however, he preferred to quietly refuse payment rather than to pursue the luckless artist, as John Wilkes did one who painted his hideous features in all their cross-eyed deformity, with malignant wit to the grave. The artist, too, preferred the substantial *solatium* of pounds and shillings to a more subtle revenge for the breach of contract. When we think that he might have imitated Hogarth, who, when he had painted the portrait of a miserly nobleman which the latter refused to pay for, threatened to "send the picture, with the addition of a tail, to Mr. Hare, the wild-beast showman," we are inclined to sympathize with the lady who at least escaped this dire punishment of artistic wrath and satire.

The picture turned out, indeed, very unlike that of the pretty blonde sitting by the sea; and the climax of objection was reached when the lady's friends assured her that "it looked very much older than she did." This was certainly unpardonable. Nor was this all. The lady's neck, in the portrait, according to the fond and indignant husband, "more resembled the skin of a mulatto than that of a fair-skinned Englishwoman." This gentleman seems to have been of Queen Elizabeth's opinion, that shadows in a picture were a deformity. "Paint me," said the maiden monarch, "neither with shades to the right nor to the left, but in an open garden light." When Lord Amherst showed a portrait of George III. to the mandarins at Peking, one of the Celestials asked "why his majesty had one side of his face covered with dirt?" These and sundry other objections were duly weighed by the grave Court of the Exchequer. On the other hand, the photographer claimed simply that the picture was executed in an artistic and workmanlike manner. Experts were called, not indeed as to the likeness, for that is a matter on which even experts would disagree, but as to the execution; and their testimony was favorable to the plaintiff. Accordingly, he got a verdict to the full amount he claimed, which reached the figure of nearly two hundred dollars. It thus appears that an artist's work is to get its price, if it only be done artistically. The likeness, according to the decision, does not enter into the question. This being so, perhaps those artists would draw the most customers who followed the example of a shrewd Paris photographer, who advertises

a graduated scale of fidelity in likenesses. For a "guaranteed resemblance" he asks twenty francs; for a "pleasing resemblance," ten francs; and for an "air de famille," the modest sum of two and a half francs.

We are in the habit of decrying the manners and morals of old Rome, especially in its imperial days; and are rather inclined to be boastful of the contrast, materially, morally, and intellectually, between our civilization and that of the people that conquered the then known world. Yet there are few nations in whose history the most enlightened modern communities may not find things worth imitating, hints of improvements that may be made upon what already exists. Rome was, for instance, far in advance of us in the matter of baths. No people ever so well understood the virtues of personal cleanliness as effected by thorough and frequent ablutions—ablutions gone through with on a most elaborate system, from which the body must have emerged absolutely purified. As you pass out of the Eternal City by rail, on your way to Naples, your attention is attracted by structures so wonderful that you doubt whether you have seen anything in the city itself so strikingly illustrative of the energy and science of the old Roman race. The gigantic ruins of the aqueducts tell a story of immense expense and Titanic toil. From afar off in the Campagna these aqueducts brought rivers to vast baths, wherein all the people might, and did daily, cleanse themselves. Perhaps, too, there were aqueducts which emptied into the reservoirs of Caracalla and Domitian the bracing and invigorating waters of the salt sea.

Think through what a process the Roman went when he took his daily bath! Stripping himself, he first entered a room filled with lukewarm steam, the stone floor being flooded with warm water. Here he sat for a while, till a pleasant, moist warmth enveloped him. Then he passed into a hot-water bath, the steam of which was dense above his head. From this he plunged without ado into the *frigidarium*, the water of which was positively cool. As he advanced from bath to bath, slaves followed him with their bronze or ivory strigils, or scrapers, with which they rubbed and scratched him till his flesh glowed with the warm friction. Lastly, he was anointed from head to foot with oil. He then donned his tunic, and walked and talked with his fellow-bathers in the cool groves just by. Surely the Romans knew something of the art of health! The baths which the munificence of emperors and wealthy citizens erected, and which remain in splendid ruins to our own day, were free to all the Roman world; there was room for the humblest as for the richest; and as a fact the whole population were cleanly. Even the poor Bengalee, who is without spirit to resist foreign domination, who lives on the slightest basis of contentment, may give us an example of the healthfulness of baths, and the important part they play in nourishing the longevity of a race.

A proposition has recently been made to supply London with an abundance of sea-bathing without the trouble or necessity of a journey to Brighton or Torquay to ob-

tain it. "Why," says an English philanthropist, "cannot the salt-water be pumped up to a sufficient height wherever it is most convenient on the coast, and conveyed, by glazed earthen-ware pipes, to the metropolis?" It is asserted that the engineering difficulties are rather apparent than real. To give free or cheap baths to all London would probably be to decrease crime, want, and squalor, to a low point. And why should it not be so with our own cities? Why should there not be ample bathing facilities to the poor in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston? Why should not they enjoy the sanitary benefits of the salt-water, and the delights of bathing, whenever health or pleasure prompts to them? It is, after all, a matter of expenditure as well as of public spirit; but, while we are discussing, as we are doing constantly, the sanitary conditions of our great cities, it is worth while to suggest that bathing is one of the most effectual remedies for evils which we now suffer.

MR. BRET HARTE'S excursion into the domain of dramatic literature has gained for himself no honors, nor conferred upon the stage the slightest good. In fact, it is fairly inexcusable that a man of genius should enter upon this field of effort with little knowledge of its requirements, and by his failure confirm the popular distrust in the possibility of an American drama. Mr. Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar" is without excuse for its being. It is neither literature nor art, but a commonplace melodrama, without even the merit of being good of its kind. It is wholly and radically a theatrical counterfeit: it does not reflect truthful conditions of life, it is without fidelity to Nature, it illustrates no elevating sentiment, it presents no fresh phases of character, it evinces no superior literary skill, and it is without dramatic unity, coherence, or verisimilitude. It has, it is true, a few good theatrical situations, but they are very much like a thousand other situations in the turbulent drama of the Bowery. Mr. Harte has evidently derived

his notions of playwriting from some slight observation of what are supposed to be popular dramas, without detecting the secret of their success or studying the methods of their construction. The most uninstructed art-sense ought to see that a play cannot take hold of an audience with its action divided among half a dozen heroes and heroines and with a loose diffuseness that prevents the sympathy from following any one line of events. A play, like a picture, must have its focal point; like a river, it must have its channel; there must be concentration, directness, relation of parts. But these qualities, after all, may belong to any noisy melodrama, and, being purely fundamental, would not of themselves, however well exhibited, justify a drama from the pen of Bret Harte if they were not united with high qualities of imagination, taste, accurate character-drawing, and good inventive power. The "Two Men of Sandy Bar" has none of these requirements; it is only like many other wearisome and trashy performances intended to amuse the coarse instincts of the multitude, and written with the idea that scenes roughly thrown together, if only capped at the end of every act with a thrilling situation, are all that is necessary to gain the plaudits of an audience. Fortunately for the interests of the higher drama, Mr. Harte's play is dull as well as worthless, so that it cannot by any chance long keep its place upon the boards.

We could wish that Mr. Harte had not written for the stage at all, unless he was willing to give his task attention and study. There is no objection to the fact that he borrows characters and incidents from some of his stories—for novelty is not a primary necessity of a play—provided he had knit these incidents into an artistic form and developed the characters with some knowledge of the resources and the limitations of the stage. But inchoate succession of scenes, with pictures of life faithful to nothing under heaven, and portraits of characters utterly unthinkable, are all something that Bret Harte should have been above doing. We are bound to say that the actors as a rule make the play appear at its worst.

New Books.

THE second volume of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America" fully justifies the high praise bestowed upon the first, and enables us to affirm with confidence that it will long be accepted as one of the best authorities on the momentous events with which it deals. There is still no indication that the author has sought original or obscure sources of information, and he does not even attempt to penetrate the philosophy of causes, or to discover the remoter influences which shaped and characterized the conflict; but every page testifies to the thoroughness of his preparation, to his perfect mastery of the materials which he had selected, and to the painstaking labor bestowed upon the composition. In the comprehensiveness and accuracy of its treatment of the various events and features of the war

—military, naval, political, and financial—the Count de Paris's history far surpasses any that has hitherto been written; and as regards systematic arrangement, and vigor and lucidity of style, its merits are not less conspicuous. One would have to go to Kinglake to find battles described with greater minuteness and precision of detail, and to Alison for a more vivid delineation of the dramatic aspects of a campaign; but the exceptional care which has been given to the military aspects of the war has not prevented the author from bringing out with unprecedented clearness and force the close connection between the achievements of armies in the field and the political and financial history of the time. It is by no means necessary in the case of the Count de Paris to resort to the kind of commendation bestowed upon Napoleon's "Cæsar," and say that it is very good history—for a prince: there is scarcely a living historian upon whom this work would not reflect additional credit.

While thus willing, however, to bear cordial testi-

¹ History of the Civil War in America. By the Comte de Paris. Translated, with the Approval of the Author, by Louis F. Tasistro. Edited by Henry Coppée, LL. D. Volume II. Philadelphia: Joseph H. Coates & Co.

mony to the merits of the history, we cannot agree with those who have declared it to be "*impartial*." It would be severe, perhaps, to say that it is partisan in the narrow sense, and thereby accuse the count of conscious unfairness; but he sympathizes as ardently with the cause of the North as if he had not only fought for it in days when even the most patriotic desponded, but as if he had been born in Boston instead of Paris. The evidence of this bias is so abundant that it would be a work of supererogation to cite particular instances. Mr. Greeley himself does ample justice to the personal qualities of the Southern leaders, and makes a greater effort to secure an historical standpoint. There is not, in the entire two volumes of the work so far published, a single word of hearty appreciation of Lee or any other of the Southern generals, while there are plenty of insinuations against the trustworthiness of their reports and the veracity of their assertions. The descriptions of campaigns and battles, moreover, excellent as they are, often read like a headquarters report rather than like an historical summary of events. The count's point of view is always that of the Federal army—the Confederates being always "the enemy," or "rebels," or "slavery troops;" if the former are defeated in conflict they "retire," while the latter are "driven back;" and, if successful, the Federals always "capture," while the Confederates simply "take possession." Even in reading of Murfreesboro' or Manassas, or Chancellorsville, it is difficult to resist the implication that the Federals were about as successful as their adversaries; and it is probably with some surprise that the reader finds these battles casually referred to in subsequent chapters as "defeats." Nor does the count refrain from those misrepresentations of the relative numbers on either side which have vitiated the conclusions of other historians: not once but a dozen times he resorts to guesses and "approximations" when the official figures do not agree with some mental preconception of his own. His view-point, too, frequently renders it difficult to form a fair estimate of the strategy and tactics on both sides—an altogether disproportionate space being devoted to the Federals. In the description of the battle of Cold Harbor, for example, no one unacquainted with its details would infer that Lee was assaulting the Federal right wing with forces either smaller, or at least not superior—Jackson not having as yet reached the scene of conflict, and McClellan's troops on the left bank of the Chickahominy being far greater in numbers, and considerably nearer the battle-field.

And it must be acknowledged that the count reveals a personal as well as a patriotic bias. It would hardly be inaccurate to characterize this second volume as an "Apology for McClellan." More space and more attention are given to McClellan's personality, plans, movements, manoeuvres, and difficulties, than to all the other commanders on both sides combined; and in his anxiety to vindicate both the character and the conduct of his favorite, the count does not hesitate to impeach the motives and conduct of President Lincoln himself. There can be no doubt that McClellan was grievously hampered by the "cabinet campaigns" concocted in Washington; but the count's own pages furnish abundant evidence that he was outgeneraled and outfought from the day when he halted before Magruder's corporal's guard at Yorktown to the period when he gathered the shattered remnants of his army under the ramparts of Malvern Hill; and that even at Antietam he failed signally to reap the due results from the incredible piece of good fortune which put him in possession of Lee's plan of campaign. The gross injustice into which this exaggerated loyalty to his chief betrays the count is painfully evident in the relative

treatment which he accords to McClellan and Halleck. These two generals conducted precisely similar campaigns in the spring and summer of 1862—the sole difference being that Halleck was successful while McClellan failed; yet the latter is dealt with as if he were indeed "the Young Napoleon," while Halleck is subjected to constant disparagement and contumely.

THOUGH it exhibits careful study of other writers on art rather than original thought or personal observation, A. G. Radcliffe's "*Schools and Masters of Painting*"¹ is the best compendium of the history and philosophy of its subject that we have seen—the most fully adapted to the practical needs of students of art, of travelers, and of all who would obtain a comprehensive but accurate view of the great masters of painting, of their principles and methods of work, of their relations to the general history of art, and of the pictures with which their genius has enriched the world. Beginning with "the alphabet of the art" in the curious mummy-cloths and tomb-pictures found in the ruins along the Nile, the author summarizes briefly what is known of Pagan painting, traces the rise of Christian art, describes the gaudy splendors of the Byzantine mosaics, and then reviews in succession the schools and progress of painting in Italy, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Spain, France, England, and the United States. Biographical sketches of the more prominent artists of each school and country are given, together with analyses of their principal works; and there is scarcely an important name in the long annals of painting, from the time of Zeuxis and Apelles to our own day, of which there is not some mention. In addition to the treatise proper, there is an appendix containing a highly-serviceable critical and descriptive guide to the galleries of Florence, Rome, Venice, Madrid, the Louvre, London, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin—giving precisely the kind of information concerning the contents and attractions of these great collections that the intelligent but unlearned traveler in Europe finds himself constantly in want of.

Perhaps the most characteristic excellence of this work is the accuracy of its "perspective:" the skill with which, through the course of a long and complicated survey of a most difficult subject, it maintains the due relation between what is important and what is comparatively unimportant. The author possesses in a high degree "the art of putting things," and no part of the book is either so cursory as to be meagre or so elaborate as to be tedious. The style is graceful, animated, and picturesque; and copious citations from the standard writers on art satisfy us that we are proceeding on the solid ground of recognized authority. Finally, thirty-five engravings on wood after celebrated pictures form not the least attractive or useful feature of a volume of which we have found little to say except in the way of praise.

In his preface to "*The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions*,"² Mr. Bayard Taylor extracts beforehand the sting of any possible criticism by assigning to his work a value which the good-natured reader who has derived from it several hours of innocent amusement will probably consider modest to the point of self-depreciation. Burlesque imitations and parodies of other authors are rightly regarded rather as froth upon the surface of literature than as bearing any serious or useful relation

¹ *Schools and Masters of Painting: with an Appendix on the Principal Galleries of Europe.* By A. G. Radcliffe. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

to literature itself; but even in this border province of letters there are various grades of merit, and Mr. Taylor may be fairly said to exhibit a nearly if not quite unprecedented degree of excellence. We have seen better imitations of individual poets—neither of Mr. Taylor's travesties of Browning, for instance, being equal in quality to that in Mr. Calverley's "Fly-Leaves"—but Mr. Taylor addresses himself in turn to each of his more noted contemporaries, and in no single case is his burlesque otherwise than successful. It should be said, moreover, that these burlesques are not mere parodies upon particular poems, but genuine reproductions of an author's manner and diction, the theme only being turned awry. In many cases, indeed, it would require but a few slight changes to render it difficult to believe that the verses are not the serious productions of the several authors whose "voice" they are supposed to imitate—a feat, as we need hardly remark, very different in kind from the ordinary paraphrastic parody, and much more difficult.

Mr. Taylor takes what seems to us a good deal of unnecessary trouble to make it plain that his travesties imply no disparagement of the noble choir of singers whose notes he ventures to jangle, and certainly no personal unfriendliness. We say *unnecessary* trouble, because nothing could be more patent, even to the most careless reader, than that the burlesques were conceived in a pure spirit of drollery, while the accompanying dialogues, though devoted largely to critical exegesis and commentary, are markedly bland and conciliatory in tone. Mr. Taylor is too cultivated a man not to be aware that American literary criticism is woefully deficient in what Matthew Arnold calls "vigor and rigor;" but he has also too much tact, and perhaps too much kindness of feeling, to bear very hardly upon contemporaries, in whose august company he aspires to appear at the poetic judgment-seat.

A WELL-KNOWN critic is said to have declared that parts of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's "Cripps, the Carrier,"¹ are as good as anything in Shakespeare; and, whether or not the reader will be disposed to go quite to this length, he will at least agree that portions of the story are exceedingly fine. He will be still more willing, we venture to think, to acquiesce in the assertion that not only are parts of it *not* up to Shakespeare's standard, but that, as a whole, the work is inferior to at least three out of Mr. Blackmore's four preceding novels. It possesses the full flavor of the author's subtly-penetrative humor; it abounds in those semi-cynical but suggestive observations on men, women, and society, which have constituted one of the most marked features of all his books; it exhibits in a favorable light his power of dramatic characterization; and the quaintly-realistic effects secured by his mastery of the local dialects of rural England have never been more enjoyably manifested; but, notwithstanding all this, the story is so constructed and managed as to be undeniably tedious, and the most loyal reader is often tempted to skip, in spite of the consciousness that to omit a single paragraph is to incur the risk of overlooking some "bit" which he would be extremely sorry to lose. The plot, for example, is not only strained and improbable, but inspires rather the interest aroused by an ingenious puzzle than by what we can accept as a fairly accurate representation of real human life. It deals with the treacherous abduction of a young heiress, in order to get possession of her fortune, and with the various steps

by which she was rescued and restored to her father and friends; but the story is told alternately from the side of the young lady and of those who are searching for her, and progresses at about the rate of Cripps's old cart on the highway. The manner in which Mr. Blackmore gradually weaves together the various and diverse threads of his narrative is certainly very adroit, but, when for fifty pages or more the reader is led ostentatiously down a succession of alleys which turn out to be "no thoroughfares," the experience is likely to become monotonous, if not irritating. So also is the habitual substitution of zigzag dialogue for direct narration at all the critical points of the story. This has always been Mr. Blackmore's distinctive method, but it has never been pushed to quite such an extreme as in "Cripps, the Carrier." On the strength of the evidence furnished by this one book, Mr. Blackmore might apply with confidence for a position in the Circumlocution-Office.

We have been from the start one of Mr. Blackmore's warmest and most outspoken admirers, and therefore feel the less hesitation in saying candidly that, while the portrait of Cripps himself is an excellent piece of minute and faithful realism, and while there are paragraphs, and sentences, and phrases, and epithets, as good as anything he has hitherto given us, yet, as a whole, "Cripps, the Carrier," is a marked declension from the standard of "Alice Lorraine" and "The Maid of Sker." We should be sorry to regard this declension as final, and prefer to think that the difficulty is that the production of a first-rate novel every six months is beyond even Mr. Blackmore's powers, great as they undeniably are.

THE third edition of Professor James Orton's "The Andes and the Amazon"¹ has been made nearly double the size of the first by the addition of notes of a second journey across the Continent of South America, from Para to Lima and Lake Titicaca. This journey was performed in 1873, the route taking in reverse that of the expedition of 1867, and following a more southerly course. Its main objects were scientific, and, besides adding many new species to science, it has thrown much light upon the distribution of tropical forms, and enabled Professor Orton to prepare a chart of the Upper Amazon region which will unquestionably be regarded as a valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge. The narrative of the journey, however, is neither burdened with scientific details nor lightened with records of personal adventure. It is a plain, methodical, and practical description of the topographical features of the country traversed; of its climate, productions, and industries; of its vast commercial resources and possibilities; of its natural history, marketable woods, fruits, drugs, dyes, gums, game, etc. A few interesting chapters are devoted to an account of the railways of Peru, of its silver-mines and guano-islands, of the "Heart of the Andes" and Lake Titicaca, of Lima and other Peruvian cities, of the first ascent of Cotopaxi, and of the aborigines of the Andes and the Amazons; but, on the whole, the needs and interests of the "practical man" are kept in view rather than the curiosity of casual readers, and the desire to amuse merely has had but slight influence upon either the contents or style of the "Notes." Professor Orton is profoundly impressed with the vast importance of the Amazon and its tributaries to the future commerce of the world, and believes that the United States have a special and peculiar interest in their devel-

¹ Cripps, the Carrier: A Woodland Tale. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

¹ The Andes and the Amazons; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, A. M. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. With two Maps and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

opment; and, if his book can be said to have a purpose paramount to the scientific investigations with which it deals, it is to awaken in his countrymen an intelligent appreciation of these facts. He brushes aside Professor Agassiz's theory of the glacial origin of the Amazon valley with a contemptuously brief exposition of its absurdity, but upon the vast natural wealth and commercial capabilities of that valley he enlarges with all the enthusiasm of a pioneer.

The foregoing remarks will probably have made it evident that "The Andes and the Amazons" is not a book to which the reader may go to amuse an idle moment or to feed an appetite for hair-breadth 'scapes and daring adventures, but it is by far the most complete and satisfactory work on South America that has appeared in late years. In its present enlarged form it furnishes about all the information required by the student, the settler, or the tourist; and what the text lacks in picturesqueness is compensated by a profusion of admirable illustrations.

JUDGED by its literature, there is no other human pursuit which inspires so much enthusiasm in its votaries as—fishing. From the appearance of dear old Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" down to our own day, there has at no time been any lack of writers to set forth in the usual glowing language the superior charms, healthfulness, nobility, and beneficence of fishing over every occupation, pastime, or recreation, to which man can devote himself; and a liberal drop of the contagion filled the pen with which Mr. George Dawson wrote his recently-collected papers on "The Pleasures of Angling."¹ Most of these papers appeared originally in the *Albany Evening Journal*, and the book is somewhat deficient in coherence; but, in so far as its plan is systematic at all, it may be said to treat of the pleasures of angling under two heads: first, the general—in its relation to health, morals, religion, love of Nature, serenity of spirit, and the like; and second, the particular—in relation to the author's reminiscences of certain achievements in the waters of the Adirondacks and other regions dear to the hearts of fishermen. Mr. Dawson writes with a fervor of enthusiasm which causes our own cold skepticism to shame us almost like "a conviction of sin;" but we must confess that even salmon-fishing on the "fair Cascapedia" impresses us (in Mr. Dawson's description) as a monotonous and cruel sport, and we are by no means surprised to learn that one of the party fairly ached to get a shot at a bear, and was ready at any moment to abandon rod and reel for the barest chance of a glimpse of Bruin. Mr. Dawson would doubtless retort that this impression of ours is no proof that angling is not all that he claims for it, but simply proves that we are not such stuff as true anglers are made of; and we accept the verdict with the meekness of one who has never experienced the "delicious thrill" of killing a thirty-pound salmon.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE is always sprightly and entertaining, but her vocation is evidently the production of young folks' literature, and even grown-up readers will be more likely to be pleased with her juveniles than with such specimens of her work as are contained in "Theophilus and Others."² Under this title she has grouped together the various stories, essays, and sketches, which

she has contributed to the magazines during the past dozen years or so—Theophilus being an easy-going husband and paterfamilias who figures in two or three amusing stories, and the "Others" comprising the clever satires entitled "The Insanity of Cain" and "Miss Malony on the Chinese Question." The contents of the volume are too diversified to admit of detailed comment, and general remarks are apt to have but a limited application to any particular piece; but we may say of Mrs. Dodge's work as a whole that it is more amusing than profitable, and is not always amusing. Mrs. Dodge is humorous, witty, quick and keen of observation, and equally vivacious in dialogue and description; but she spoils all by an exaggerated attempt to be always "smart." Every phrase must tickle, and every sentence go off with a snap, and the complacency with which the hoariest commonplaces of the hardest punsters are served up anew is something which the reader hardly knows whether to take as a joke or resent as an insult. The accustomed audience of young people seems always to be before her mind's eye, and the methods of treatment thereby generated are so strong upon her that even when she addresses herself specifically to us, as it were, we have an uncomfortable suspicion that we are being fed upon pap. It seems hypocritical, of course, to apply any very high standard to merely fugitive productions such as these; but the author fairly invites it when she collects them in a book, and duty compels us to say that we have found "Theophilus and Others" rather fatiguing company when obliged thus to interview them all together.

THE completion of the new and revised edition of Bancroft's "History of the United States"³ affords us an opportunity for saying that our notice of the first volume conveyed but an inadequate impression of the amount of labor bestowed upon the revision, and of the extent and importance of the changes introduced. Even of the first volume, as we find by a closer comparison with the original edition, a large part has been entirely rewritten and the whole rearranged and remodeled; and the same thing may be said of all the succeeding volumes except the very latest, which was originally written in the light of the most recent authorities. It is easy to believe that the revision cost Mr. Bancroft "two years of solid and unremitting work," and its results are so important that the first edition will henceforth possess little more than a bibliographical value. A prominent feature of the new edition is an elaborate topical and analytical index which fills one hundred and fifty closely-printed pages. This index is a real census of the History, and we should hardly exaggerate if we said that it doubles the value of the work to the student.

As some misunderstanding appears to have gotten abroad concerning the scope of the work in its present form, we may add that it covers precisely the same field as the original ten volumes—concluding with the signature of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States in 1782.

It is difficult to say for what class of readers Miss Susan Coolidge's "For Summer Afternoons"⁴ is designed, the stories being addressed apparently to the "golden youth" of both sexes, while the poetry implies

¹ Pleasures of Angling with Rod and Reel for Trout and Salmon. By George Dawson. With Illustrations. New York: Sheldon & Co.

² Theophilus and Others. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

³ History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent. By George Bancroft. Thoroughly revised (Centenary) Edition. In Six Volumes. Vol. VI. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁴ For Summer Afternoons. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

a wider range of interests and greater maturity of taste. There are thirteen of the stories, clustered in twos and threes, with poetic interludes between; and both stories and poems are pitched in a variety of keys, from grave to gay, from lively to severe. They are very short, and suggest the deeper elements of human life rather than insist upon them; but they are exceptionally well written, and are wholesome and invigorating in tone, while as far removed as possible from commonplace sentiment and morality. We read the book on a summer afternoon, looking out at intervals upon a mountain-inclosed landscape and listening to the soft murmur of the breeze through the trees, and we can testify that it falls in harmoniously with the mood which such circumstances are likely to engender.

WHEN the reader finds Mr. Gladden declaring, with reiterated emphasis, in the first chapter of his "Working-People and their Employers,"¹ that voluntary abstinence from work, whether there is any need for work or not, is a "sin," he might be excused if he closed the book with the conviction that the writer who could seriously put forth such a proposition could have nothing to say on economical questions which it would be worth while to listen to; yet a little further examination would satisfy him that such an inference was erroneous. Aside from the difficulties inherent in the attempt to clothe political economy in the habiliments of orthodox theology—for the book is not a treatise, but a collection of sermons—Mr. Gladden's presentation of the elementary principles of the science is unexceptionable, and in its adaptation to the special audience of working-people to which it was primarily addressed could hardly be surpassed. Whether or not "some readers may pronounce discussions such as these quite too secular for Sunday and the Church," it would certainly be a great public gain if the laboring and uneducated classes generally could have such sound instruction on vitally important matters imparted to them through the only agency which can secure their attention, and which is not open to the paralyzing suspicion of interested motives. Both working-people and employers who have either heard or read these addresses will not only have received a beneficial moral stimulus, but will have had considerations suggested to their minds which, so long as man's actions are dominated by his reason, must exercise an influence upon the conduct of life.

NOTWITHSTANDING the crude and unattractive style in which it is written—as of a foreigner who had only partially mastered the intricacies of the English tongue—Professor Rau's "Early Man in Europe"² affords to the non-scientific reader the easiest means of becoming acquainted with that branch of modern archaeology which deals with the age and primitive condition of man. More comprehensive and authoritative works have been written on the subject, and Lyell's and Tylor's at least are not less readable; but Professor Rau's is the only one which, while addressed to a strictly popular audience, is sufficiently adequate and trustworthy to be accepted with confidence. In the space of half a dozen chapters, each about as long as the ordinary magazine-paper, he presents such a plain and methodical summary of existing knowledge on the subject as will enable any fairly intelligent reader to comprehend the precise

nature, locality, and character of the various discoveries which have induced scientific men to extend, by many thousand years, the period of the occupancy of the earth by our race, and to "draw the important conclusion that the earliest known condition of man in Europe, as indicated by the tokens left by him, must have been one of utter barbarism, from which he elevated himself slowly but steadily, during the lapse of ages, to his present superior position." The book is copiously and admirably illustrated, and, if not so amusing as some others on our list, is instructive enough to repay the most careful perusal.

In the preface to his "Life of Benjamin Franklin,"³ Mr. John S. C. Abbott, one of the veterans of American literature, bids a final adieu to his circle of readers, favoring them, at the same time, with a bit of autobiography and an estimate of his literary work. He began the career of an author, he says, at the age of twenty-four, and has now attained the age of threescore years and ten. In the mean time he has written fifty-four volumes of history or biography, in every one of which it has been his endeavor to make the inhabitants of this sad world more brotherly—better and happier. Now that the battle has been fought and, as he hopes, the victory won, he finds unspeakable comfort in the reflection that, in all these fifty-four volumes, there is not one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. If this were the time and place to survey Mr. Abbott's work as a whole, we might cite from his lives of the Bonapartes, and especially from his fulsome eulogy of Louis Napoleon, theories of political morality and standards of personal conduct of which it might be said that we have cause for hearty congratulation in the fact that they have taken such slight hold upon the American mind; but our business here is not so much with his self-complacent reminiscences as with his "Life of Franklin," and this we have no hesitancy in according a place in his category of harmless works. For those, indeed, who like to have biography interspersed with preaching, and sermons diluted with history, we can even imagine that it would prove an enjoyable addition to their stores of "seasonable reading;" though, but for the transparently good intentions of the author, an unsympathetic and brutal critic might object to his lauding Franklin to the skies in one breath, and with the next using him to point the moral of his denunciation of impiety. It is a pity that Mr. Abbott could not perceive that, in a work of this character, addressed exclusively to the young, incessant references to Franklin's religious views were out of place; yet this is the key-note and burden of his book. The objection to it is not merely on grounds of taste, but is of a much more practical character. Mr. Abbott is obliged to confess that, in spite of his "unbelief," Franklin was, in all respects, a far better and worthier man than the vast majority of the so-called Christians of his time; and the keen young minds which Mr. Abbott's book is likely to attract will be the first to draw the inference thus, as it were, thrust upon their attention. It is waste of time, however, to urge particular objections to a book which affords very little ground for commendation. Such readers as desire to know more of Franklin than they can learn from his delightful autobiography should possess themselves of Mr. Parton's "Life," of which Mr. Abbott's is a weak and ineffective abstract.

¹ Working-People and their Employers. By Rev. Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

² Early Man in Europe. By Charles Rau. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

³ American Pioneers and Patriots. Benjamin Franklin. A Picture of the Struggles of our Infant Nation, One Hundred Years Ago. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead.

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"Is this path or that the way to Stockholm?"

"His Double."

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